PENTHOUSE

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THE INTERNATIONAL MAGAZINE FOR MEN

APRIL 1979 $2.25

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SEX:
THE PRODUCTION LINE

TAXES:
BEATING THE IRS

ROYALTY:
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THE FUTURE OF SPECIAL EFFECTS

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JAMES BALDWIN

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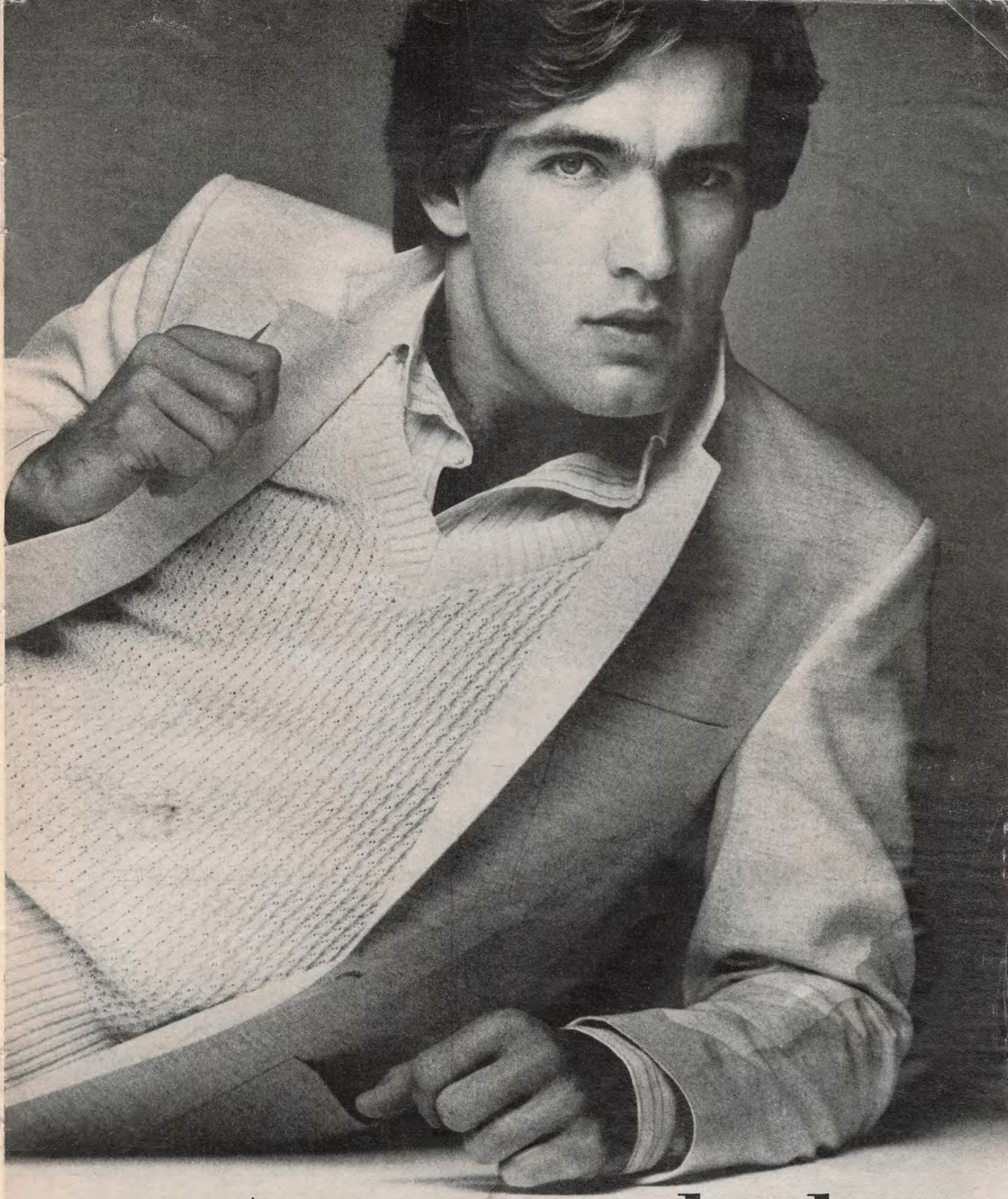

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PENTHOUSE

The International Magazine for Men/April 1979
Worldwide sale: **5,350,000***

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CONTENTS

			PAGE
COVER	Jeannie Butler	Photo by John Copeland	
HOUSECALL	Introduction		8
FORUM	Correspondence		10
FEEDBACK	Opinion		36
CALL ME MADAM	Counsel	Xaviera Hollander	42
VIEW FROM THE TOP	Comment	Emily Prager	51
SCENES		Marilyn Stasio	52
FILMS		Roger Greenspun	54
WORDS		Nick Tosches	56
SOUNDS		Robert Palmer	57
STOP, THIEF!	Article	James Davidson	60
EASY RIDER	Pictorial	Photos by Malinowski	68
PLAY THAT FUNKY MUSIC, WHITE BOY	Article	Albert Goldman	74
IN DEFENSE OF THE REDNECK	Article	Edward Abbey	78
STEPHAN JONES	Interview	Gregory Rose and John H. Jacobs	84
TAKE ME TO THE WATER	Fiction	James Baldwin	90
BELLA DONNA	Pet of the Month	Photos by Albert Bricco	97
VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER	Service		110
YOU ARE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE	Essay	Ben Stein	112
WORKING HARD	Satire	Robert S. Wieder	114
BRUTE FORCE	Service	Gene O'Rourke	118
THE FUTURE OF SPECIAL EFFECTS	Article	James Delson	126
FLYING HIGH	Pictorial	Photos by John Copeland	135
OUR LADY OF CARNAL DESIRE	Fiction	Bernard Evslin	159
IS CHIVALRY DEAD?	Quiz	Frank Donegan	163
WHEN APRIL SHOWERS COME ALONG	Fashion	Ed Emmerling	172
EXCALIBUR	Service	Wade Hoyt	184
GROOM AT THE TOP	Service		191
OH, WICKED WANDA!	Satire	Frederic Mullally/Ron Embleton	192

PENTHOUSE, 1979, U.S. Volume 10, Number 8. Published monthly in the United States and simultaneously in Canada by Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Tel. (212) 593-3301. Printed in the U.S.A. by Meredith Printing Corp. and distributed in the U.S.A., Canada, U.S. territorial possessions, and the world by Curtis Circulation Company, 21 Henderson Drive, West Caldwell, N.J. 07006. U.K. edition published in the United Kingdom by Penthouse Publications Ltd., 2 Bramber Road, West Kensington, London W14 9PB. Tel. 01-385-6181, and distributed by Comag, Conde Nast & National Magazine Distributors Ltd., Travistock Road, West Drayton, Middlesex UB7 7QE. Entire contents copyrighted © Penthouse International Ltd., 1979. All rights reserved. Member, Audit Bureau of Circulations. Second-class postage paid New York, N.Y. and at additional mailing offices. Editorial offices as aboe. All reasonable care taken but no responsibility assumed for unsolicited editorial material. Postage must accompany it if return required. All rights reserved in material accepted for publication unless initially specified otherwise. All letters addressed to *Penthouse* or its editors assumed intended for publication. Nothing may be reproduced in whole or in part without written permission from the publishers. Any similarity between persons or places mentioned in the fiction or semifiction and real places or persons living or dead is coincidental. **Subscriptions:** U.S., AFO—$20.00 one year; Canada—$28.00 one year; and elsewhere—$26.00 one year. Single copies $2.00 in U.S. and AFO ($2.50 December and January issues), $2.25 in Canada ($2.75 December and January issues). Address changes, etc., to Penthouse, 155 Allen Blvd., Farmingdale, N.Y. 11735. Postmaster: send form 3579 to Farmingdale address.

Advertising Offices: *New York*: Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, Tel. (212) 593-3301. *Midwest*: Penthouse International Ltd., 111 East Wacker Drive, Chicago, Illinois 60601; Tel. (312) 565-0466; *West Coast*: Penthouse International Ltd., 1900 Ave. of the Stars, Suite 830, Los Angeles, California 90067; *U.K.*: Penthouse Publications Ltd., 68 Upper Berkeley St., London W1H 7DH, Tel. 01-262-0331 Telex 919865. Penthouse and the Penthouse key are trademarks of Penthouse International Ltd., New York.

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And both are filled with all the remarkable features you'd expect to find on cassette decks of this caliber: there's everything from jam-proof solenoid logic controls, to multiplex filters for making cleaner FM recordings, to memories that automatically let you go back to a particular spot on the tape.

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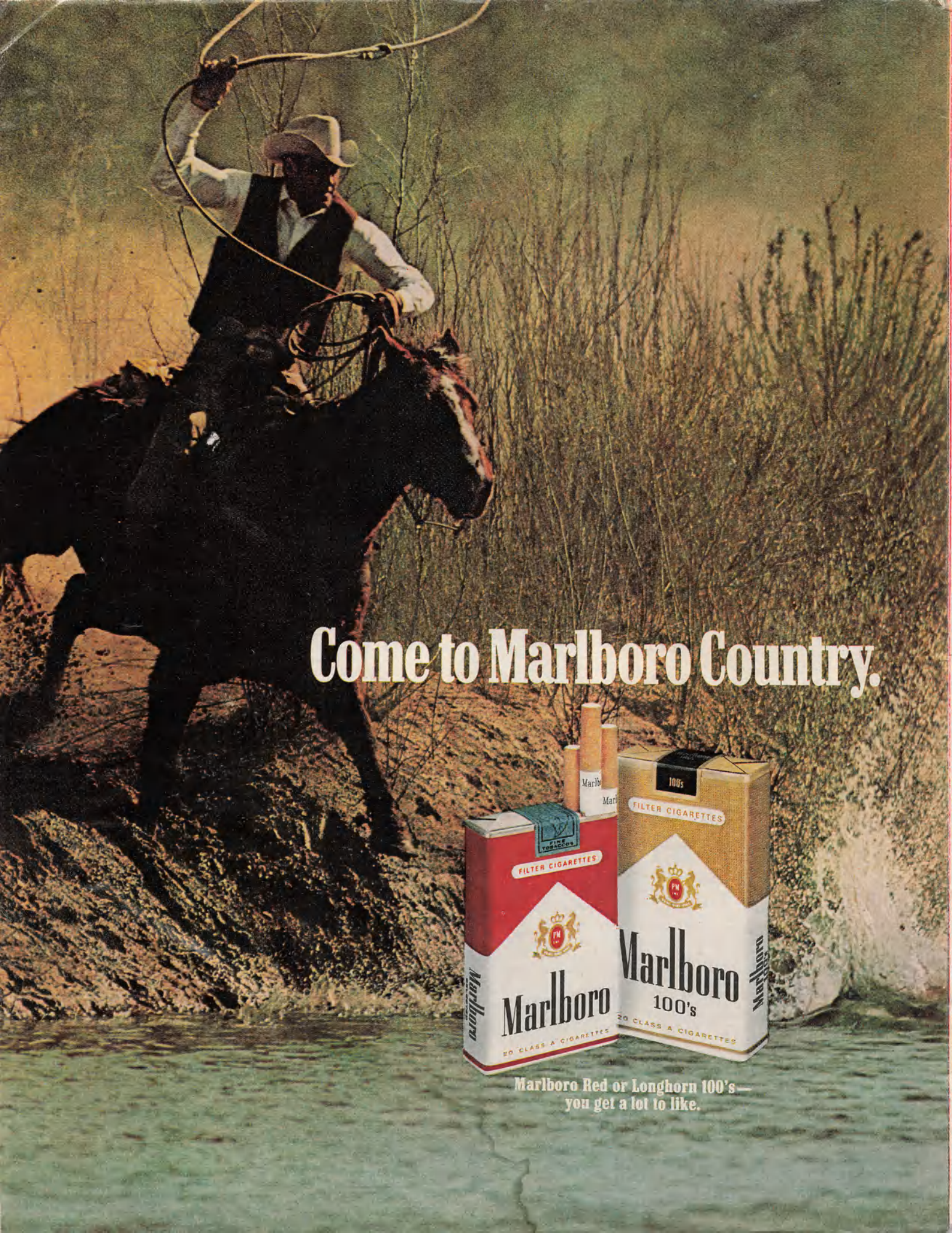
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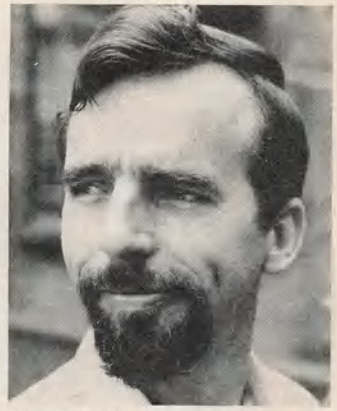

EDWARD ABBEY

HOUSECALL

"I'm like a man without a country. Everybody's gone now." That is what Stephan Jones, the son of the infamous Jim Jones, who led his flock to their deaths by mass suicide and murder in Guyana, told *Penthouse* interviewers **Gregory Rose** (who is writing a book on the Peoples Temple for Grosset and Dunlap) and **John H. Jacobs**, a reporter for the San Francisco *Examiner*. Inevitably, Stephan Jones is being made into a scapegoat—accused by some of being an accessory, in spirit if not in fact, to his father's crimes. Some defectors claim that he'd been seen beating rebellious members of the commune; other witnesses, however, recall that he publicly spoke out against his father's doctrine of "Revolutionary Suicide." (He has since been accused of conspiring to kill one woman and her family and may have to stand trial on this charge.)

The portrait that emerges from *Penthouse*'s interview with Jones (page 84) is that of a tormented nineteen-year-old who is condemned to carry this terrible legacy with him for life. As one might expect, his feelings for his father are anguished. "I can't totally condemn a man," he explains. "I can condemn what he's done, not his whole life."

Few of us have burdens of such magnitude to bear, but in April Americans feel the full weight of their enormous tax burden, which is so great that nearly half of the average taxpayer's income is taken in direct taxes. In "Stop, Thief!" (page 60) **Jim Davidson**, the head of the National Taxpayers Union, gives the taxpayer's side of the militant new antitax movement sweeping the country. Through largely hollow IRS scare tactics, we have been brainwashed into feeling guilty about avoiding taxes, no matter how unfair or excessive they may be. Davidson marshals facts and figures on citizens who have successfully resisted Uncle Sam's revenue-collecting minions.One of the most interesting statistics is that in this country there are already an estimated 8 million people not filing income tax returns. Of these, the government has prosecuted only 1,000 and put only two behind bars.

Albert Goldman, the author of *Ladies and Gentlemen—Lenny Bruce!!* and the soon-to-be published *Disco* (Hawthorn), explains in "Play That Funky Music, White Boy" (page 74) that there's much more to spinning a platter than meets the ear. Truly talented DJs have invented dozens of electromagnetic tricks—mixing, sound controlling, and superimposing records to create a new kind of music. *Saturday Night Fever* has spread to other entertainment areas as well—from fashion shows to television ads to major recording studios, where the mix these wizards create can make or break a product. And money is not the only reward: the handful of DJs with the gift are idolized by the young, gay disco dancers and often treated to quick sexual favors by female groupies—while they're still at work. We've come a long way from Dick Clark.

Novelist **Edward Abbey**, the author of *The Monkey Wrench Gang* and *Black Sun*, has come a long way from his redneck roots—but not so far that he can't write with firsthand feeling about the hard-drinkin', hard-fightin' good-ole-boy stock that is his heritage and sometimes his nemesis. "In Defense of the Redneck" (page 78) is an excerpt from his latest book, *Abbey's Road*, to be published by Dutton. Our intrepid author visits a dusty mining town called Glob, Ariz., where he pokes fun at himself and the hard-core rednecks who are as fast with a clever line as they are with a gun or a fist.

In an equally lighthearted vein, humorist **Robert Wieder** satirizes Studs Terkel's interviews with workingmen in "Working Hard" (page 114), a tongue-in-cheek tribute to all those unsung souls—such as VD clinic caseworkers, X-rated ad writers, condom inspectors, and sex-gadget clerks—slaving away in sex-related industries. They, too, suggests our author, are working stiffs—in more ways than one.

Our fiction this month is particularly distinguished: a portion of **James Baldwin**'s upcoming novel, *Just above My Head*. In this excerpt, "Take Me to the Water" (page 90), Baldwin, who is one of America's foremost novelists, takes us to the South of the fifties, at a time when segregation was taken for granted and black men were almost always impoverished, embittered, and invisible. This moving look at two young Gospel singers who find sanctuary in a seedy Birmingham hotel is Baldwin at his poignant, personal best—probably his most touching effort since *Another Country*.

Enjoy!!

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Founded March 1965
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PENTHOUSE INTERNATIONAL LTD.
(U.S. edition)

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Penthouse Publications Ltd.
(U.K. & European editions)
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APRIL

PENTHOUSE FORUM

in which editors and readers discuss topics arising out of *Penthouse*, its contents, its aspirations, and its areas of interest. **Letters for publication should carry name and address** (in capitals please), though these will be withheld by the Editor on request. Send to Penthouse Forum, Penthouse International Ltd., 909 Third Avenue, New York, N.Y. 10022. Views published are not necessarily endorsed editorially.

Mother-sucker

I'm a woman of twenty-four, married for two years to the last (and best) of a long line of lovers. My husband is a working man, and as he is often tired when he comes home, I am usually the instigator in our sex. Many an evening, when he is lying on the couch, he finds his jeans being unzipped and a hot, wet tongue stimulating his hardening prick. Once he's really up, he loves to go at me from behind, with me kneeling over the arm of the sofa. When his rapid movements make him dizzy, I get on top, facing backward, and ride him dry.

I am very highly sexed, and so instead of exhausting my hard-working hubby, I get myself off several times a day. My best orgasm of the day is in the morning, with my nursling child. I bring her into bed with me after my husband leaves, and while she suckles me, I work my hand over my clit (I sleep naked). Sometimes I get out my vibrator and candle and squeeze them into their holes—my ass hole and cunt. (I juice up first with Vaseline Intensive Care; so I'm really soaking wet.) Then I sit on them, wiggling my hips around, occasionally pushing the vibrator or candle in further. My baby is getting teeth and really works my hard swollen tits over well. My orgasm culminates with the candle slipping out of my tight ass hole. I'd like to have my husband suckle me along with my baby, but I don't know what he'd think of that.

Later in the day, while I'm driving on the deserted Vermont throughways, I have a go again. I unbutton my shirt or change to my zipper-type sweatshirt. I drape something across my lap and pull my pants down over my ass. I've found lots of things I can push up myself, like screwdriver handles and tampon holders. Then, while carefully watching my speed (I tend to start going too fast), I alternatively flick my tit or my clit. I love the danger of being exposed to a stranger, but so far no one has noticed me. Or maybe I have been—I've gotten some funny looks sometimes! I will flash a proud bare chest to an oncoming trucker, but no one's reported me.

With such activities, my day passes quickly, and I'm ready for my sweet husband's return.—*Name and address withheld*

Ask, and ye shall receive

I am a male, eighteen-year-old high-school senior who, until three days ago, had a very common problem: I was a virgin! But thanks to a couple of friends, I'm not a virgin anymore.

It all began about two weeks ago, when Gary, Dave, and I were sitting around talking. I started telling them about Sue, a girl who is in my history class and also my psychology class. Even though Gary knows how shy I am, he encouraged me to ask her out. Well, finally I did, and to my incredible surprise, she accepted.

When I got to her house, I told her that we were going to a triple feature at the drive-in, which she said would be fine, because it would give us more time together.

After we had found a spot and parked, I put my arm around her before the credits had finished rolling on the first film. Then I pulled her close to me, which was all she needed. All of a sudden she began undoing my pants. Before she had them halfway down, my cock had grown to its full seven-inch size. She quickly put my cock in her moist mouth and began sucking me while rubbing my balls. Soon I had disrobed, and so had she. Within minutes we were both totally naked. I started kissing her while massaging her tits and warm pussy. We broke apart just long enough to climb into the backseat, where we assumed the sixty-nine position. I had never sucked a pussy before, but from her vibrating and moaning, I guess I wasn't doing too bad. We both went at it until we came, with the biggest explosion since Hiroshima!

After a short rest, I turned her on her back and tried to place my hard cock into her beautiful, red-haired love tunnel. It took a couple of minutes, but she relaxed and guided my cock into her. I quickly began pumping, and within a couple of minutes I could feel that I was about to come. With a mighty push I let loose with a giant load. When I pulled out, I was still dripping. By this time the third movie was almost over; so we got dressed and spent the rest of the night just watching the movies. When I saw her the next day, she just smiled.

As soon as I finish this letter, I'll be going to her house, because her parents are going out tonight. I thought I would be a virgin until I got married, but thanks to Gary and Dave I got a chance to do some real practicing up for the big day.

For you young dudes who are still virgins, don't give up hope. Ask, and ye shall receive—sometimes more than you ask for!—*B.A., Trenton, N.J.*

Busting forth

I am a twenty-three-year-old female graduate student at an eastern university who is weary of the mythology surrounding "California girls"—as if they were the only

INTRODUCING A WOLF IN WOLF'S CLOTHING.

It comes dressed in special paint, a sleek teardrop tank, flashy megaphone pipes, and lots of chrome. All the markings of a bigger beast.

And like its big brothers, it's ridden in a more natural, laid-back position. With a low-riding stepped seat. And handlebars that reach back for you instead of the other way around.

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There's even an economy model, the XS400-2F, for those of you on a little tighter budget. It has wire wheels instead of cast alloy, slightly less chrome, a kick starter, drum brakes. And it comes in one color instead of two. In all other respects, it's identical to our regular model.

Which means it does a whole lot more than look like a bigger bike.

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sexually alive women in the world. Eternal summers may keep my California competition tanned and in beautiful shape, but my skin is probably softer and more touchable, and I'll put my 37C-23-35 body up against any woman's!

Even in winter my favorite clothes are made of soft, thin materials that cling, "molding" to my body, emphasizing my braless breasts, and outlining my thighs and shaven pubic mound.

It may interest you to know that I am nude and touching my wet cunt as I write to you. I had to write this letter to encourage other eastern women to realize their beauty and to open themselves more to sexual joys. Perhaps a recent experience of mine will show what I mean.

To celebrate the approval of my grad-school dissertation topic, I invited my adviser and her husband to dinner. Elaine is a sprightly and shapely woman of thirty-five, although she looks so young that she is often asked for identification when we go drinking. She has such a happy personality and beautiful face and figure that I have often longed to make love with her but have been anxious about what she would think.

After completing the dinner preparations, I slipped into a sudsy bath and imagined Elaine caressing me as the silken water lapped bath oil all over my skin. I massaged my soap like a cock until it dripped with lather, then slowly spread the creamy foam on my breasts, kneading them and pinching my nipples, fantasizing that Elaine's hands were fondling my beautiful body. My hands slid down the soapy skin of my tummy, and I spread my legs wide open to allow my fingers freedom to stroke my cunt lips and clit. I pretended my touches were hers as I slid "her" hands up and down my thighs, massaged the swelling globes of my soft breasts with their stiff nipples, and deeply penetrated my cunt with oiled fingers. I began slowly, but I thrust my fingers deeper and deeper and faster and faster until my body arched with an orgasm that made me tremble all over.

My desire for Elaine and the glow of my orgasm surely influenced the way I dressed. I wore a pale green Quiana blouse to accent my green eyes and long, auburn hair. I tied it below my breasts so that their creamy flesh was half exposed; worn this way, the blouse makes my breasts sway gently and my stiff nipples visible beneath the sheer material. I also wore a wraparound dance skirt of darker green, which shapes nicely to the contours of my ass. Most often I go without panties, and wanting my body to be free and open, I did not wear any that night either.

My friends arrived, and as I opened the door, I felt an incredible surge of sexiness. I felt gorgeous, with my skin warm and glowing, my nipples stiffly visible against my blouse, and my breathing deep and long.

Elaine hugged me and whispered, "Congratulations!" for the approval of my topic. I squeezed her close, wanting to feel her breasts against mine all night. She introduced Steve, whose eyes took in all of me rapidly and appreciatively. My pussy became damp with overwhelming desire for both of them, but I fought it down, reminding myself that they were happily married.

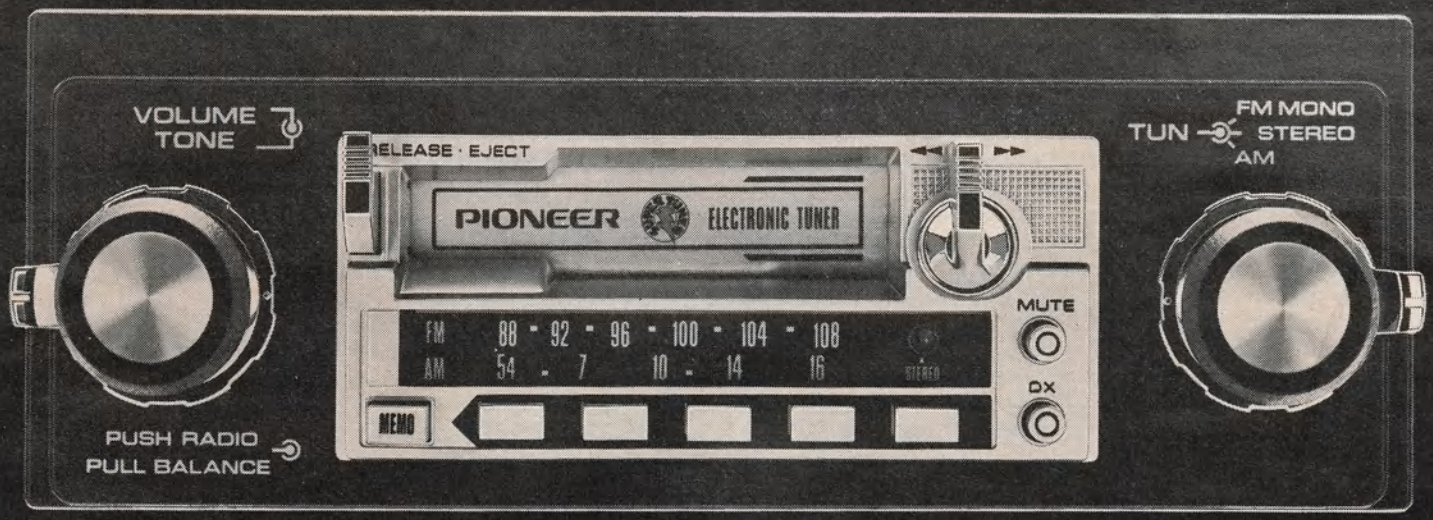
I struggled with my need for them all through dinner, but while we were having coffee, I couldn't restrain myself any longer. To relieve some of my longing, I crossed my arms on the table, casually cupped my breasts, and, whenever I thought they weren't looking, stroked my nipples. It only worsened my passion, and finally, in frustration, I went to the kitchen for more wine. While getting the wine, I decided I couldn't stand it anymore and would try to seduce them. To build up my courage, I untied my blouse, opened my skirt, and violently stroked my tits and cunt. I was already dripping wet, but I excited myself until I was about to come. I retied my blouse, but loosely, so that my swollen breasts were even more exposed and swayed wildly.

I bent over in front of them to open the wine, knowing my breasts were almost completely bared. I twisted the corkscrew more vigorously than necessary so that my boobs would swing, and then I clutched the bottle in front of me to pull the cork. This pushed my tits up and in, until half the nipple of each was exposed to their appreciative view. I poured the wine and sat on the floor opposite them.

While talking, I casually stroked my breasts and subtly loosened the tie of my blouse. I stood to pour more wine, and when I bent over, the weight of my boobs forced my blouse completely open. I straightened, with both of my beautiful, throbbing breasts bared and heaving and my heart pounding nervously. Gazing into Elaine's eyes, I kneaded my fully exposed tits and lifted them to her, licking my nipples in suggestion. Standing boldly in front of them, I slid my other hand into the opening of my skirt and stroked my exposed cunt. I was burning with desire for her to suck me and terrified that they would leave. But my dreams came true.

She peeled off her dress, and she was magnificently naked beneath it. Stepping around the table, she kissed my nipples with her wet, soft lips while her hands passionately massaged my tits. I moaned in joy as she continued tonguing and sucking my nipples and massaging and squeezing my tits.

Steve also stripped and stood stroking his stiff cock, his eyes hypnotized by our bodies. He knelt behind Elaine and began fondling her tits, but she stopped him, saying, "Do Lizzie instead." Then she kissed me deeply. Steve came behind me and untied my skirt, and finally my panting body was deliciously nude—tits, ass, thighs, and my beautiful, shaven cunt. His arms came around me, and I could feel his hot prick against my ass as his fingers stroked my juicy cunt lips and thrust deeply into my open pussy. Elaine was fucking her tongue



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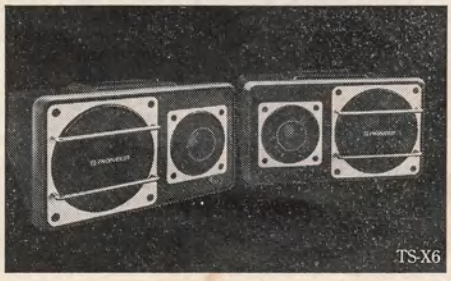

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in and out of my mouth like a cock and mashing my tits faster. When Steve touched my clit, I exploded in a soaring orgasm that shuddered through me, shaking my huge tits.

Before the surge was over, I cupped Steve's balls, begging him: "Please, let me suck your cock!" Elaine grabbed me by my tits, pulled me onto my back, and said that my shaven cunt was driving her mad and that I could suck Steve only if she could eat me at the same time. I spread my long legs wide open, totally exposing my pussy. I massaged my juicy cunt and pleaded, "Eat me—please, eat me! Eat my cunt!" She bent between my legs and wildly fucked and kissed my pussy while her hands played with her own swinging tits. Steve straddled my face, and I grabbed his cock, sucking him deeply into my pretty mouth. My lips were slippery as I slid them up and down the length of his meat, nibbling him and running my tongue around him.

It was magnificent! Elaine eating my pulsing cunt while I rubbed Steve's balls and ass hole and sucked him deeply into my juicy mouth.

Elaine swung her tits back and forth across my belly and finger-fucked herself as she sucked on my clit and reamed my cunt with her tongue. We grew hotter and more intense—our tits and cunts and Steve's cock all throbbing with passion. I felt myself coming and screamed, "Fuck me! Please, fuck me! Shove your hard cock in my wet cunt! Stick it in me! Please, *fuck me*!" My lovers urgently switched positions—Steve shoved his cock deep into my pussy, and I ran my lips and tongue all over Elaine's sweet, wet cunt.

We were coming closer and closer, writhing uncontrollably as Steve fucked me while he was mashing Elaine's tits. She violently kneaded and pinched my enormous tits while I sucked her silky cunt, flowing with juice. We were moving faster and faster, our bodies slippery with perspiration and mashing together—ramrod cock, oozing cunts, swollen tits—slipping and twisting as we ground our sexes together. My body wouldn't hold back any longer, and I moaned, "Hurry, I'm coming! I'm coming! Shove your cock deeper! Deeper in my cunt! Fuck me! Fuck me!" We all came together in dizzying orgasms. Everything flashed black, and I felt I was careening through space. When it passed, we collapsed into each other's arms and slept.

Since that night we have become the dearest of friends and enjoy each other with and without sex. We live separately, but I often make love with Elaine and Steve, and we save our wonderful three-way nights for special moods. I continue to have other lovers, and an interesting side effect is that I dress even more provocatively than before. The sight of my body pleases people; so I show it off. I enjoy my life, and I hope that I add beauty and excitement to people's lives, whoever and wherever they are.—*Name and address withheld*

"Ralphie, you've been a kennel keeper too long!"

Scratching the seven-year itch

Knowing that space in "Forum" is limited, I will dispense with all the usual bullshit and get to the point.

This is about a "gift" that Kelly and I gave each other on our seventh wedding anniversary. Kelly (twenty-two, five feet three inches, 110 lbs, 37-24-34) and I wanted something special for this one. After much thought, I suggested that we take in an X-rated movie. Kelly had never been to one, although she had heard about them. She didn't know much about them, or I don't think that she would have said what she did: she said that whatever they did in the movie, we would copy within a week.

Although I knew what we were in for, I agreed. Kelly even took a pad to take notes. The first fuck scene wasn't bad—just the old in and out. Next, the heroine happened upon two guys. As they started to undress, Kelly looked at me with a look of disbelief. I simply smiled and told her to get it all down on her pad. That poor girl was getting sucked and fucked from all angles.

The flick went on to all your standard skin-flick positions. At the lesbian scene, I thought that Kelly was going to flip. She kept looking from me to the screen and back again. However, I got a surprise when they showed two guys sucking on each other's cock. This scene caused Kelly to burst out in laughter. When these guys pulled out the dildo and started reaming each other's ass, it was my turn to flip.

That night, Kelly wanted to drop the whole thing, but I said that a deal is a deal. You see, I had wanted to watch my wife get fucked for the longest time. This seemed to be my chance. It was no problem to find two guys to hammer Kelly—any man would jump at the chance. I must have a cruel streak in me, since I picked two guys from the mill whom I had seen in the shower. They both had huge cocks; when flaccid, they must have measured at least eight inches. When I asked them to fuck my wife, they thought I was crazy, but they changed their minds when they saw the nude photo I carry. They also knew a bisexual couple that they could bring.

That night, both Kelly and I were nude when the others arrived. I had a huge hard-on, knowing that soon I would see my greatest fantasy come to life. The juices from Kelly's slash had soaked the blonde hair of her mound. When she saw the size of the two cocks that would soon enter her box and ass, she changed her mind and begged me to stop them from taking her. She struggled, but the men soon overpowered her. Soon she was tied spread-eagled on the bed. One of the guys began to slick up her ass with some of her cunt juice while the other massaged her erect nipples with his cock; the fluid from the tip made them shine in the light. Linda, the other girl, planted a long kiss on Kelly's awaiting mouth. She returned the kiss with more passion than I had ever seen. John was now pounding away at Kelly's golden

snatch. Jim reached a climax, shooting his come over Kelly's swollen mounds. Linda, not wanting to waste it, licked up one glob and returned to Kelly's mouth. Kelly had never let me come in her mouth, but she took the come from Linda as if she savored it like fine wine. Linda returned to Kelly's tits and rubbed her (Linda's) tits over Kelly's until they were covered with Jim's come. Kelly then licked them clean. John, meanwhile, had dropped his load deep in Kelly's cunt.

Linda sat up against the headboard while we rolled Kelly over on her stomach. Some of John's come had run down the crack of her ass; so there was no need for any more delay. As Jim got into position, Kelly opened her eyes and found Linda's gushing hole just inches from her lips. She stared at the open cunt with lust in her eyes. She seemed to be oblivious of the cock slowly working its way into that tight, virgin ass hole. Since Kelly was still tied, all she could do was to wiggle her cheeks to help Jim get deeper. All the time, Kelly was eyeing this dripping, steaming cunt, closer than she had ever seen one before. She was trying to reach it with her tongue, but it was out of reach. Linda moved to come closer, but there was no way she could stick her sopping snatch againt Kelly's eager lips.

Larry, Linda's mate, had come over and started to work my hard rod. I grabbed his and returned the favor. He turned and faced me, immediately pouring his come over my cock and his hand. The warmth of his come brought me to a new high. When Linda saw that I was about to climax, she motioned me over and, cupping her hand, caught my huge load. She lowered her hand to Kelly's hungry mouth. Before Kelly had a chance to react, Linda began to smear the hot juice over Kelly's lips. Her tongue was lapping feverishly at the liquid. Linda began to play with her flaming cunt and offered her fingers to Kelly for her to lick clean. This was Kelly's first taste of a woman's juice, and you could tell that she loved it. Jim was still buried in Kelly's ass, and he was close to a climax. With one last thrust, he shuddered and dumped his wad in her beautiful butt. As soon as Jim slipped out, John was ready to take his place. The sperm leaking from her ass again greased the way. John took her in one mighty shove, one that I could almost feel. Jim had been gentle, but John was pounding as hard as he could. Soon he, too, had left his come in Kelly's tight ass hole.

Kelly was again flipped over, and Linda hurried to sit on her face. She soon had Linda writhing in orgasm. Kelly's gaping cunt was then filled with Jim's pounding meat. Suddenly, I was being led toward the bed by my hard cock. Larry laid me down and started sucking me with vigor. I closed my eyes to enjoy the feeling but felt something press against my lips. I figured that it was Linda wanting a kiss. As I parted my lips to suck her tongue, I felt the smooth skin of a cock pass my lips. The texture and the taste were great. I licked and sucked

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The train lies off Eleuthera's northern tip, scattered on Devil's Backbone Reef. At least six wrecks are strewn here: a diver's paradise, we thought, and a perfect place to hide a case of C.C.

We headed for Romora Bay Club on Harbour Island. The club could provide us a launch and guides to explore the reef. Nearby Dunmore Town could offer Bahamian entertainment, complete with Canadian Club. But no one could provide us with a reliable story of how or when the train had sunk on the reef.

A barracuda stands watch.

During our first dive, our guide pointed to a silver shadow above. Five feet long, half of that jaws, the menacing presence was a barracuda. Keeping a respectful distance, our search for a hiding place fanned out from the train wreck. We combed Devil's Backbone until we found a devilish hiding place for our watertight case of Canadian Club.

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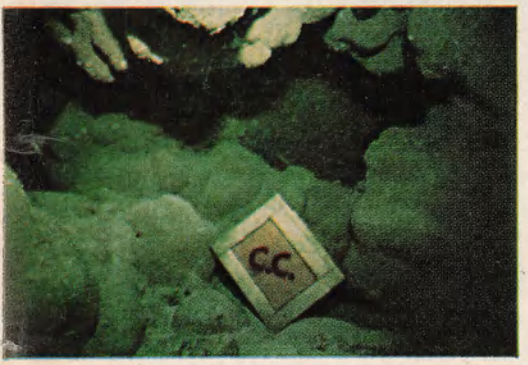

pounds. Start where a "dinner boat" went down on Devil's Backbone. Follow a channel across the reef to an old Ward Line steamer wreck (try this only in bright sunlight or you'll lose your boat). Take a bearing from its bow. Not more than 200 yards along, where the reef slopes into deep water and a big Nassau grouper lives, we sunk that heavily weighted, watertight case of Canadian Club. You can see exactly where it lies in the picture above.

May your seas for the search be as smooth as our whisky. Note: nonswimmers may discover their own Canadian Club adventure at bars or package stores by just saying "C.C., please."

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the head as John worked his dick against my tongue. John came moments before I did, and I was swallowing his come at the same time I was filling Larry's mouth with mine.

Linda and Jim had switched places. Linda was spreading Kelly's cunt with her fingers while her tongue was busy between Kelly's pussy and ass. Jim was sliding his cock between Kelly's lips. Soon she got another taste of come, this time deposited in her mouth. Larry was now fucking Linda from behind, making her eat Kelly with even more energy. John decided that he wanted another shot at Kelly's tight ass. Keeping her on her back, he put pillows under the small of her back. The come was still wet enough, and he went to work. I was lying on my stomach next to Kelly, watching. I felt a finger toying with my ass and turned to see Larry greasing his dick and my ass hole with Vaseline. I knew what was coming, and my dick got hard at the thought. Larry was soon pounding his cock into my ass. The thought of Kelly and me both getting banged in the ass at the same time made me come without even touching myself. Linda was sitting over Kelly's boobs, massaging her clit with Kelly's hard nipples.

All too soon, with kisses and last-minute grabs, they all left. Kelly told me that she had really enjoyed that night, and we plan to make it a yearly event—each year with different partners. I guess the reason that I write is to tell the readers: don't be afraid to tell your mate what you would like. She might really want the same.—*R. H., Manning, S.C.*

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Dream come true

My husband has a sexy male friend I have wanted to have sex with for years, and one day recently I finally got what I wanted.

I was just getting out of the shower when there was a knock on the door. I looked out the window to see who it was, and when I saw our friend, I decided to throw just a towel around me. When he saw me with just a towel on, he asked, laughing, if I always answered the door like that. I told him that I never had before but that I thought him to be a special person who knew exactly what I wanted. He stripped the towel off me and just stared at my body. He said he was always turned on by me but had no idea my body was so voluptuous and beautiful.

He kissed me very hard, working his tongue all around my mouth, and when I pressed against him, I found there was more to him then I'd ever dreamed! He kissed my eyes, ears, and neck, and when he started going down to my breasts, I thought I would melt. We went into my living room and lay on the rug. He kissed all around my breasts and licked and pulled and sucked my nipples until I reached a fantastic climax. He held my tits together and got both nipples in his mouth at the same time. When he bit on my nipples very gently, I went absolutely wild. After he turned me over on my stomach and ran his tongue all over my back and down my ass, he spread my legs apart so he could get to my anus better. It took me no time to climax again, with his tongue roaming around there. When he turned me over on my back, he spread my legs again and just stared at my pussy. He spread my lips and drank and sucked up all my juices. He said that I tasted unbelievably delicious and that he loved eating pussy. He licked all around my lips until he made my clit pop out. When he saw how hard it was, he knew it was ready to be sucked. He ate and sucked me, and I came so many times that I finally had to beg him to stop.

I decided it was my turn to get my claws into him. His prick was at least ten inches long; so I had a lot to work with. I ran my warm tongue around his balls and down to his anus and then around his anus while I let my hand stroke his prick and balls. When I got to his prick, I ran my tongue slowly up and down his shaft till he was going crazy. My mouth went around his head, and I engulfed as much of his prick as I could. I let my tongue move around the head till he was shooting the most fantastic-tasting semen down my throat.

We lay in each other's arms for a while, but before long we were both ready for some more action. I couldn't wait for that huge prick to be inside me. He entered me very slowly, and what a fantastic feeling it was! When he started to fuck me hard, we took no time coming together in a beautiful mutual orgasm.

That day was one of the best sex experiences of my life—so good that I don't even feel guilty about it. I can hardly wait to do it again.—*D. B., Troy, N.Y.*

Jack, be nimble

I am a student at a university in Indiana. A few weeks ago a friend, Jack, and I went out barhopping. (Jack was visiting me for the weekend.) After going to several bars and becoming mildly drunk, we returned to my apartment. After a few more beers we were ready for bed. The two of us lay in bed, talking for a long time before we finally drifted off to sleep.

I awoke later to find a hand on my cock. Thinking it was my girl friend, I spread my legs and arched my hips. It was not my girl friend but Jack! By the time I realized what was going on, I was hard and Jack had his hand in my shorts.

I was afraid to say anything. I had never thought of Jack as being gay. He is very good-looking and very well built. He usually has many girls to choose from.

He pulled down my underwear and started jacking me off. His hands felt completely different than any girl's. They were rough and big and were exciting me unbelievably. He started sucking on me, first small strokes, then taking all of me he was able to. After a while he stood up on the bed and stripped off his underwear. His cock looked longer than my seven inches and was much fatter. He lay down in a sixty-nine position. I was afraid to touch him, but his sucking soon convinced me, and I started jacking him off. His cock felt good in my hand. I finally put the head in my mouth and

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started to suck on it. Although I was able to take only about half of him without gagging, he seemed to enjoy it. He built up the pressure of his own sucking, and I soon came.

My experience with Jack was very nice. I had never had any homosexual contacts before, other than jacking off with friends as a youngster. He and I have made it only one time since then, but I'm looking forward to the next time. There are things I want to try, and I'm sure Jack will be willing.

Sex with another man can never take the place of pussy, and it's not my idea of the best sex in the world, but don't knock it if you haven't tried it.—*Name and address withheld*

Under her thumb

After reading your recent letter titled "Submissive missive," I thought your readers might enjoy reading about my dominant wife. I've never read anywhere about certain of the things Alice does to me.

I'm married for the third time, and for the whole ten months of our marriage I have been her total slave. I'm a forty-five-year-old executive, and though the sex in both my earlier marriages was great, I was always the dominant one. Sometimes I wanted to be the one dominated, but I was afraid to bring it up. I'd simply go to a prostitute who would dominate me.

I have recently changed jobs and am away two weeks a month; so I keep an apartment in the town I'm writing this letter from. My wife just called me long distance and ordered me to put a plastic clothespin on each nipple and a rubber band around the base of my penis. I'm to keep them on until she calls me again, which might be fifteen minutes or three hours. Then I'm to fuck myself with my vibrator.

Now for what she does. Most of the time we have an ordinary relationship, but I'm really a total slave, because when she gets into her "mistress" mood, I can't resist.

I am not allowed to masturbate without her permission. She knows if I cheat, because she can tell by my tone of voice whether or not I'm lying. When it gets too bad, I go to a massage parlor. She doesn't know this.

When I'm in town and get home from work, she acts like a regular wife. We have a drink and discuss the day, and then I get my instructions for the evening.

Here is a typical night. After our drink, I get about thirty minutes to relax. Then I knock on her bedroom door and ask to enter. Meanwhile, I've been in my bedroom to touch up my nails and get into my uniform: black panties with a hole front to back for total exposure. I then give my five-feet, forty-year-old, very beautiful wife a bubble bath, brush her hair, paint her nails, rub her back, and give her a hand and foot massage. Next, she ties my hands behind my back and loops a length of clothespin around the base of my testicles and penis, tying the end to a doorknob or bedpost. She lies on her back while I eat her pussy, and she begins to move herself away from me until she is about an inch out of my reach. Then she calls me inadequate, a stupid stud, and other derisive names while she rubs her clit between her fingers. She'll either kick my buttocks or put her hands on my buttocks and pull. If I've performed well, I'm permitted to suck her toes and feet or maybe suck her to orgasm. If I've really tolerated a lot, I may get to fuck her. If I haven't done well, she fucks me.

But here is the worst—and maybe some of you dominant gals will enjoy this. When Alice is feeling lazy, she will suck me until I'm rock-hard and on the verge of orgasm. Then she'll stop and say, "Nothing more until you make him soft." Then she masturbates herself and sucks my nipples but gives me nothing unless I can make myself soft. Sometimes she puts three fingers in my anus and tells me I'm gay.

Since she usually does this on weekend morning, it can and usually does go on, intermittently, all day. Finally, I'll have to go run some errands to take my mind off sex for a while. But I must pass one final test. Back in her bedroom, she is very regal in a black nightie. If I can sit in a chair for fifteen minutes looking at her and present myself soft, we will have a beautiful night of lovemaking. If I am erect, she has more of her special orgasms on my tailbone, and I go to sleep frustrated.

She has two personalities, but I love her and what she does to me.—*G. G., Jefferson City, Mo.*

Half-and-half

I am twenty-one years old and was, until I became a *Penthouse* reader, somewhat ashamed of my introduction to sex. But now I feel compelled to relate my story to your readers. Perhaps I'm not unique and other men have had similar experiences.

I spent a lot of time alone as a child. I had no brothers, and just one half sister, almost eight years my senior. I began masturbation at eleven and before long had employed many pleasurable innovations in getting myself off: a pillow, a picture, a milk bottle, etc. But my very favorite was to lie in the bathtub and rub my dub between two balloons filled with warm water and made nice and slippery with soap. I'd fantasize these pieces of rubber engulfing my throbbing cock to be gigantic, lovable, sweaty tits.

This fantasy became an obsession and predominated my wet dreams. I could always count on going to sleep and have my favorite dream. I'd even practice sleeping on my hands so that I'd be sure not to touch my cock. This way the pleasure was prolonged, and I'd have a most enjoyable ejaculation hours into the night or early morning.

By the time I reached sixteen, our divorced mother remarried, and I went to live with my half sister, whose husband was killed in Vietnam. She was tied down with a nine-month-old baby, and since I'd finished school and was working, I could help with

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the expenses and keep her company. This was fine, but as time went on, she became more dependent on me. I could understand her loneliness. I felt sorry that she was so tied down with a nursing child, which gave her little time for men. But she couldn't understand a healthy young man spending so much time alone with no girl friends. Secretly, perhaps, she thought I was queer. She'd often question me, asking about my attitude toward girls, but I'd evade the subject. She seemed to have a perverse persistence, which troubled me.

We lived in a small two-room apartment, and Sis would sometimes nurse her child in my presence. This always embarrassed me, and I'd either keep my eyes on the television or buried in a book. Don't ask me why, but at the first sound of her child's sucking lips, I'd start to get turned on and go to my room to try to put it out of my mind.

It was on an occasion like this, on a hot summer night, that I excused myself, took a cold bath, and lay down nude. After a while, sleep overcame me, and so did my familiar dream: my old friendly fantasy, the two warm balloons, squeezing, kneading, and massaging my stiff passion rod with a slippery warmth, sliding up and down. I was about to salvo my solution of satisfaction when a lamp magically exploded reality into the room, and my fantasy was vaporized. I awoke like a dumbfounded demon. There, between my legs, my log was being lovingly laminated between the largest, longest-nippled tits I could dream of in my wildest fantasy. Sis's lactiferous mammaries muffled my spurting muck as it gushed out between them. Her hot tongue darted in and out of my navel and danced across my chest.

Dawn found us in each other's arms. Sis's explanation of what happened made everything easier for me to rationalize. She insisted that I not feel guilty, that it was she who had initiated me out of her passion. She told me how as a kid she'd seen me getting off with the balloons and how it had made her yearn to touch and be touched. She made me feel that what we had done was more natural than both of us remaining so lonely. I don't feel we've really committed half incest, or whatever you'd call it in this situation. Even though we've done nearly everything a man and woman can do in bed, and still do, I've never penetrated her. I may soon, though—it's hard to go only halfway, even with a half sister!—*F.G., Springfield, Ill.*

Brown-sugar fan

I am a sophomore at the largest university in the state of Mississippi. I won't give you the usual bullshit about my good looks or my three-foot cock, but I would like to tell you about one of my lifelong dreams that came true last week.

For years I have dreamed of making love to a well-built black woman. Almost unbelievably, it happened with the one girl that I had picked out in my law class. She had been the object of my fantasies since the start of the semester. Dorothy must be about five feet eleven inches and weigh around 145, and she has the fullest hips that I have seen on a woman of normal proportions. Her statistics are 38-28-38. Before I get too aroused while writing this, I'll get on with it.

I had spoken to Dorothy on many occasions in class, but I don't think she had any idea that I adored her. One day, after a week of contemplation, I decided to try to make a move. After class, I asked her where she was going. She sort of grinned at me (I still wonder if she knew that I wanted her) and said that she had to finish a paper in the library. Luckily, I had the same instructor (at a different time), and I went with her under the pretense of doing my report. Our subject was MacArthur, and all of the information on him was located in the stack tiers on the sixth floor of our library.

While we were looking for books, I walked along the narrow aisle behind her and—figuring what-the-hell—I rubbed my boner against her full ass cheeks. She turned to me and said that since she was black and I was white, she could have me hung by any of her friends that she might tell. I was mortified and began to think how stupid I was for trying. But then she said that I was an exception to her idea of whites. She said she loved bold men—black, white, or green. We being the only people in the tiers, she dropped to her knees, took my pleasure pole out of my fraternity-boy khakis, and began parting those lovely brown lips in anticipation of my blood-gorged muscle. Being so excited at my fantasy come true, I blew her away in about a minute. We tore some pages from some old books and wiped the quart or so of come from her face and neck.

She suggested that we retire to her dorm room, where we could get into some heavy sex. I climbed through the window of her ground-floor room, and we embraced in a deep, tongue-tying kiss as I ran my hands around the unreal globes of her large ass. She peeled the shirt off my six-feet-two-inches, 230-pound frame and began to lick and nibble my nipples and tits, which drove me wild. I picked her up and laid her down on her bed and began to remove her shirt and bra, and there stood those lovely, brown breasts that I had dreamed of for months. I couldn't get enough of those beauties, but I finally had to pay heed to her cries, and I started to work on those unreal thighs and that gorgeous brown cunt.

We fucked and sucked and licked and ate for hours that night before I remembered that I had a test the next morning. Before I left (via her window), she gave me a farewell blowjob to remember that night by. We get together twice a week now for our heated sex bouts, which usually last hours on end.

I finally found out what the Rolling Stones meant when they said that you can't get enough of that Brown Sugar.—*Name and address withheld*

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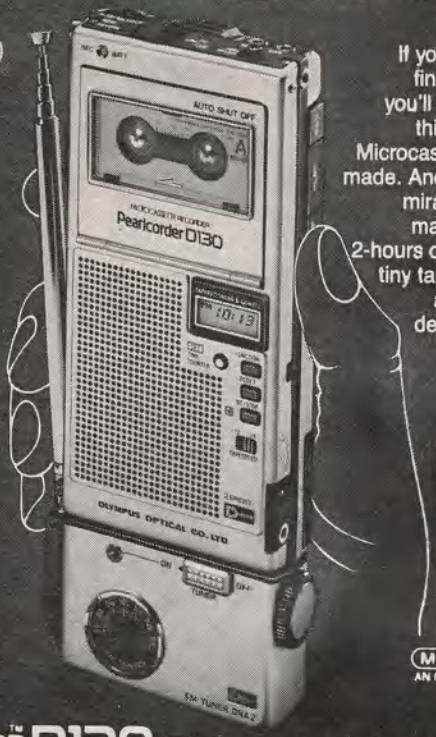

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Soccer ball

I have always been an avid reader of the *Penthouse* "Forum"; yet I thought my life dull compared with the exotic escapades chronicled in your pages. However, this past summer I enjoyed an experience that rivaled those depicted in your magazine.

I am the male coach of a female soccer team, composed of nubile young women ranging in age from twenty-one to thirty-five. The job originally appealed to me because I love soccer and like coaching. Little did I realize what I was getting into. At first, I tried to see my women as players attempting to learn the game. But gradually the sight of fifteen well-endowed women prancing around the field in skimpy shorts and braless, tightly fitted shirts overcame my self-restraint.

Soon I found myself concocting schemes to make them expose their talents even more. My personal favorite was the leg-lift drill—making them lie on their backs, lift their legs, and spread them—holding this position for ten seconds, ample time for me to count the curly pubes peeping shyly out of their shorts. Unfortunately, my schemes were only dreams and hence never realized.

The season passed very rapidly, and before I knew it, we had played our final game and had our farewell parting until next season. Unfortunately, one of the prettier players, who also happened to be the team's leading scorer, had packed her bags and departed for graduate school in California, leaving only a forwarding address 3,000 miles away. I thought I would never see her again, but fate smiled kindly on me, and a business trip soon brought me a short distance from her home. I called her up to see how she was faring, and she invited me over for dinner. I accepted, expecting only a pleasant meal and good conversation.

I arrived at her apartment promptly at 7:00 P.M., with a bottle of wine in hand. I was not prepared for the sight that greeted me when she opened the door. She was garbed in her old soccer suit! Had I looked down, I would have seen her bare, beautiful legs, but my eyes were captivated by her large, firm breasts, straining to be released from the fabric of her shirt. Her chestnut brown hair framed a Cheshire cat smile, and she sprang up into my arms and planted a deep, wet kiss on my unsuspecting lips. She took my hand and inaugurated a night I will never forget.

After a pleasant meal we adjourned to her soft, white couch. She began: "Did you know that one of your players had a crush on her coach all season long?" "Is that so . . . who might that be?" I asked innocently. "Can't you guess?" she teased. Not until she curled up next to me and began stroking my chest did I finally guess who it was. Before I knew it, clothes were tossed all around. When we were naked, she said: "First, we'll play by soccer rules." "How's that?" I asked. "I can touch the balls with any part of my body except my hands." So saying, she slid down on the couch and put her wet, sensuous lips to work on my throbbing member. Her educated tongue lightly licked my balls and darted up and down the side of my shaft, bringing it to its full length. Finally, I could hold out no longer, and I rifled a shot of semen into the back of her mouth. She swallowed every bit of it eagerly.

"One good turn deserves another," I said, and I began working my way downfield. Two sturdy defenders obstructed my path, and it was all I could do to get past this chest trap. Then I approached the goal mouth, a rich triangle of thick chestnut hair. I made several short advances with my tongue, probing that danger zone for a weakness. Obviously, I found it, because she began moaning with pleasure.

At the other end of the field, she was heading the ball herself. Through her sighs she whimpered, "You still haven't scored yet." So I turned around and moved within striking distance. Shot after shot, I rammed at the goal, in-and-out, in-and-out, in-and-out, until finally the goalie, worn down by my efforts, yielded a score.

The match was replayed many times that weekend, always with the same result.—*Name and address withheld*

Beginner's luck

I am a coed student at the University of Florida, and until last week I was also a virgin. I had always been afraid that I might get pregnant or VD if I had sex, but my roommate, Ann, set me straight on these matters. Ann has a perfect 37-24-36 body, which many girls envy. She has had many sexual experiences and often tells me about them. I am considered pretty, although my breasts are rather small.

One night, we were sitting around with nothing to do; so Ann began talking about her favorite subject, sex. She told me how much she loves to have a man go down on her. Instead of ignoring her as I usually do, I found that the way she described her orgasms was making me incredibly horny. Finally, I felt as if I would explode if I could not get some relief. So I decided to take a long shower. I felt much better afterward. Without thinking, I walked out of the bathroom completely naked, and to my surprise, I was greeted by two of Ann's friends, John and Richard. I was very embarrassed, and I quickly grabbed for a towel. Before I could get one, Ann stopped me. She said that she thought it was time for me to get a little firsthand sexual experience and that John and Richard were here to help. At first I objected, but when I saw the bulges in their pants, I said, "What the hell!" John picked me up, carried me over to the bed, and began running his fingers all over my body, sending shock waves all up and down my spine, especially when he touched my breast and between my legs.

John then quickly took off his clothes and exposed his rather large tool. It looked like a flower, swollen with seeds. Before I could

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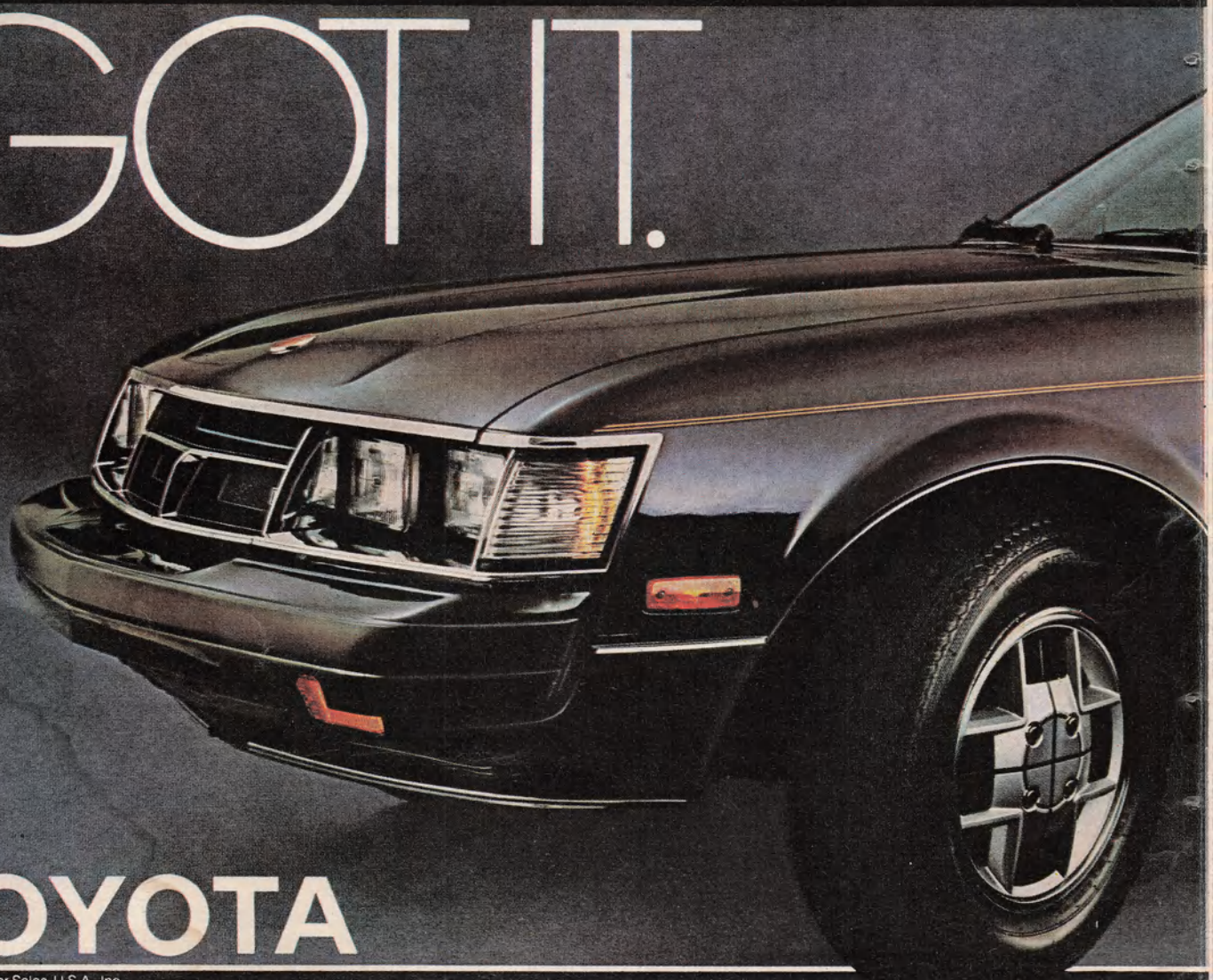

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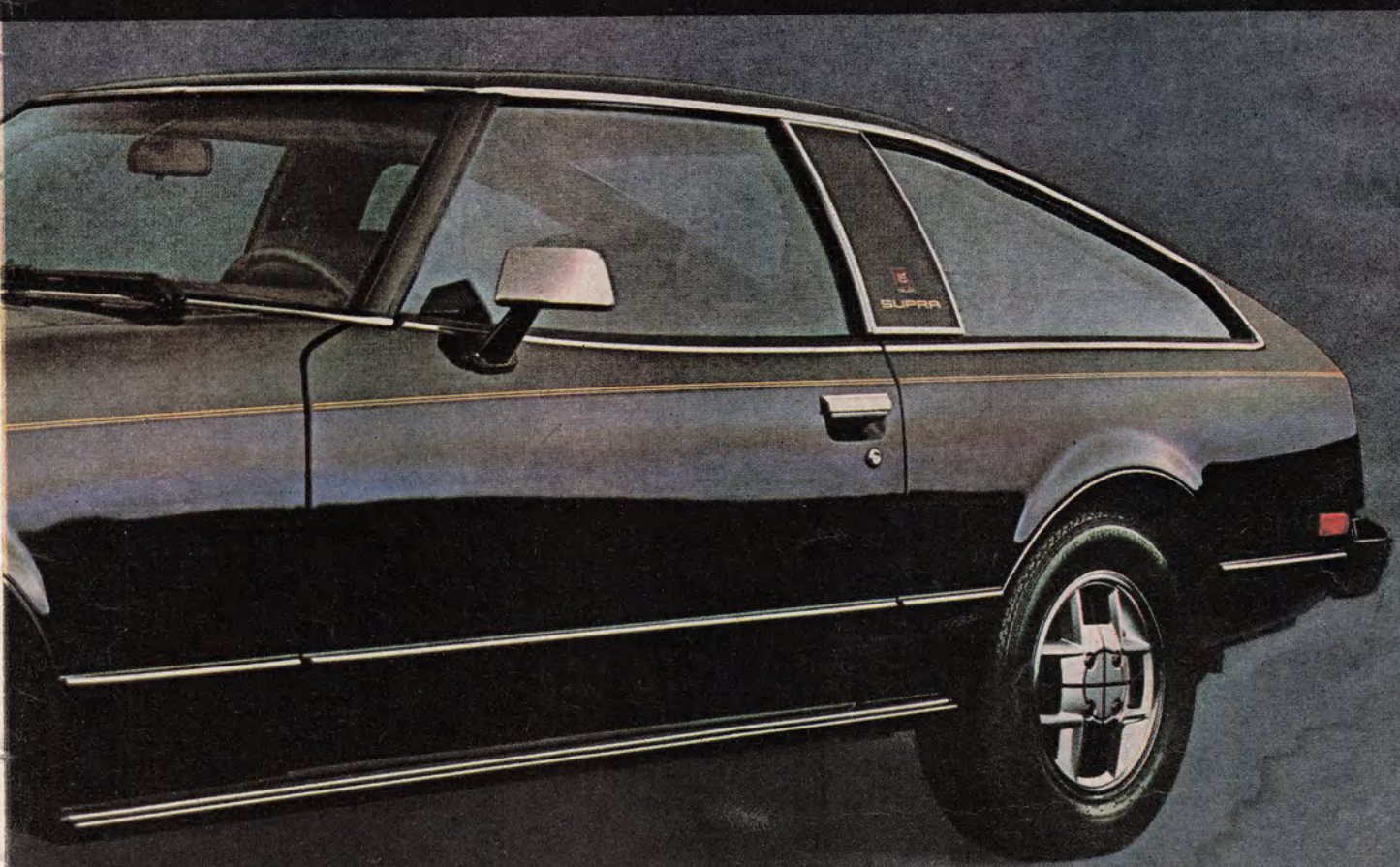

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say anything (it was my first close look at this wonderful thing), he brought his head between my legs and began eating me out. I could not believe the feeling, which was even better than Ann had described. My body kept changing from hot to cold spasms, and sweat was pouring off my forehead. After a few more minutes, John lifted his face away from my dripping pussy and began to suck on my tits. He tried to enter me, but I was still very tight. He slowly worked his eight inches completely into my body. I felt pain and pleasure at the same time, and I began to wonder why I had waited so long for this beautiful experience. As John pumped his shaft inside me, I knew that I was about to have a massive orgasm. I began to understand clearly the stories and feelings that Ann had been telling me about all these months.

John shot his load soon after I did, and I felt so good that I thought that I must be in heaven. Then, suddenly, Richard and Ann were both in bed with us. Richard began pumping me with his long, slender penis while Ann gently caressed my tits. This sent me into a wild frenzy, and I grabbed John's revived cock and stuck it in my mouth. It wasn't long before the whole room was filled with moans. John filled my mouth with sweet semen, and I gladly drank every drop of the warm liquid. I don't know how many orgasms I had that night, because I passed out after a couple of hours of unbelievable sex.

The next morning I was so sore that I could hardly walk, but believe me, it was worth it.—*Name and address withheld*

Dick before duty

I am a policewoman in a middle-sized California city and would like to tell your readers about an experience I had. Since most policemen dislike policewomen, I usually look for my sexual pleasures away from the job. One day on patrol, I stopped a car for running a stop sign and found the driver to be a very attractice male. Since many policemen let attractive women off with just a warning, I did the same, since the guy was a real stud. He thanked me, smiled, and said he hoped he would get stopped by me again. As he drove off, I noticed that my panties were wet and my cunt was tingling. (Like a true cop, a true cunt is never off duty!) I remembered his address and decided to pay him a call when I got off work.

That night I knocked on his door and really enjoyed the look on his face when he saw me. I walked in and said, "You hoped you'd see me again; so here I am." Then I took off my knee-length coat and really got a look of surprise from him, as I was still wearing my uniform—gun and all.

Before he could say anything, I was on my knees in front of him, unzipping his fly. As I exposed his hardening cock, I said, "You are now my prisoner" and engulfed his member with my lips, sucking in a frenzy. He immediately began moaning, and I used my hands to stroke his shaft and fondle his balls. Quickly, he was to the point of

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no return, and as his scalding jism began to pour down my throat, I rammed my index finger into his ass hole. He screamed in mixed pain and pleasure and fell to the floor.

I then told him it was his turn to please me, but he said it was too soon and admitted he couldn't get it up. I told him to stay put and went into his kitchen, returning with a can of shortening. Then I pushed him onto his back and knelt over his face so that he could look up my uniform skirt. I pulled my nightstick from my belt, stuck it in the shortening, and told him to do me with it. He was a little resistant, but after some licking at his semihard cock, he got in the mood and started to insert the nightstick into my swollen pussy. Since I often fuck myself with my nightstick at home, I knew what it felt like and eagerly awaited it to be pushed in at least ten inches. He then began ramming it in and out, and I went to work on his cock again, which was soon at attention.

As usual, the nightstick had immediate results and I was shuddering from having one orgasm after another. I then stopped sucking his cock and rammed my tongue into his ass hole. He got the hint, withdrew the well-lubricated stick from my cunt, and slowly pushed it into my ass hole. I suddenly had a very intense orgasm and fell foreward as his cock exploded another load of come onto the front of my uniform skirt.

I then got up and noticed that he still had that look of surprise on his face. I removed the nightstick from my ass and returned it to my pussy, where it would be more comfortable to hold while I walked. After lowering my uniform skirt into place and putting on my coat, I told my new friend to remember that police persons have a duty to serve the public and that I considered my civic duty done.

Sorry I can't sign this, but I'd lose my job if my supervisors found out that I put dick before duty!—*Name and address withheld*

Ladies' night in

I read your latest issue and was absolutely delighted. My clit has been throbbing ever since!

Now I'd like to share with the rest of your readers my most lustful turn-on. I am bisexual, but though I enjoy the feel of a wet cock sliding in and out of my cunt when attached to a big, strapping man, I find women the most appealing. One night last month, I invited a supposedly straight young lady to spend the night with me after we'd gone out on a double date with two men we'd just met (and weren't yet ready to climb in the sack with). It was very late, and in New York City you don't travel late, alone, if you're a female. So she stayed, assuming, I guess, that my request was innocent.

I watched her undress before I did, and it was marvelous. Her titties were beautiful, the areola around her nipple brown and very large. Her nipples must have been an inch long, and as she pulled off her sweater, they stiffened up when they hit the slightly colder air. I, needless to say, was

CONTINUED ON PAGE 200

The secret to buying a loudspeaker is to keep your ears open and your eyes closed.

You're at any hi-fi dealer in Anycity USA. And you're staring at the lineup: Boxes. Big, little. Tall, short. Brown, black.

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Minetree, Nkomo, and Rhodesia

"The Last Days of Rhodesia" and the interview with Joshua Nkomo, both by Harry Minetree (January 1979), were back-to-back classics of Soviet-style "disinformation." If black Rhodesians are so viciously oppressed, how could the transitional government dare to rely on armed forces that are made up predominantly of African soldiers? Since random assassination, arson, kidnapping, and the like are standard tactics of insurgents for destroying the population's confidence in the central government, why should the Selous Scouts do these things when they could only be assisting the opposition?

Since the diplomatic wizards of Washington and London seem to be of like mind with Harry Minetree, the "freedom fighters" will eventually prevail. The new government of Zimbabwe will then combine the politics of Uganda with the human-rights policies of Cambodia. The killing will begin in earnest, but—as hostile reporters will not be allowed in Zimbabwe—we will hear little of it and need not feel any anxiety as we eat our television dinners.

My most fervent wish would be to send the Rhodesians several squadrons of Cobra gunships and two lengths of good, stout hemp for Messrs. Mugabe and Nkomo.—*J.C. McPherson, Houston, Tex.*

I found both your article on Rhodesia and the Nkomo interview quite interesting although, as usual in American journalism, a bit one-sided.

Nkomo's assertion that Rhodesia's economic sophistication is the result of good soil and climate is laughable and a typical example of Third World mentality. Rhodesia's broad-based economy was built with intellect and hard work, and, along with South Africa, the country remains one of the few on that continent that can feed itself.

It might be added that both countries have two-party systems, which in itself is an accomplishment, considering that black nationalism's greatest achievement has been black fascism. It should be mentioned that these so-called white usurpers who suppressed and subdued the black man also took Africa out of the Stone Age with their knowledge. They have as much right to their land as the Europeans who settled in America do to theirs, because they developed it. Minetree also seems to have rationalized the Russian-Cuban role on the continent; the nations have changed, but the imperialist game remains the same.

From reading the Nkomo interview, one would suspect that the man wants a peaceful transition of power but demands that the army be completely disarmed as a precondition. It would be interesting to see how the U.S. white liberal establishment would react to the same preconditions regarding Israel.

If events continue unabated, with the United States pandering to the demands of the black guerrillas, Rhodesia will become another squalid country, bathed in blood and run by Cubans, with yet another fat, black fascist warming a seat in the United Nations.—*Name and address withheld*

I thought that Harry Minetree's article "The Last Days of Rhodesia" was biased and plain liberal hypocrisy. Rhodesia is the underdog right now and everyone's favorite whipping boy, and Minetree just had to take his swipe.

I've been to Rhodesia, and I've never found it to be the terrible place that he described. It is one of the most friendly, pro-American countries on this earth, with some of the finest people I've ever met. Minetree called Rhodesia oppressive, but the Rhodesians certainly didn't stop him from writing his article or entering or leaving the country. If Mr. Minetree wants to write on oppression, why doesn't he go to the Central African Republic, Uganda, or one of the other completely black-ruled countries? In those countries he could find oppression.

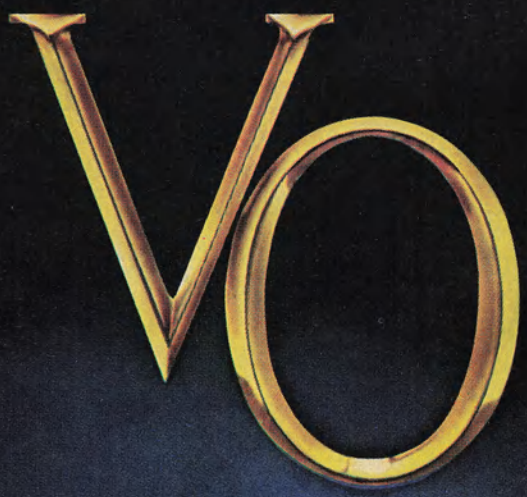
It's not just Harry Minetree's article that is disgusting. It is the whole American policy toward Rhodesia. There is no way the Carter administration can justify trade with Russia and China, the *real* oppressors in this world, while strangling tiny, pro-American Rhodesia with an economic boycott. It's a double standard, and it is wrong.

Ian Smith has more than lived up to his part of the Kissinger plan. To ask him to turn control over to the terrorists not only is stupid but also would be suicidal for the 240,000 white people there—and probably ten times that number of blacks. In this case, Rhodesia is not the aggressor.—*J.B. Kansas City, Mo.*

Migrant workers' dissent

As president of the Migrant Workers of America, I am writing to rebut Nick Thimmesch's "Advise and Dissent" essay, "Why We Need Illegal Aliens" (January 1979). His article does not sit too well with the true hard workers in agriculture in this country. Has Mr. Thimmesch ever picked fruit or vegetables or washed dishes for a living?

The signposts of success are clearly lettered.



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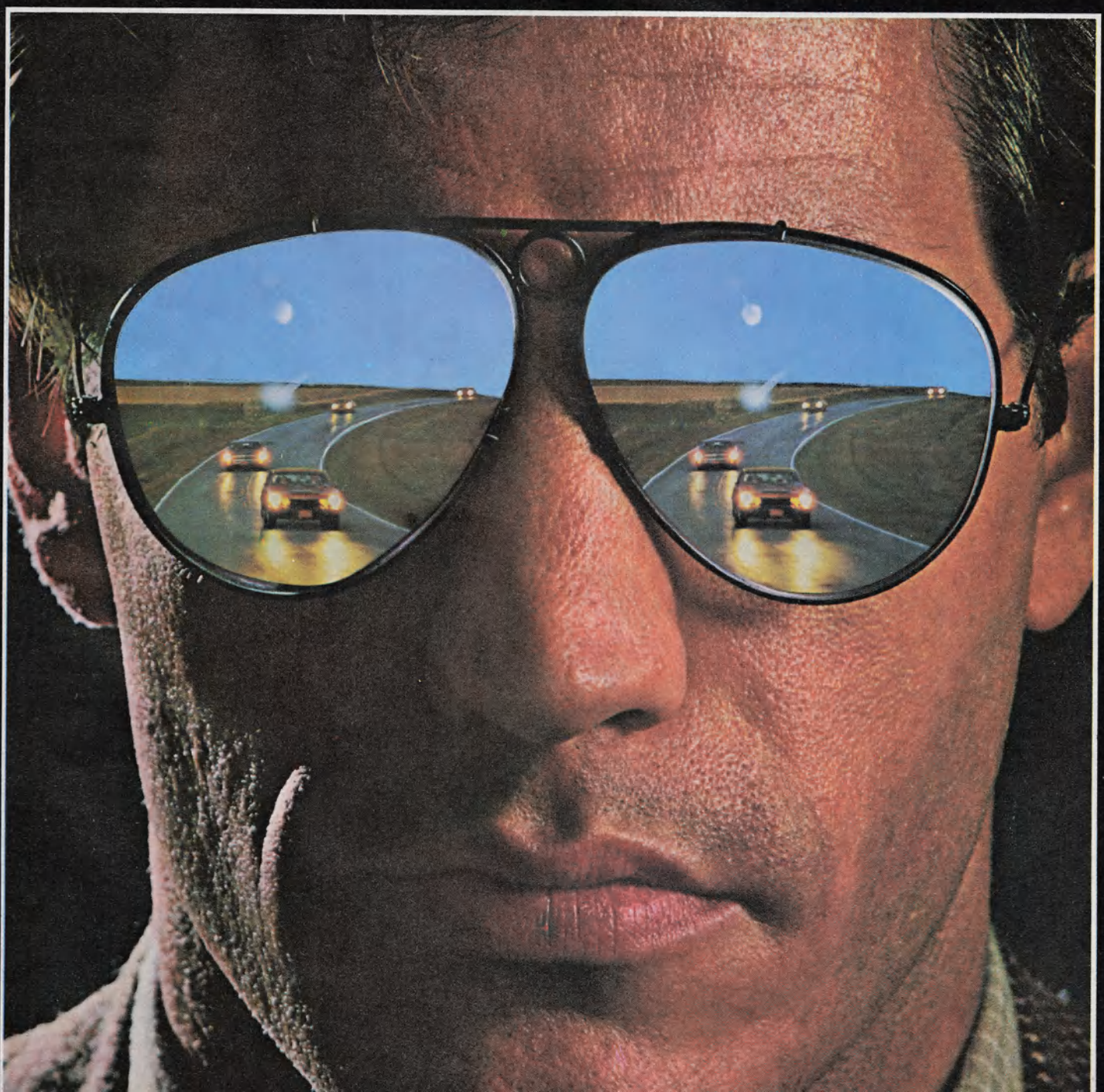

SS 100. If you're a travelin' man who gets down to basics by going under-dash with your car sound, Sparkomatic's continuous play 8-track car stereo installs compactly and easily. Accurate slide controls for volume, tone and balance, program selector and program indicator lights are featured. (An under-dash cassette SS 200, is also available.) The sound of these Sparkomatic under-dash units is outstanding—and that's an understatement.

SS 100

SR 301. To the travelin' man who says car stereo should look and sound sensational, we say Sparkomatic SR 301 cassette AM/FM stereo (or SR 201 8-track model). They're unmatched in eye and ear appeal even by much higher priced car stereos. And features abound, like balance and fader controls, FM muting, rotary controls for volume, tone and tuning, automatic key-off and push-button eject, locking fast forward and rewind and 10 watts of power. If you're into pure listening pleasure, Sparkomatic talks your language.

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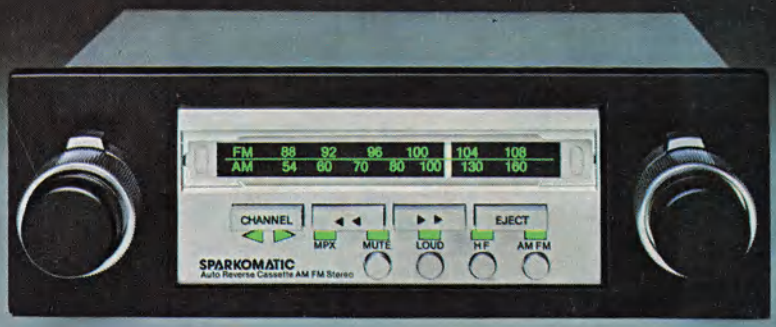

SR 330

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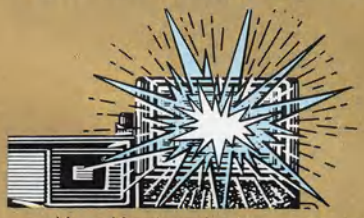

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He gives plenty of reasons why the illegal alien is needed in this country but still fails to answer the question.

One of the biggest reasons why illegal aliens are needed in this country is the difference in the pay they will work for and what union members will work for on the jobs that he mentions.

When an alien takes a dollar back to Mexico, he can get anywhere from fifteen to twenty-three pesos, depending on the fluctuation of the peso. For the equivalent of $1,000, an entire Mexican family can live well all winter. I would like to see an American family live for six months on that amount without any outside help.

The conditions for migrant workers have deteriorated so badly in the last five years that many of them are forced to receive welfare in order to survive. Those who have not applied for welfare benefits are finding it more and more difficult to stay in our jobs, because the employers are increasingly hiring illegal aliens to work in our place.

I read most of the same records that Thimmesch does; so I know where he gets his information—it all comes from the same place. But I also get my information out in the fields.

The illegal aliens don't get welfare? How about the one picked up in California who owed a $30,000 medical bill, or another who owed $70,000? Who do you suppose paid for this? The American taxpayer, that's who. How about the alien picked up in Tampa, Fla., who was discovered to be receiving welfare from three states? Instead of bleeding for these people, let's hear all the facts.

I would like to give you some of the facts and illustrate how illegal aliens are forcing Americans out of jobs.

Just last week, a contractor in Dundee, Fla., started a picking crew in grapefruit at thirty cents per ninety-pound box. We have records showing that our workers have not picked grapefruit for less than thirty-five cents a box in the last five years—and the price is still the same, meaning *no raise in five years*.

In Washington State last apple season, many growers dropped the picking price a dollar a bin on twenty-five-box bins because there was too much help. So we paid for it by having our wages cut.

In Michigan the cherry- and apple-picking price is the same as it was six years ago. In Medford and Hood River, Oreg., the pear and apple price in some cases was *dropped* anywhere from $1 to $1.50 a bin. In Milton and Freewater, Oreg., the prune-picking price dropped from $15 a bin to $12 a bin. In Flathead Lake, Mont., the cherry-picking price went from $2 a box down to $1.60 a box. All of this while the price to the consumer keeps going up. And you, Mr. Thimmesch, preach that we need illegal aliens?

As time goes on, things get worse and worse, because people who know only the half of it are the ones getting their articles published. I would like to invite you, Mr. Thimmesch, to come with me and work with

CONTINUED ON PAGE 180

The computer that revolutionized tape decks is now about to revolutionize stereo systems. With Sharp's SC-8000. The world's most complete music center. With computer control of the most dazzling collection of features and functions of any other system on the market.

Sharp's SC-8000 is a computerized receiver/cassette deck that you can actually program to suit your musical preferences.

Take control of your music with Sharp's exclusive computer.

The mastermind of the system is our famous computer, built right into the deck. It controls Sharp's exclusive Auto Program Locate Device.

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Specs and features that will impress your ears—and your friends.

Electronic Tape and Second Counting tell you how much tape or time you have left. And a built-in digital quartz clock displays timed-programming operations and acts as a timing device. Allowing you to program the SC-8000 for automatic recording from any source at any pre-selected time and then switch itself off.

Sharp's SC-8000 also insures that you won't miss any of the highs, lows or anything in between. The deck touts a low 0.06% wow and flutter, frequency response of 40-14,000Hz (±3dB) for ferrichrome tape and 62dB signal-to-noise ratio (Dolby* on).

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"Stop worrying! People do develop frustrations from not having enough sex (most likely those people who think up words like *nymphomaniac*), but I've never heard of the opposite case being true."

XAVIERA HOLLANDER
CALL ME MADAM

XAVIERA'S LETTER OF THE MONTH

I'm a twenty-seven-year-old woman with a pretty face and an attractive body. I'm not naive about the power of my body, but I rarely flaunt it or deliberately tease a man with it.

My ex-husband is a different matter altogether.

Bruce and I have been divorced for several months, and he has been seeking a reconciliation for nearly that entire period. I have no desire or intention of going back to him, but I do allow him to visit me at my apartment several times a week. I happen to know, through the grapevine, that he has not had a single date since we split, which was at least four months ago. I cut him off at least three weeks before we separated. So for the past five months the poor man has gone —quite crazy —without pussy.

The last time that he came by to talk and visit, I hurriedly stripped down to bra and panties and greeted him at the door. Bruce seemed shocked and surprised to see me so, but I casually mentioned that he had seen me naked for over three years and that I was just about to take a shower. I sat myself on the couch, and he sat in the chair opposite me. My bra and panties were nearly transparent, and he made an effort to keep his eyes off the goodies as we talked. I soon allowed my legs to become a bit immodestly spread, and his eyes flickered back and forth to the object that women have tormented men with since the beginning of time. The extended period of his celibacy showed plainly on his face, and I could see the outline of his erection through his pants. The free-and-easy sex that Bruce had anticipated had obviously not materialized, and I knew how frustrated he must be. I was sure that he had eased his burden by masturbation, but that is a poor substitute for the pleasure he knew lay just beneath my panties. I volunteered to make us a cup of coffee and walked slowly to the kitchen, giving him ample opportunity to examine my beautiful backside.

I soon returned with the coffee tray and bent to place it on the table in front of Bruce. I bent a little lower than necessary, giving Bruce a maddening view of my thirty-six C's. The effect of this little ploy was quite noticeable, as Bruce's hands shook and trembled while he fixed his coffee. I resumed my not-quite-ladylike position across from Bruce and returned his stare with a mocking gaze. He soon began his familiar theme of reconciliation, though on this occasion I detected quite a bit of anxiety in his voice. The tease was having its effect on him. I laughed and told Bruce that I had no interest in reconciliation and that I'd recently begun dating a man whom I was very interested in. Bruce couldn't help asking whether I was sleeping with the man, and I informed him that I had slept with him on several occasions but that it was frankly none of his business.

Bruce then asked if I would consider going to bed with him for old times' sake. I pretended to consider the question quite carefully before saying no. I told him that I was sexually satisfied with my new life-style and that allowing him into my bed would only make it more difficult for him to turn loose. Then I said that I was sympathetic to his plight and cruelly suggested that a "hobby" might help keep his mind off sex. His face reddened at that remark, but I knew he had lost his pride when he suggested that I remove my underwear and allow him just to look at my naked body. I said that that would only worsen his misery, but he persisted, and I was secretly glad to relent. I reached back and slowly unfastened my bra and shrugged the cups off my breasts, which are large, firm, and pink at the nipple. Bruce's mouth dropped open. He licked his lips and leaned forward in his chair, absolutely mesmerized. I

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laughed softly and allowed my breasts to sway and bob before his gaze. Bruce's erection was now above his belt line, and I knew that his cock would soon begin to cause him some real misery. He now hoarsely reminded me of my promise to remove my panties. I again reminded him of the further frustration it could cause, but he insisted. I shrugged, stood, and slipped the bottoms off. I stood before him with my pussy at his eye level and only about two feet away. His face turned crimson, and he began to beg and whine for a fuck.

I should have put my panties back on immediately, but I found myself enjoying his torture. I sat back down on the couch and treated him to a sight he had not seen in almost half a year. I spoke very coolly and logically, in contrast to his hoarse whimpers and rationalizations. I had teased men before I married Bruce, I admit, but watching the deserved suffering of my ex-husband was a new thrill. I laughed at his lewd suggestions and allowed my knee to sway slightly from side to side, alternately showing and hiding my delicious womanhood. Bruce had too much pride left to go into the bathroom to relieve himself.

I then stood and retrieved my bra and panties. I truthfully couldn't stand his hoarse stutterings. I bent from the waist and allowed my breasts to swing into their cups, teasing Bruce by staring at him sweetly as I packed the breasts away and reached back and locked them into place. I stepped into my panties and slowly drew them into position, deliberately reaching down and adjusting the crotch area to my comfort. Bruce stood and took one last, long look before leaving.

I'm not necessarily proud of what I did, but he had earned it, believe me. We girls do have our little ways of getting even sometimes, don't you agree?—K.L.

Yes, we do. And so do men, and they're called rapists. Some company you're in! There are better ways to get one's rocks off.

SATIN SEDUCTION

My wife and I read the story about the couple in their forties who could have sex frequently because the man got hot from the feeling of satin on his penis. I became addicted to satin when I was fifteen. A couple moved onto my block. James, the husband, was a pro-football player, and he became my hero. I spent a lot of time at their house when he was home, and he put me on a strict training program so I could make the school team.

Lenore, his wife, was a big, beautiful woman, and I was very attracted to her. Anyway, James's reserve unit was called up for Korea; and before he left, he made me promise to keep up my training and to look after Lenore. That summer I ran errands for Lenore and worked out in his weight room.

One afternoon Lenore invited me in for a glass of pop. While we were drinking, a song came on the radio, Lenore's favorite. She made me dance with her, because James would have wanted me to; and as we danced, Lenore pulled me up tight and put her hand on my shoulder. I could feel her breasts rubbing against me. I tried to back away, as I was embarrassed that she might feel my erection, but she put her hand on the small of my back and pulled me in. Finally, the song ended, and Lenore asked me to come into her bedroom and help her turn their mattress. When we got into the bedroom, she took her dress off so that it wouldn't get dirty. My eyes almost popped out when I saw the beautiful, powder blue satin slip she was wearing. Her big breasts were sticking over the top of the slip, and I froze, just staring at them. Lenore assured me she knew some ways to make me develop into a man, and she asked me to remove all my clothes while she went to get a measuring tape. So I stripped.

When she returned, she was wearing a long, pink satin nightgown that shimmered and glistened in the sunlight. She stood in front of me, reaching around my back to measure my chest. Her body and nightgown rubbed against my penis, and the sensation was so unbelievable that I felt light-headed. She picked up the slip she had been wearing and had me put it on so that the satin was against my body. This done and my head spinning, Lenore walked me to the bed and told me to lie down. She guided my hand between her legs, showing me how to rub her clitoris, and slowly inserted my finger. She then popped out one of her tits and had me suck it. She began to rotate her hips while she moved my hand faster. After she came, Lenore guided my head with her hands and had me gently suck her lips while she told me how to use my tongue. She then put my hands on her breasts and asked me to massage them. She didn't have to tell me anything twice. I was more than ready for her instructions, and the feeling of the satin slip over my penis as I moved against the mattress was incredible. After I came, she told me that I had had my "first lesson."

Over the next twenty-two months I spent about 90 percent of my time with Lenore. She taught me everything I know about sex. I took to wearing half-slips under my shorts so I could always have a partial erection.

When James returned, he was really proud of my development and he and Lenore would come to all the football games, where, more often than not, I was playing my heart out for Lenore. His help and Lenore's offside training helped me get a scholarship, and they'd both come to all the college home games. While James was out celebrating my wins with his friends, Lenore and I would celebrate in the motel. Unfortunately, James became a real lush and was killed in an auto accident while I was still at the university. I spent a lot of time with Lenore the summer after his death, and I convinced her that thirteen years' difference wouldn't make much difference in our relationship. We made plans to marry

"How would you like your check . . . in monthly installments?"

after I graduated the following June.

After I got a job, we married and soon adopted two children. We've been married for twenty-two years, and Lenore is as sexy as ever. We still have sex four to five times a week, but I attribute part of my sexual drive to the fact that satin helps to arouse me. I recommend that any man who feels that his drive isn't what it should be try wearing satin slips around the house—the regenerative powers of this unreal material are amazing! —V.S.

Oh for the days when women didn't wear those passion-killing panty hose! Have you also tried satin or silk sheets? Give it a try. The material slithers and slides and is very sensual. The only problem is that the pillows sometimes fly off the bed when you really get down to business.

LACY LADY

I've had a fondness for lingerie for years, and I truly felt I'd never meet the one lady who would satisfy my longing for a lacy, frilly lover.

Last week, while traveling in the Midwest, I met a lovely woman in a cocktail lounge. As it turned out, we were both just killing some time, and after a few drinks we had a quiet dinner. Luann and I agreed that a nightcap at her place would finish off the evening. I was acting very cool and composed until we got into my car and her skirt rode up, revealing a pretty slip. Luann asked me whether something was wrong, and I blushingly commented that she had pretty legs. Laughing, she said that she sold franchises for intimate lingerie and that she had just come from a meeting. "I hope you don't think I'm screwy, but I enjoy lingerie, both wearing it and selling feminine things." Our eyes met, and I floored the gas pedal. I knew I had found my dream woman.

In minutes we were at her apartment, and the show started. After she fixed a few drinks, I had my lingerie lesson in spades. Asking me to relax on the couch, Luann went into the bedroom and returned in a long, see-through gown and high heels and carrying a large sample case. "Let me model and explain lingerie to you, and then we'll make love, okay?" she asked. Drooling, I agreed, and we started. She slipped off her gown and stood proudly in her four-inch high heels and opened her sample case to show me panties. I chose a pair of light blue, transparent briefs with a molded seam in the back. She was happy with my choice, because that panty would show off each cheek of her pretty ass at its best. My prick was bursting as she pulled the panties over her long, pretty legs. Bras came next—there were all kinds and colors. We chose a natural-cup, plunge-neckline, transparent blue camisole with white lace trim. She smiled as she mentioned that it was a hard bra to wear when you were built large but that, after all, I was running the show. She bent over slightly as she put her beautiful tits into the blue satin. Next, she put on a pair of seamed, off-black stock-

"Your Chivas or mine?"

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ings with a blue-and-white lace garter. I was near the bursting point. Picture a woman in her late thirties, about five feet nine inches, with long, auburn hair, 36-D tits straining to burst out of a transparent blue bra, the same material nipping in her waist, and eight lacy garters pulling and straining at her black stockings. It was really a fantasy come true. Luann continued to try on her lingerie for me until I couldn't stand it anymore. We ended up making love well into the morning hours, with a warehouse of panties and bras strewn around us.—P.D.

As you see, sexy lingerie is quite *en vogue*. How lucky you were to have encountered a traveling saleslady attired in your favorite merchandise! A better fantasy you could not have enacted. I just hope that other ladies in silk panties won't now disappoint you. And how about all those other women who like to wear simple, plain white cotton? You might try a few trysts with these females, too. After all, a little normalcy makes the finer things in life just that much finer.

TRY ANYTHING THRICE

I'm thirty years old, married eight years, and the mother of two children. My sexual experiences were limited to only one other person before I married, and I never reached a climax before I slept with my husband, David. Our sex life was super right after we married, and I was willing to "experiment," as David puts it. We tried oral sex, but I couldn't do it after the first time. My husband buys me sexy underwear, and I've allowed him to take pictures of me in it; but it makes me uncomfortable, and I refuse to wear it under my clothes when we go out, because it's just not me. We have had sex in strange places, and at other times David has had intercourse with me after things like vibrators, candles, or wine bottles have been pushed into me as a form of foreplay. Even though some of these experiences have produced devastating climaxes, I'm not comfortable with the thought of having sex for animal pleasure rather than for making love.

My main problem is that in the last few years my sex drive has diminished, and we now make love only once a month. Meanwhile, David's "experiment" requests are coming more and more often and becoming more abrasive and demanding as time goes on. I have stopped having anything but straight sex with him, but there is a constant pressure to try vibrators or wear crotchless panties out dancing or let him take pictures of me playing with myself—the list goes on and on.

What should I do? I enjoy making love to David, but once a month seems to be all I require, and his drive is bottomless. I'm afraid if I begin to submit to his wishes, it will only lead to a series of bigger and more unrealistic demands, such as public exhibitionism or group sex or even shaving off my pubic hair. I hope you have some sort of solution or compromise that I can live with.—M.B.G.

It seems you had a lot of catching up to do after you got married. Please read the two previous letters; they might give you a better understanding of your husband's wishes and desires. Do realize that there is a difference between experiments and perversions. People will certainly disagree on this matter—where one ends and the other begins—but I must say that your husband's ideas regarding sexual experiments are not all that kinky. Remember, oral sex was once considered an unspeakable perversion.

You use the word "experiments" in a derogatory sense, as though some horrible demand were being made upon you. It seems, however, that you enjoyed the use of the vibrator. So what's wrong with that? On one point you're right, however: bottles are not made for insertion into the human body. They can break and cause considerable damage. Also, your vagina can conceivably suck out the air from inside a bottle. This is called embolism and can result in your death. Stick to vibrators and dildos and cocks.

Is shaving your pubic area so perverse? Different, maybe, but not perverse. I had mine shaved a week ago by a horny young lover who got the biggest erection performing his unique task. It was a rather interest-

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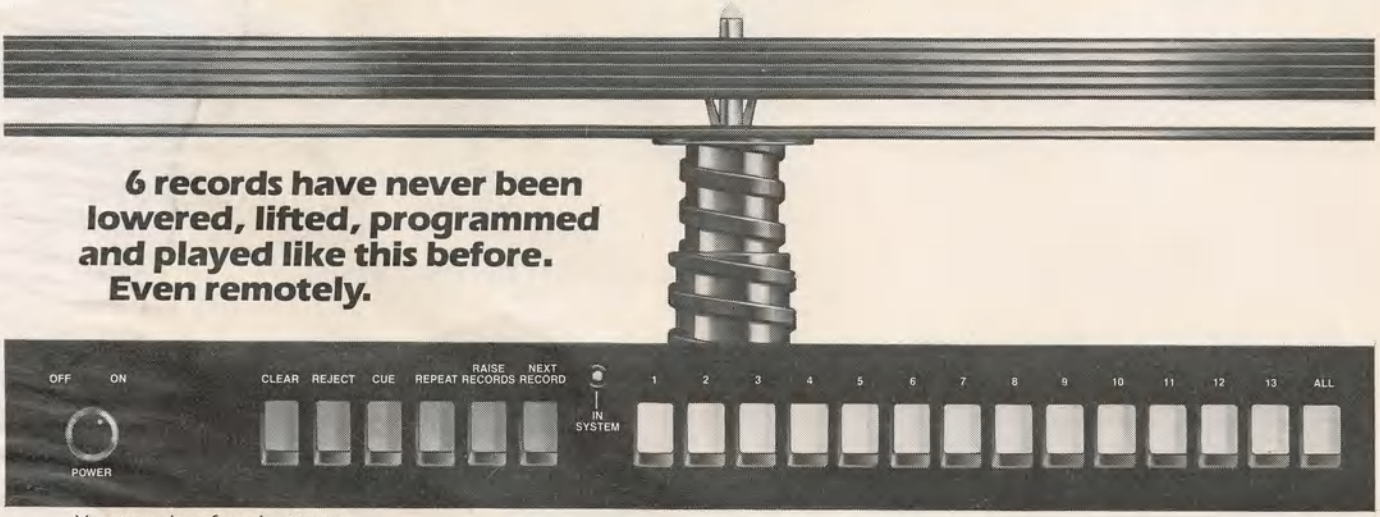

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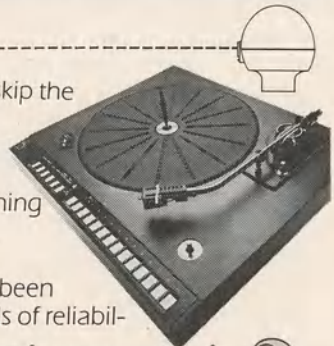

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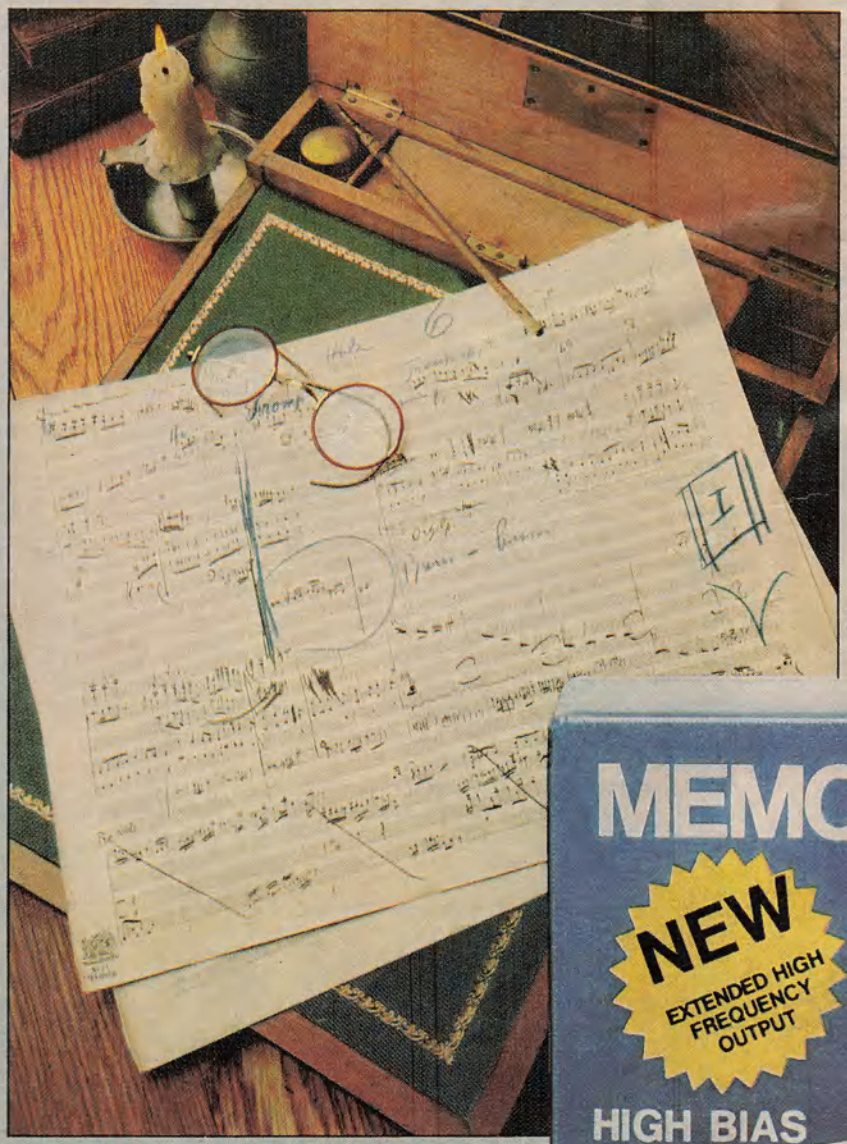

Original manuscript sketch for the first movement of Gustav Mahler's Fourth Symphony. Courtesy of The Newberry Library, Chicago.

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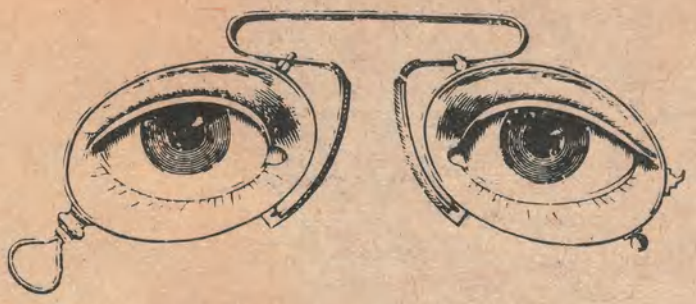


A DIM LOOK AT A DULL LIFE

BY EMILY PRAGER

Life magazine is back, not only on the stands but also on the tube, with a fancy ad campaign and a snappy slogan that arrogantly proclaims, "Nothing is bigger than *Life*." Is it true? Is nothing bigger than the new *Life* magazine? That, of course, depends on how small you are. But spiritual perspectives aside, there is one thing that is definitely bigger, and that is any copy of the old *Life* magazine. Oh—and also a breadbox. One thing that is definitely not bigger is the world view of the person who made up that silly slogan.

Would that they had spent the money for the ad campaign on the product! A glance at the new *Life* shows a New Seventies, son-of-*New York*-magazine format: lots of borders, typefaces, and weirdly angled layouts, and more well-defined white space than is found in Rhodesia and South Africa combined. All of this is designed to give the new cheap and tawdry look to that old, clear-and-classy format that served so well for over fifty years.

But even the old familiar look wouldn't help the amalgam of lesser skills and UPI pickups that the present *Life* editors would have us believe is the new photojournalism. The November 1978 issue would make Margaret Bourke-White voluntarily drink developing fluid, were she alive to see it. It's her good luck that she isn't.

A quick rundown of one typical issue's features: (1) "Israel's Sacrifice in the Sinai," a poignant story by no means told in pictures. Without the text, and just looking at the stills, it could be entitled, "Rabbis Picnic Near Oil Refinery"; (2) a spread of giant pandas at the Washington Zoo, all slightly out of focus; (3) a set of shots of joggers, skaters, and tango dancers in the U.S.A., which I at first mistook for a Coca-Cola ad; (4) a fashion layout so primitive that it looks like a series of Wanted shots on a post office bulletin board. (5) A herd of giraffes, once again slightly out of focus; (6) a pictorial entitled "75 Years of Flight," tracing the evolution of the airplane as it appeared in, and could be reprinted at very low cost from, issues of the old *Life*; (7) and, last but not least, from photographer Lennart Nilsson, the man who gave us those stunning intrauterine portraits, a fine array of microphotographs of deep cavities, unbrushed teeth, and raw tooth nerves. Well, what can a man do after he's photographed a living fetus? Really, it's all downhill after that.

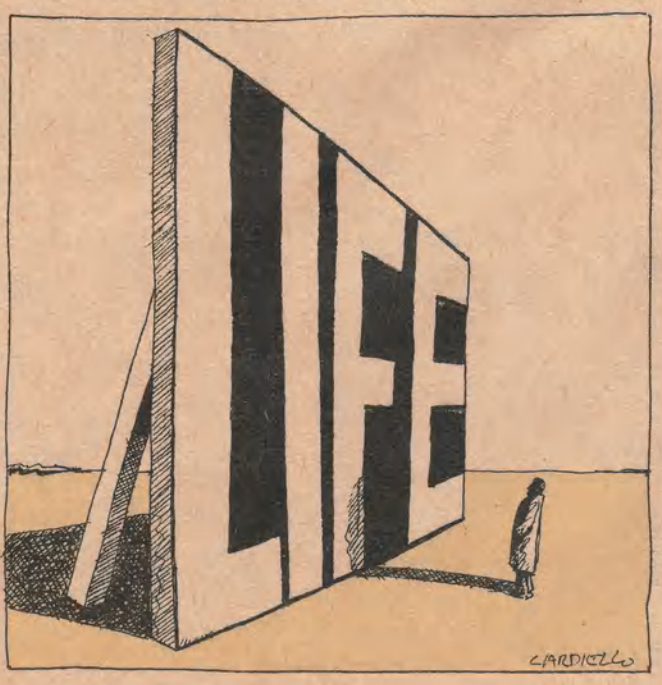
No, but seriously, the new *Life* is sad. It looks cheap and badly produced, and nothing is bigger than the disappointment you'll feel when you read a recent issue.

As for the new *Look* magazine, it's in a much better position. After all, who can remember the old *Look*? Also, it seems to have more funding—and to be concerned with events that actually happened in the recent past, or at least with trivia you might need for succeeding at a cocktail party, such as: "Boyhood Letters of J.F.K.," "First Pictures inside Russia's Psychiatric Prisons," and a whole slew of shots of women marines in combat training. The word *relevant* comes to mind, and if *Look* is relevant enough, maybe it might last six months. But only six months—certainly no longer.

The resurgence of *Life* and *Look* brings to mind an old Hollywood adage: Only Jesus Christ can make a successful comeback, and even He had a hell of a time doing it. Cynical maybe, but in this no-frills world where an American dollar couldn't buy a Tokyo bum a decent cup of coffee, they tell us there's no place for art in mass-market publishing. It's too expensive, too risky. A man without a minicam is doomed, a journalistic anachronism, unaffordable.

Not that magazines aren't having a boom. There's a rag for every race, creed, color, and fetishistic preference. But magazines, like young women arriving in New York to be models, come and go with alacrity. Some never make it out of the Port Authority Bus Terminal.

In recent years the one exception to this seems to be *People*, the magazine for personnel managers, P.R. men, and idiots who regard press releases as gospel. Does Tatum O'Neal really date Michael Jackson? Will Angie and Burt reunite? Will Dinah and Burt reunite? And how about Strom Thurmond having a thirty-two-year-old wife? Does that put you under or what? Everybody loves *People*, and if you can call it reading, everybody reads *People*. (And, of course, there is also its pilot fish, *Us*, the magazine for people who don't feel worthy enough for *People*.) All this, of course, is fully understandable. Gossip sheets have been around at least since Cicero and probably were a hot item in the Euphrates Valley.



So, it is not the monetary and literary success of *People* that is disturbing, nor is it unreasonable that all magazines should aspire to achieve that same success. What is pathetic, and a gloomy harbinger of our times, is the universal attempt to make every new magazine that appears, regardless of its subject matter or market, look and read exactly like *People*. It's the old *Jaws* II syndrome: if they bought it once, they'll buy it again. Down with content, up with marketing statistics. Plastic flowers are just as good as real ones. They look the same, and they never die on you. Only a perfectionist would notice the difference.

SCENES

THE MIDGET MUSICALS

A theatrical revue used to mean yards of gorgeous, leggy, half-naked show girls traipsing down a Joseph Urban staircase, waving feathers and fans and things. Those opulent Follies, Scandals, Vanities, Gambols, and Gaieties of the twenties and thirties also conjure up giddy visions of Bea Lillie and W. C. Fields cavorting in racy comedy routines, of Helen Morgan and Eddie Cantor introducing new songs by Irving Berlin and Rodgers and Hart. Time was when the revue meant a very specific generic form of musical-comedy theater that was witty, bawdy, and brilliant.

Nowadays a revue usually means a small-scaled, modestly budgeted song anthology performed by a tiny cast that may also add a little patter and dance—and then again, may not. At its best, the contemporary bijou-revue is an engaging trifle, suitable for stuffing up the gaps between Real Broadway Musicals. At its worst, it is a cheap way for a hustling producer to try to turn a fast buck. Whatever—the revue *à la mode moderne* is a new musical twist.

Ain't Misbehavin', an anthology of Fats Waller songs that took Broadway by storm last season, puts the new revue's best foot forward. If this still-evolving musical form may be said to have specific generic elements, this show has got almost all of them: solid musical material, intelligent arrangements of same, custom-tailored choreography, high style, and an unusually talented cast versatile enough to carry off all of the above.

What *Ain't Misbehavin'* ain't got is a book—not even narrative bridges between numbers. Its creators insist that this is no oversight but a deliberate signature element of this new musical form, which Luther Henderson, the show's musical director, has christened "the revusical."

Maybe. When you're being dazzled by Andre De Shields snakehipping his way through "The Viper's Drag," or Nell Carter telling it to you with "Mean to Me," you hardly notice the lack of narrative. But, as with a gourmet meal served without wine, you eventually sense that something is missing.

The fragile nature of the newfangled revue is much more obvious in shows of lesser quality, in which some of the key movable parts aren't moving—or aren't there. In ***Eubie!***, for instance.

Although *Eubie!* is a blatant rip-off of the *Ain't Misbehavin'* style and format, it just isn't in the same league. It has some absolutely spiffy dance numbers featuring tappers Gregory Hines and his brother, Maurice, but in other musical respects the show is a pale carbon. Compared with the inspired slide-piano music of Fats Waller, the ragtime sound of Eubie Blake just doesn't cut it for a full-length anthology. Whatever evolutions the "revusical" may go through in the future, there's one irreplaceable ingredient: only the *best* musical material.

Nell Carter and Ken Page in Ain't Misbehavin': *a new musical twist.*

The cast of Eubie!: *you sense that something is missing.*

Of course, even with the sweetest sounds this side of heaven, a revue still can't get off the ground if it lacks style: something classy, something that struts—an attitude.

The Manhattan Theater Club, which developed the original bandbox version of *Ain't Misbehavin'* in its cabaret theater, came up with another prospect this season in ***A Lady Needs a Change***. This tribute to lyricist Dorothy Fields had musical merit up and down. Since the lady in question wrote the lyrics for about 400 songs, composed by the likes of Jerome Kern, Jimmy McHugh, and Arthur Schwartz, it wasn't exactly necessary to beat the bushes to find solid material for the revue.

What eluded everybody was style. Kelly Bishop, the sultry dancer who won a Tony Award as the wisecracking Sheila in *A Chorus Line*, stroked just the right note of sophisticated wit. But it's hard to get excited about a show with little dazzle and less dance and with no consistent attitude toward the songs it's supposedly saluting. If *Lady* hopes to follow *Ain't Misbehavin'* to Broadway, it will have to shape up. The revue form only *looks* easy.

But that doesn't seem to stop anybody who wants to get into the act. Yet another revue has been announced for Broadway, this one based on the songs of Harry War-

Martha Swope

Bob Fosse's Dancin': *a revue that substitutes dance for song.*

ren. You remember Harry Warren. Sure, you do. Although not exactly a household-word composer, the eighty-five-year-old Warren has written a heap of songs, mostly for the movies, during his fifty-year career.

The new revue has already been dubbed ***Lullaby of Broadway***, after the famous ditty Warren wrote for *Golddiggers of 1935*. In addition to the material he supplied for all those Busby Berkeley–Warner Brothers spectacles of the thirties, Warren also wrote "On the Atchison, Topeka, and the Santa Fe" for Judy Garland, "Chattanooga Choo Choo" for Glenn Miller, "You'll Never Know" for Alice Faye, and about a zillion other hummers for the likes of Fred Astaire, Bing Crosby, Al Jolson, and Doris Day.

Although people are still marveling at the "sudden" popularity of this new musical genre, the modern revue has been evolving for at least five years. Actually, ***Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris*** started the ball rolling ten years ago, when Jacques Brel really was alive and well, etc.—but it took the theater a while to get the message.

The new musical trend evolved, in part, from an artistic need for raw material. For reasons that still elude us, the energy that went into rock music never made it to Broadway. After the promise of *Hair*, which was ten long years ago, the young soundsmiths turned their tails and never looked back on the theater. Deprived of original musical material, theater producers naturally started raiding their own historical cupboards.

The new revue also grew out of an economic necessity. Five years ago Broadway was hit hard by the recession, just like everything else. Grosses were still high and a hit was still a hit, but the number of new shows shrunk to an ominous low. (There were only thirty-five productions in 1973–74.) Mounting production costs scared producers off the traditional spectacle-musical, and the "intimate" musical came into vogue. Most significant of all, a lot of theaters were dark on Broadway.

Into the gap rode the stars, batches of them, to fill the empty theaters with solo concert shows. Most of these were classed-up versions of nightclub acts, but, miraculously, Broadway audiences lapped them up. Frank Sinatra, Neil Diamond, Bette Midler, Sammy Davis, Liza Minnelli, Diana Ross, Shirley MacLaine, Barry Manilow, and the rest of the troops invaded the turf and prospered.

To Broadway's amazement, audiences did not seem to miss the traditional theater musical and all its gaudy parts. A star and some good music seemed to be enough. With the new, intimate musicals, you didn't even need stars. Shows like ***Side by Side by Sondheim*** and ***Me and Bessie*** did very nicely, thank you, with raw music, stylishly delivered by miniscule casts of savvy professionals.

And then, lo! it was observed that even the pros were expendable. Composers and lyricists started performing their own material, cutting out the middlemen, so to speak. Shows like ***A Party with Comden and Green*** and Sammy Cahn's ***Words and Music*** did okay on Broadway with the music makers themselves plus a piano and a few potted plants for backup. Off-Broadway the Manhattan Theater Club's Cabaret still rolls merrily along with "evenings with . . ." Richard Maltby, Martin Charnin, and such.

Once the trend took hold, even legit Broadway musicals began to look like overscaled revues. Long-forgotten (one hopes) shows like ***A Musical Jubilee*** and ***Music! Music!*** told the story straight out in their titles. Other shows made a calculated effort to disguise their bare bones.

The Act, which was essentially Liza Minnelli's new nightclub act, hid the fact behind a shabby little book. ***Beatlemania*** is the ultimate light-show for a rock concert, performed by four clones. ***Bubbling Brown Sugar***, an anthology of great black music from the twenties, had an asinine book that only got in the way, as lettuce gets in the way of a great sandwich.

Only ***Dancin'*** pulled a switch on the formula. Bob Fosse's new musical not only does away with traditional elements like book and character but also substitutes dance song. So far it's Broadway's first and only dance revue.

The musical spectacle is back on Broadway. But the revue shows no sign of dying out. If anything, it's becoming increasingly fashionable. *Ain't Misbehavin'* won the Tony Award for best musical last season, and that's about as respectable as you can get.

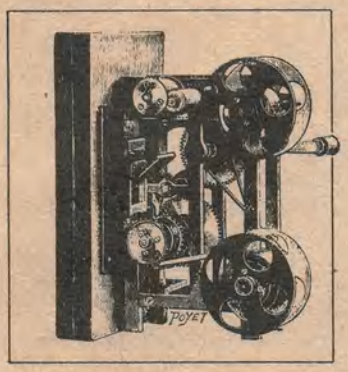
But sooner or later, Broadway will probably find out that the revue can't go on forever in its current form. Not when people are paying twenty dollars a clip for a form of entertainment that, even at its most agreeable, is still missing some essential nuts and bolts. Someday, the penny's gonna drop.—*Marilyn Stasio*

Beatlemania *with four clones: the ultimate light-show.*

Martha Swope

Vicki Frederick in Dancin'.

FILMS



LARGER THAN LIFE

When Michael Cimino's ***The Deer Hunter*** played for a week at the end of 1978, mainly so that it would be eligible for last year's best-film awards (the New York Film Critics promptly gave it their best-film award), critical opinion was divided, to say the least. Some reviewers found it great—literally the American masterwork of the decade. Some reviewers found it god-awful. I found myself, as usual, right in the middle. So this will be a mixed notice, what the show-biz paper *Variety*, when it used to review the reactions of reviewers, would always list as "no opinion"—as if having more than one kind of thought amounted to having no thoughts at all.

Now that the film is opening for real, you can form your own opinion or no opinion. Don't be surprised if you find yourself torn several ways at once. *The Deer Hunter* virtually demands several responses—all within one viewer.

Everything about the film promotes this: its extraordinary running time (over three hours), its range of settings (from Pennsylvania to Southeast Asia, and with several semimythical landscapes in between), its ambitious subject (what happened to us in Vietnam), and its mixing of visual experience, which will give you one moment splendid ceremony and the next some of the bloodiest violence you are likely to see on the screen.

The story concerns three buddies, young steelworkers, who, sometime late in the 1960s, full of patriotism and naiveté, go off to fight in Vietnam. Eventually, one of them (John Savage) returns minus an arm and two legs. A second (Robert De Niro), the group's leader, returns whole—but chastened. The third (Christopher Walken) doesn't return. He stays on in Saigon to play, for money, a deadly game of Russian roulette that he and his friends had been forced to learn as prisoners of the Vietcong some time before. The scenes of captivity are at the center of the violence, which is immediate, detailed, and very intense, but they don't occupy much of the movie. Most of *The Deer Hunter* is given over to ceremony, of several kinds: a Russian Orthodox, lower-middle-class wedding and reception for one of the three pals, with which the film begins; a deer hunt the day following, an elemental confrontation between man and animal, hunter and prey; a funeral near the end; and even the game of Russian roulette, virtually institutionalized as a metaphor throughout the movie.

Robert DeNiro and Meryl Streep in Vietnam drama: a time for rituals.

The film's way of dealing with experience is to pattern it. All art does this. However, *The Deer Hunter* does it to such a degree that "pattern" begins to look like a substitute for, rather than an access to, meaning. The film is by turns tender and chilling. But I'm not sure it ever makes sense.

That's not to deny its virtues. In places it is tremendously exciting, economical, action filmmaking—try the Vietnam river-escape sequence for a stunning example. The film's ceremonies—above all, the hour-long wedding sequence—sometimes achieve a surface richness that nearly persuades you that something is going on behind the massively structured rituals on the screen.

Surely something *is* going on, but probably not the vast panorama of American experience from the 1960s into the 1970s that seems to be intended. For all its contemporary modishness, *The Deer Hunter* betrays a close relation to those Hollywood blockbusters of a few dozen years ago that were called "epics" and that adjusted so much of world history to the demands of a melodramatic, romantic plot. The plot formula has changed. For example, there's no indication at the end that the hero gets the girl, and there's very little indication that he even wants her. But the ersatz epic sweep remains—even down to some tracking shots across Saigon in its last fiery hours, shots that look like great-grandnieces to the burning of Atlanta in *Gone with the Wind*.

Some of the people involved in all of this have been curiously handled. De Niro, the hunter whose belief in killing with one bullet becomes an all-purpose symbol for the movie, plays with such inwardness as to be at times inpenetrable. And Walken, as the sensitive, doomed life-gambler of Vietnam, seems perpetually out of place—whether at the steel mill or the corner tavern at home or as the doped-up mascot of the vice lords of Saigon. They are both accomplished actors, and they are both underused in a drama that doesn't seem quite willing to acknowledge that the love between them is the most important thing in their lives. Much better is Meryl Streep, as the hometown girl whose picture they both carry in their wallets and whom neither, finally, is willing to claim. It's a fairly conventional role: drab, pathetic, but deeply realized by a wonderful actress new to film. Whenever she appears, she seems to push the movie toward a deeper kind of humanity. Perhaps the best you can say about *The Deer Hunter*, despite all its pretensions, is that it pays attention to the humane stratagems its leading actress has devised for it.

Superman has a bit in common with *The Deer Hunter*—length, for one thing, though forty minutes less of it. Aspirations toward heroic stature, for another, though its comic-book hero could never have heard of Vietnam. And something that goes with length and heroism: a sense of amplitude, of being large enough to handle all sorts of actions and attitudes—and with them a rather imposing bundle of loose ends. Everybody has noticed that the beginning of *Superman* doesn't fit with the conclusion, that Superman's origins on Krypton and his early life in Smallville, U.S.A., project a seriousness that

Christopher Reeve.

Director Michael Cimino with DeNiro: the making of an ersatz epic.

doesn't continue into his struggle in Metropolis against the comic criminal Lex Luthor. But where *The Deer Hunter*'s discontinuities promote confusion, *Superman*'s conform to type.

The "type" isn't confined to a two-hour-twenty-three-minute movie. This movie is just for starts. There will be another movie (already shot) and perhaps another and another—until you have a very long adventure story. With all that length, you can then accept a sober side for the Man of Steel, and a comic side, and have both sides casually alternate instead of jarring with one another for not conforming to some strict notion of dramatic decorum. Most people seem willing to accept one half of *Superman* but to reject the other. I like both. I think it's by turns an imposing, genuinely clever, touching, even charming movie. But it's never all those things at the same time.

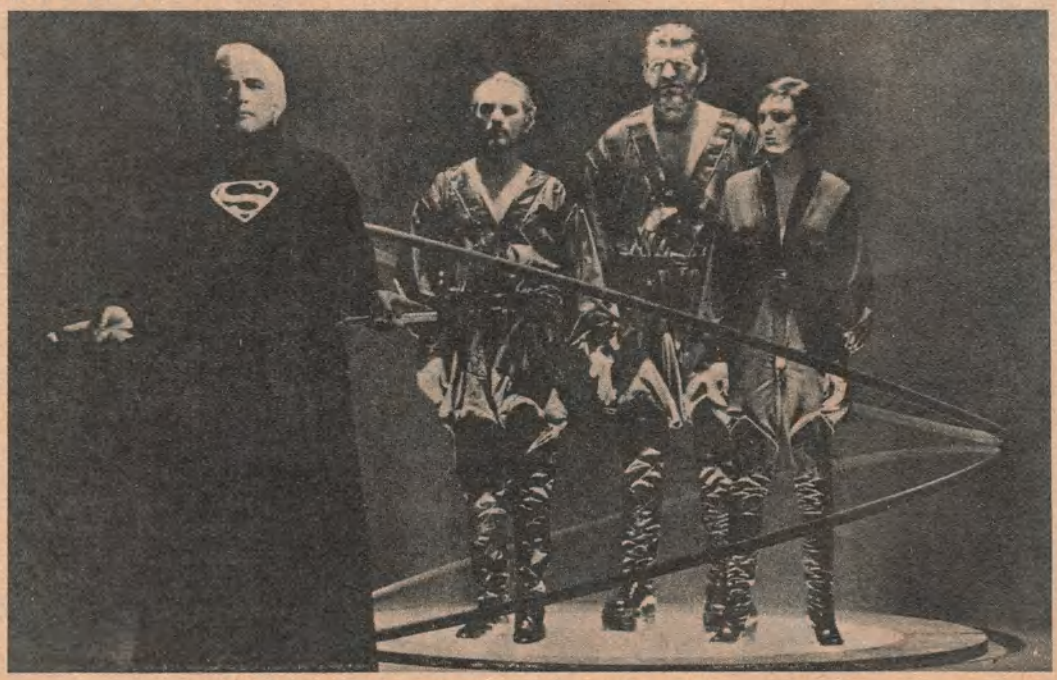
Not to spoil anybody's good time, but *Superman*, almost necessarily, is a challenge to one's intelligence. Since you know its history and also that it's nonsense and—despite all the merchandising hype—a myth not likely to be revitalized, the test comes in knowing how to preserve it without embalming it, in having fun with it without kidding it out of all recognition or dignity. I can't give all the major credits, but for starts director Richard Donner and writers David and Leslie Newman and Robert Benton have known what to magnify and what to minimize.

It doesn't all work. When you look at the destruction of the planet Krypton (the reason the Superbaby is shuttled off to earth by Mom and Dad, Susannah York and Marlon Brando, in the first place), you're seeing not much more than a stylized, multi-million-dollar reminder of the last ten years of disaster movies. But when the child completes his space journey and lands in the arms of elderly Glenn Ford and Phyllis Thaxter in Smallville, you are moved into a nostalgic, rural resonance far beyond anything in the 1930s comic book and beyond anything that such cosmic potential ought to be noticing. That it *does* notice is precisely what saves it, turns it around, and energizes it with a context for its hero that partakes of both his story and our memories. The combination is what brings him to life.

Even the abstract landscapes of Krypton—all translucent crystals, recapitulated in the Arctic wastes to which the young Clark Kent eventually retires for twelve years so that he can be instructed in his mission on earth—suggest an atavistic fantasy. That fantasy is balanced by the film's view of Metropolis and the offices of Clark Kent's newspaper, the *Daily Planet*, which are very particularly New York City and the New York *Daily News*. The movie needs the city, after Smallville and Krypton. It needs its details, even down to the recognizable architecture of the lower-level Grand Central Station hideout where evil genius Lex Luthor (Gene Hackman) hatches his schemes.

Christopher Reeve plays Superman slightly better than straight; that is, he smarts up his Clark Kent characterization and demonumentalizes his bearing as Superman. He's equitable, unassuming, terrifically handsome, able to fly faster than a speeding bullet, and—in both incarnations—totally smitten with Lois Lane. On the other hand, she, as realized by Margot Kidder, has evolved into a hard-nosed girl reporter who hasn't much use for the new guy in the city room, Clark Kent, but likes the thrills (and the scoops) she gets from Superman; it happens that they follow in good, romantic-comedy tradition—and so to my unlikely vocabulary of praise for *Superman*, I'll add the word "civilized." I think it uncommonly astute for such a superspectacle to be so intimately involved with, and delighted by, its mere flesh-and-blood leading actors.

Of course, none of this is going to earn the movie its needed millions at the box office. But after you buy your ticket, this is what you'll be lucky enough to get, and it will have been worth the price of admission.—*Roger Greenspun*



Marlon Brando with a trio of villains in Superman: preserving the myth.

WORDS

TV LIT.

A few years ago it was socially indelicate to admit that you owned a television set, and it was downright sinful to admit that you watched it. At loft parties, lithe, young culture-sluts withdrew from me, their lips curled in distaste, whenever I began to speak of "Hawaii Five-O." A professor of rhetoric, who thought he looked like D.H. Lawrence but did not, once burdened me with talk of conspiracies and assassinations. In reprisal I shared with him my theory that the deaths of Cliff Arquette and Wally Cox were directly related to the fact that both gentlemen had sat in the lower left-hand cubicle on "The Hollywood Squares." Thereafter the professor refused to drink from the same glass from which I had drunk.

But winds change. Stumbling at a recent party toward the gin that alone saved me from the claws of terminal boredom, I heard the words *auteur* and *Jack Webb* emanate from the mouth of a tender young sir whose article on disco epistemology *The Village Voice* had turned down "for political reasons." And when I confronted a pale and pouting creature with my thoughts on "Hawaii Five-O," she did not withdraw but instead allowed me at evening's end to pierce her nether lips. (Alas, the gin did not.)

It's ironic that television, which has been damned as the scourge of literacy, has lately inspired a literature of its own. As men in lesser times mused upon the essences of *The Iliad* and *Paradise Lost*, men of our day have come to delve into the meanings of "The Honeymooners" and "I Love Lucy." A new erudition is upon us.

TV Book (Workman, $7.95), edited by Judy Fireman, is a lavish collection of essays, ranging from the sentimental (Joseph Koch's "Remembering Emma Peel") to the historical (John P. Taylor's "History of TV Technology") to the bizarre (Prof. Harold Schechter's "Ancient Myths on TV," which informs us that Elsie the Cow is "a descendant of Nut, the heavenly cow goddess of the ancient Egyptians"). Throughout the book, running across the bottom of every page, is a photo history of television, which commemorates such important dates as December 30, 1964 (the debut of "Let's Make a Deal").

Similar but less substantial is ***The TV Addict's Handbook*** (Dutton, $6.95), by Bart Andrews. I don't mean to imply that Mr. Andrews is in need of psychiatric care, but there is a certain Son-of-Sam quality to his elliptical prose: "It was on August 8, 1950, that dear old Dad brought home our first television set. I remember it well . . . a twelve-inch RCA Victor, Model T-120, Serial Number C1800047. . . . I remember . . . Faye Emerson's cleavage. . . ." From somewhere the author has retrieved a photo of Irish McCalla in her "Sheena, Queen of the Jungle" outfit—a photo I have already employed thrice toward an impure end.

The first encyclopedia of television was Stanley Kempner's *Television Encyclopedia*, published in 1948. Now, many years and picture tubes later, we have Vincent Terrace's ***Complete Encyclopedia of Television Programs*** (A. S. Barnes, $29.95) and Les Brown's ***The New York Times Encyclopedia of Television*** (Times Books, $20). The Terrace book, published in two volumes, is quite simply the ultimate TV reference work, listing the details of every television series that's ever been shown. The *Times* book is concerned more with the business of television than with its lore. These books, together with James Robert Parish's ***Actors' Television Credits, 1950 –1972*** (Scarecrow, $20.50), an 869-page compendium of actors, TV episodes, and dates, are the centerpiece of the current television library, expensive but well worth the cost—that is, if you care about this superfluous nonsense to begin with.

Several new books are devoted to particular series. Donna McCrohan's ***The Honeymooners' Companion*** (Workman, $4.95) includes plot summaries of the existing "Honeymooners," biographies of the players, and a glossary that runs from "A" (Ralph Kramden's blood type) to "Ziggy" (the character who left fifty grand in counterfeit bills on Ralph's bus). ***The Story of "I Love Lucy"*** (Popular Library, $1.95), by the aforementioned and not-at-all-ill Bart Andrews, contains a wealth of information, such as the fact that Fred Mertz had a "domineering mother." Now go away, Bart. ***Air Time: The Inside Story of CBS News*** (Harper & Row, $12.95), by newsman Gary Paul Gates, is about a different sort of series, and it works as both a history and an exposé of that most odious form of journalism, TV news.

There are even books about commercials. ***The Sponsor: Notes on a Modern Potentate*** (Oxford, $10), by Erik Barnouw, author of the fine three-volume *His-*

The Honeymooners' Companion: *what is Ralph Kramden's blood type?*

The Story of "I Love Lucy": *malicious gossip about the Mertzes?*

tory of Broadcasting in the United States, is a knowing, telling examination of how TV sponsors control and manipulate the medium. Approaching the subject from a different viewpoint, Jonathan Price's ***The Best Thing on TV: Commercials*** (Penguin, $8.95) sets forth the idea that those sixty-second atrocities are works of art. Mr. Price, who is director of the Shakespeare Institute, is a witty, perceptive observer, and his chapter "Almost Obscene" is the best look at smutty commercials I've encountered. But why—for shame!—is there no mention of the Faustian elements implicit in the Scope Onion Test?

Ben Stein's ***The View from Sunset Boulevard*** (Basic Books, $8.95) and Kent Anderson's ***Television Fraud: The History and Implications of the Quiz Show Scandals*** (Greenwood, $18.95) discuss the moral and social aspects of television, the former focusing on the Los Angeles clay-eaters who have created television in their own image, and the latter on the corruption that seems to be inherent in television's greed. Stein's book is casual and eminently readable, but I found Anderson's book somewhat dry and professorial, which television writing should never be. (If you don't believe me, ask Harry Von Zell.)

TV Guide wasn't the first magazine devoted to the medium (*Television* magazine was published as early as 1928), but it's certainly the most important one. ***TV Guide: The First 25 Years*** (Simon & Schuster, $14.95), compiled and edited by Jay S. Harris, is a collection of stories that originally appeared in that magazine, from 1953 to 1977. It also includes a sixteen-page color portfolio of *TV Guide* covers and the fall television schedules for the last quarter of a century. If this seems a bit much, how about ***The TV Guide Quiz Book*** (Bantam, $1.95), created by Stan Goldstein and edited by Fred Goldstein? The quizzes are sort of dumb, but most of the book is composed of the actual pages of the old *TV Guide* issues. Ahem and a-huzza.

The beginnings of television fiction are also upon us. James Brady's ***Nielsen's Children*** (Putnam's, $10.95) is a novel whose heroine seems to be based on Barbara Walters. If you can withstand such a notion, perhaps you can also withstand the Chekhovian splendor of lines like, "The third-greatest prose writer in America shivered as he stood in the dusk on a windy avenue in front of the television studio where Kate Sinclair was beginning her second month of doing the evening news." Nipples harden profusely, and similes blossom like asphodels in the night. And then there is William L. DeAndrea's ***Killed in the Ratings*** (Harcourt Brace Jovanovich, $7.95), which is far less pretentious and far more enjoyable. A good, old-fashioned mystery, *Killed in the Ratings* is the work of a man who knows TV well and loves it for what it is. Instead of quoting from world literature at the start of his chapters, as lesser authors have been known to do, Mr. De Andrea quotes from television characters, such as Michael Anthony of "The Millionaire." The result is irresistible junk, and I look forward to Mr. De Andrea's next novel. I also look forward to the next L'Eggs commercial and life's other gifts.—*Nick Tosches*

TV Book: *do you know the birth date of "Let's Make a Deal"?*

SOUNDS

A JAZZED-UP MYSTIQUE

Keith Jarrett doesn't just play pianos; he makes love to them. Nobody who sees him perform for the first time fails to comment on his grunts, groans, and contortions as he hovers over the keyboard, settles back onto his seat, jerks half-erect again, and even bangs his torso into the sounding board. But listening to his wholly improvised solo piano recordings, one is hard-pressed to find evidence of this physical approach to music making. Jarrett's playing is not only ravishingly lyrical but also exceptionally lucid, with each phrase cleanly articulated and each idea carefully examined and painstakingly developed.

Jarrett is the world's most popular improvising pianist. His *Solo-Concerts* (ECM), a three-record boxed set that might have been expected to languish in the back of jazz bins because of its high price and because it was, after all, three records of solo piano, has sold a whopping 250,000 copies worldwide since its release in 1973 and is still selling. ECM, his Munich-based record company (it is distributed by Warner Brothers in the United States), recently went all out and released a ten-record set, *Sun Bear Concerts*, recorded on five evenings in five Japanese cities. Although several great jazz pianists have recorded marathon solo sessions—most notably Art Tatum—and several more would have been capable of filling as many hours of music with invention

and originality had they been given the chance. Jarrett is the first to record so prolifically without recourse to predetermined musical structures. Unlike Tatum, who recorded his own Byzantine versions of pop and show tunes, Jarrett makes up everything out of his head.

To Jarrett's legion of fans, these orgies of creativity are a gift from on high, a miraculous outpouring of pure inspiration. "I don't believe that I can create," the pianist wrote in a booklet that accompanied *Solo-Concerts*, "but that I can be a channel for the Creative. I *do* believe in the Creator, and so in reality this is His album through me to you. . . ." He once told the writer that his solo concerts work best when his mind is absolutely empty; any preconceived ideas only impede the flow of creative impulses.

At one point it was possible to accept this version of what happens at a Jarrett concert at more or less face value, but the pianist is his mystique's worst enemy. He has recorded so much—as a solo pianist and organist, as leader of two jazz quartets, and as composer of orchestral music—that the limits of his creativity are becoming more and more evident. He is, it should be emphasized, an exceptional pianist. His most often-quoted review, from a Norwegian paper, attributes to him "the technique of the great concert pianist, the modern composer's knowledge of possible and impossible effects, and the great jazzman's richness of ideas and his mastery of everything he does"; and although this is effusive praise indeed, it is not an overstatement of Jarrett's powers. But as *Sun Bear Concerts* makes abundantly clear, what is lacking is something the pianist's pride in his spontaneous creations will not allow him to accept. His work cries out for an overarching formal and stylistic intelligence. It rambles.

People who dislike Jarrett's self-involvement cite his reliance on harmonic and melodic ideas from the classical idioms of the late nineteenth and early twentieth centuries. Or they complain of his use of repeating ostinato patterns, which sometimes serve an immediate musical purpose and sometimes seem to be a way for the pianist to mark time and collect his thoughts. European romanticism and neoclassicism and ostinatos that sound like gospel or rock continue to crop up in the *Sun Bear Concerts*, but so do explorations of sustained harmonic resonances, lush jazz passages that bring Bill Evans to mind, and jaggedly dissonant improvising that abandons tonality and tempo and seems to proceed from the energy playing of musicians like Cecil Taylor. This is a lot of ground to cover, and Jarrett is proud of the fact that he cannot be pinned down to any one style. But because he simply lets his inspiration flow, these disparate elements are rarely fused into any unified expression in his playing. They remain more or less unrelated fragments.

Keith Jarrett: a talented and technically formidable chameleon.

The second half of the first *Sun Bear* concert—album sides three and four—is a good example of the weaknesses of this approach. It begins with Jarrett in his Cecil Taylor idiom and at his least convincing. Where Taylor's explosive, hammered clusters seem to dance gracefully in the mind's eye, Jarrett is stiff and at times downright clumsy. After fifteen minutes or so the furor subsides into a lovely stretch of impressionist lyricism; and then the energy picks up again, although this time Jarrett uses a pop-rock, Floyd Cramerish sort of approach. This gives way to a charming, resourceful, and cliché-free passage that involves repetition and pedaling to build up ringing harmonics. The mood is abruptly shattered by a string of thick, portentous chords, and then a melodious, singing coda brings the set to its conclusion. Brilliant as some of the individual sections are, they add up to little more than a pastiche.

In a note that came with the review copy of the *Sun Bear Concerts*, someone at ECM suggested that issuing all ten records in a package "would allow the listener to perceive the developments that take place in the music through successive concerts." But one can hear the same process at work if one listens to three successive versions of the same tune by, say, Charlie Parker or Lester Young, and one can learn as much from listening to such musicians for fifteen minutes as he can from listening to Jarrett for five hours.

In traditional jazz, being a great improviser means more than developing an exemplary technical command and opening one's mind to the vibrations of the cosmos. It also entails understanding the jazz tradition, particularly the tradition of one's instrument, and creating a viable language or style for expressing oneself on that instrument. In this sense, Jarrett is right to insist that his music is not jazz. He improvises, as great jazzmen do, and he is a virtuoso, as most great jazzmen are, but he lacks a coherent personal vision. He is the perfect sort of artist for the seventies—an exceptionally talented, technically formidable chameleon.

The irony of all this is that Jarrett can play really first-rate jazz piano. He has done so in recent years, primarily on the few occasions when he worked as a sideman—on trumpeter Kenny Wheeler's album *Gnu High* and bassist Gary Peacock's *Tales of Another* (both on ECM), for example. But someone—one suspects it is Manfred Eicher, his producer at ECM—has been telling Jarrett he is a genius, an anomaly, a supremely sensitive human being who can simply sit at a piano, empty his mind, and let great art flow from his fingers. This notion is sheer nonsense. The *Sun Bear Concerts* furnishes positive proof that Jarrett, like any other improviser, falls prey to banal moments, stale ideas, and sloppy playing at fairly regular intervals.

By his own criterion, though, Keith Jarrett is a great artist. "I think I would say that in the end I don't consider greatness to be how great the music is that comes out," he once said. "It's whether the spirit behind it is as healthy and as pure as it could be at that time for that person." One cannot question the spirit behind Jarrett's music. But one can wish that he would stop believing in his own mystique.—*Robert Palmer*

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STOP, THIEF!

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politicians from spending your money is
not to let them have it.

The tax revolt is spreading throughout the land. It is not one organized effort. It takes a thousand forms and a thousand different communities. It is legal and peaceful. It involves resistance to and disobedience of political powers. In California it was Proposition 13. In Hardenburgh, N.Y., it involved almost an entire town's granting itself tax exemption. In Chicago it was 200,000 homeowners refusing to pay property taxes.

Everywhere in America there is resistance. An article in the *Tax Strike News* quotes a former IRS agent as saying: "There are over 8 million people in this country not filing income tax returns. The government has prosecuted 1,000 of them but has managed to put only two behind bars." The article continues: "The 'government' has always specialized in trying to instill fear into the American people. 'If you don't pay your income tax, you will go to jail.' We've all heard these comments. Those of us who have been a part of this struggle to restore our liberties can see the panic on the part of the so-called public officials. Their fear tactics have proven ineffectual to thinking people."

Individuals in unprecedented numbers are quietly refusing to pay income taxes by dropping out of the system, dealing in cash, or employing accounting tricks to avoid payment. According to the best estimates of experts, such as Prof. Peter Gutmann of Baruch College, the underground economy operated by tax resisters generated a turnover last year of about $200 billion—*a sum approximately equal to the entire gross national product of Great Britain*.

Former Treasury Secretary William E. Simon described the situation aptly when he told *Penthouse*: "It's quite obvious that when we get to where the American people have to work until May each year to pay their taxes, there is going to be a revolt. . . . Politicians use the tax system to redistribute the wealth to benefit special interests

Photograph by Carl Fischer

BY JAMES DAVIDSON

in order to get reelected, to perpetuate themselves in Washington. Of course, [the] tax revolt is going to grow. I don't like to see the American public breaking the law [by noncompliance with the IRS]. It should be done at the ballot box."

And it is.

Not everyone agrees with Simon that the tax revolt should be fought only by changing the law. Many agree with author Karl Hess, who said: "I was so convinced that the IRS's actions were lawless that I felt compelled to resist." Here are just a few examples of people whose outrage over high taxes led them to protest in the streets, in court, and even in prison:

• John and Billie Zimmerman of San Antonio, Tex., have been at the Bexar County Jail off and on since October 1977, when they refused to turn over financial records to the IRS and were cited on federal contempt charges. The couple claims to be political prisoners who are only protecting their constitutional rights.

• Mike Tecton, forty-seven, a self-employed architect, says that he hasn't paid a penny in income tax in seventeen years. His first trial, in the fall of 1974, ended in a mistrial. His second resulted in an eighteen-month suspended sentence and a $300 fine. The IRS "cannot prove you owe anything unless you give it the evidence to use against you," says Tecton.

• Although Jerome Daly, a Saint Paul, Minn., attorney served time for tax resistance, he considers that he won an important victory when a judge ruled in 1968 that he was within his rights when, in his refusal to fill out IRS forms, he cited the Fourth and Fifth Amendments to the Constitution (these protect citizens from unreasonable search and seizure and bar the government from taking private property without just compensation).

• Dr. Edmund Matzal of Blairstown, N.J., stopped filing returns in the late 1960s. Nothing happened to him until 1975, when he was involved in a state income-tax protest. Two days later he was indicted. He was later convicted and given a three-year suspended sentence.

• On October 16, 1978, a radio talk show host in New Bedford, Mass., told his listeners that he was going down to City Hall to protest high taxes. Four thousand people spontaneously turned out to join him.

These are just a few examples. When *Penthouse* attempted to get official IRS figures on the number of people who haven't filed tax returns, Rod Young, a spokesman for the IRS director, said that they had "no estimate" available. But Washington is clearly worried: an IRS task force is currently preparing for the Congress a report on the growing problem of noncompliance.

The news media have paid very little attention to taxpayer militancy in its developing stages. With occasional exceptions, television networks and the major publications have completely ignored even the most striking evidences of taxpayer unrest. For years, activities by tax protestors that would and ought to have been major news stories never quite materialized, because they received no publicity. William Bonner of the National Taxpayers Union (NTU) believes that the reason is that members of news media have begun to think like politicians. "Crime reporters think like cops. The same is true of political journalists; they think like politicians. They eat with them. They travel together. They spend time chuckling over one another's perceptions about what boobs the public are. And if that weren't enough to make them blood brothers, there is always this one practical element—hot tips and off-the-record briefings that lead to big stories are given only to friendly reporters, not to those who are causing the politicians trouble."

That may be why much of the current coverage of the tax rebellion seems designed to discourage popular support. A recurrent theme of many news stories is that taxes are not really so high as one thinks, and thus one ought not to be upset. Bonner cites as a typical example an article, "It's April 15—but Don't Shoot the Tax Collector," which appeared in the April 3, 1978, issue of *Forbes*. The theme of the article, which has been widely repeated elsewhere, is that "the U.S. *overall* tax burden is relatively light." Says Bonner: "I really don't understand why magazines such as *Forbes* are inclined to underestimate the tax burden. Any competent statistician should be able to figure out that governmental tax collections, on all levels, represent about 42 percent of private income. Add inflation, and you're lucky if the average person gets to keep half of every dollar that he makes. Yet open the newspaper and you get the impression that the tax burden is 15 or 20 percent."

A more recent example of the media's downplaying of the tax issue occurred in *Newsweek*'s December 25, 1978, issue. An article by Susan Fraker alleged that the average American family paid only 22.5 percent of its total income to local, state, and federal tax collectors. Fraker told *Penthouse* that she obtained this figure from *Newsweek* reporter John Walcott. Walcott, in turn, said that he got his information from the Advisory Commission on Intergovernmental Relations, which, he said, "so far as I can see has no ax to grind." Since the commission is part of the federal government and therefore depends on high taxes for its very existence, it's hard to see how it would have "no ax to grind." Furthermore, Walcott told *Penthouse* that the figure did not include consumption taxes (that is, taxes on gasoline, liquor, cigarettes, and so on). He didn't include these because they were "confusing."

The use of misleading statistics to suggest that the tax rate is really lower than it is is only one of several ways by which the media have discouraged the growth of taxpayer militancy. Another has been a concerted suggestion that only silly, taste-

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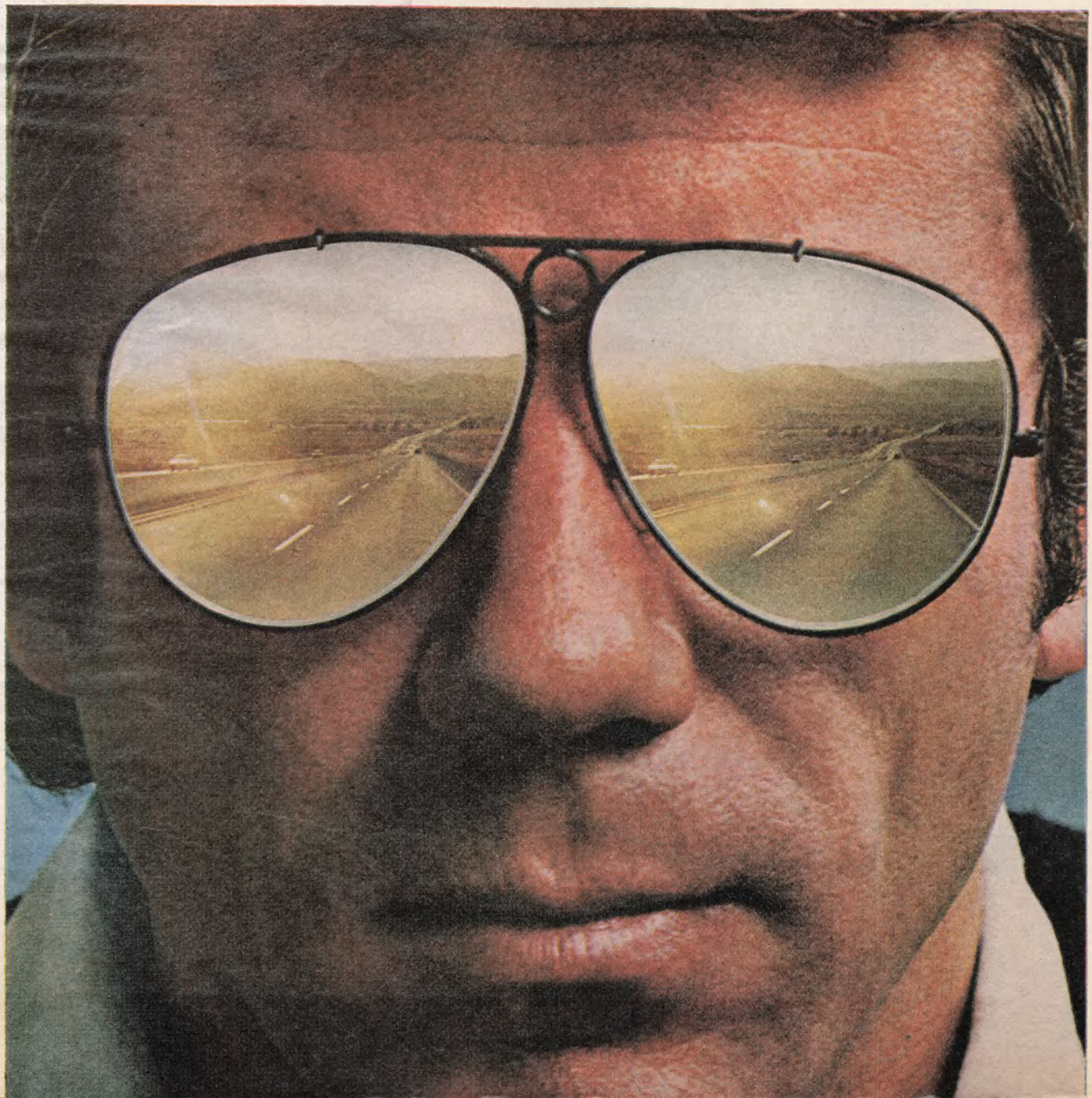

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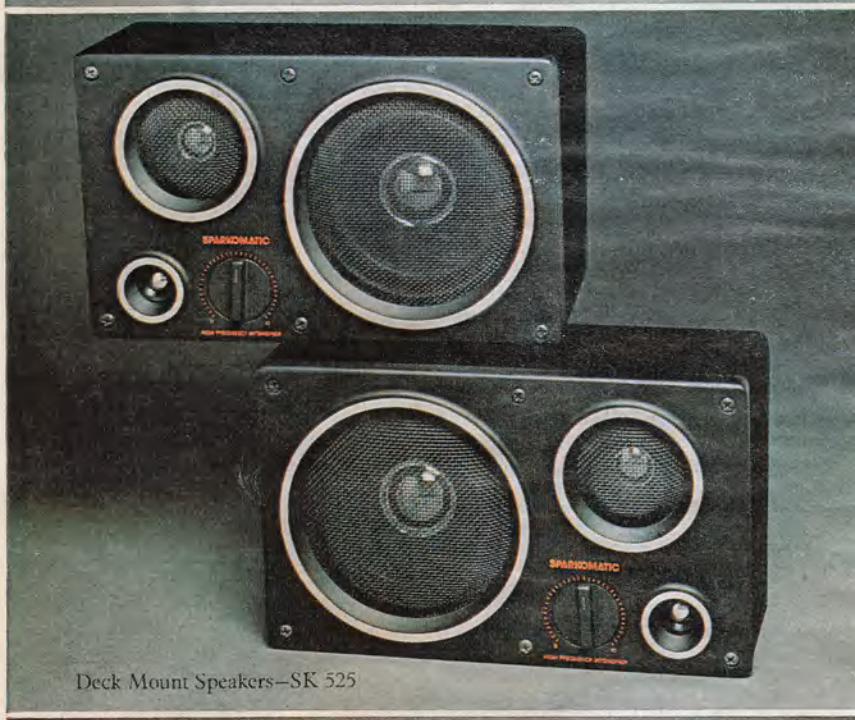

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less people become tax rebels. The media coverage of the campaign for Proposition 13 in California provides a case in point. Reports constantly characterized opponents of high taxes as brash and poorly dressed. It was true, of course, that many participants in the tax revolt, because they were middle-class and increasingly impoverished, neither dressed nor spoke like members of the elite. By and large, they dressed like normal Californians, which is what they are. The tax rebels' taste in fashion is no more remarkable than that of participants in any mass movement. Yet published critiques of the antitax volunteers included such apparently devastating details as the fact that they could be seen in public wearing "a terry cloth sports shirt" or "a peach-colored polyester leisure suit," and that Howard Jarvis, the irascible seventy-six-year-old campaigner for Proposition 13, "pomaded rather than blow-dried" his hair.

This tendency to caricature opponents of high taxes was taken to extremes by the editors of *Newsweek*, who ran a staged photograph on the cover of their June 19 issue with a blazing headline: "Tax Revolt!" Along with some children and some giggling women, *Newsweek*'s three imaginary stars of the antitax movement were a gentleman with foldup glasses and several missing teeth, a porky man with a clenched fist, and an Abraham Lincoln look-alike wearing a pink shirt, clashing orange suspenders, and a red and black bumper strip on his chest. The photograph was prepared by a sophisticated Madison Avenue agency that specializes in creating subtle impressions. These are the people who know just what color dress the housewife in a television commercial ought to wear in order to sell the greatest gross tonnage of cake mix. Said tax protest leader Charles Crawford: "It's incredible. Why stage a photograph to represent the tax rebellion when the real thing is happening all around you?"

Fabricated magazine covers and editorial dissuasion have not stopped the tax rebellion.

Nor have the crackdown efforts of the IRS. Publications such as the *Tax Strike News* are full of stories of income tax rebels who have been jailed but hardly discouraged. Some of the protestors are proud of having been martyrs for a cause. Says Robert Muncaster of Montgomery, Ala.: "I consider it to be a badge of honor to have been one of the very first people to be prosecuted for exercising real, vigorous constitutional protest against the rapacious actions of the IRS." He and others like him believe that tax rebels weaken the IRS by resisting its rules and inducing it to crack down on them. They believe that it costs the government more to prosecute and jail a tax rebel than it can possibly recover in the process. The more tax rebels there are who risk prosecution, the less credible is the government's threat against others. They also claim that the spectacle of individuals standing up against the government attracts more support for the tax rebellion. As tax rebel George A. Meyers puts it: "Public sentiment is on the rebels' side. They are like the hero of the wrestling match. Lots of people cheer them on."

Today most of those who make a public show of noncompliance are advocates of various constitutional challenges to the income tax laws. Some argue, for example, that merely filling out the forms is a waiver of Fifth Amendment protection against voluntary incrimination. Instead of filing the 1040 form, as prescribed in the directions, the tax rebel submits a return embellished with the Fifth Amendment to the Constitution. Legal documents are also attached to facilitate their admission into evidence in the event that the rebel is brought to trial.

Because the legal penalties for failing to file are generally lower than for filing a false return, some protestors reason that they are better off taking this form of open defiance. Several years ago one of them actually got away with it. William Drexler, a Minnesota attorney who was disbarred (he claims the reason was his participation in the tax revolt), was indicted by the government for willful failure to file income tax returns for 1968, 1969, and 1970. Drexler had sent the IRS a recitation of the Fifth Amendment and nothing other than his name, address, and social-security number. Acting in his own defense, Drexler read a variety of legal documents to the jury, including a letter from Federal District Judge Miles Lord that said: "A return submitted without the information called for by statute and regulations suffices to precipitate civil delinquency penalties . . . but does not, as a practical matter, provide a proper basis for a 'willful failure to file' charge under XXVI U.S.C. VII IIOII." The jury was convinced and found Drexler innocent after deliberating for fifteen minutes.

> An IRS task force is preparing a report for Congress on the growing problem of noncompliance with tax laws.

Such an outcome is exasperating to the IRS, which maintains that the courts rejected constitutional quibbles with the income tax long ago. Nevertheless, it seems to take four or five years for the IRS to catch up with openly defiant tax resisters. And even when it does, there are few examples of protesters who have abandoned their opposition to payment of taxes.

Another increasingly popular form of tax rebellion is the recourse by individuals to shielding themselves behind the constitutional separation of church and state. Because the government is forbidden from discriminating between religions, it is theoretically prohibited from regulating religious orders. This means that your definition of a "church" may be legally indistinguishable from that of the pope. In 1962 a Californian named Kirby Hensley was so fed up with paying income and property taxes that he decided to create his own tax-exempt religious institution. After studying Section 601 (C) (III) of the Internal Revenue Service Code of 1954, Hensley incorporated himself and his home as the Universal Life Church. When his application was approved, Hensley began to confer degrees upon his friends and neighbors in exchange for a charitable contribution of two dollars apiece. They, too, then claimed exemption from taxes. In short order, the Universal Life Church was one of the fastest growing religious denominations in the United States. Today the church claims 7 million members, and it averages 10,000 new members each week.

The Internal Revenue Service realized that Hensley was successfully avoiding taxes and undertook a protracted legal battle to deny him and his fellow "ministers" tax-free status. In the end the IRS lost.

But this has not prevented governments and tax collectors on all levels from erecting as many obstacles as possible to prevent taxpayers from escaping tax burdens through the creation of new religions. Plumber George McLain found this out when he founded a branch of the Universal Life Church in Hardenburgh, N.Y. Fed up with high property taxes, McLain convinced about 90 percent of the town's taxpayers to join him in setting up religious organizations exempt from taxes. They had to battle a concerted effort by the Board of Equalization and Assessment, but "Cardinal" McLain succeeded in having almost the entire town withdrawn from the tax rolls. The success in Hardenburgh emboldened other overtaxed New York residents, who applied to him by the thousands to create new "ministries." In one mass service in Long Island alone, McLain ordained more than 1,000 such ministers.

That is the kind of mass tax rebellion that has not been seen in America since the eighteenth century. It is happening everywhere from Florida to Alaska. In Oregon, Idaho, Nevada, and Michigan, tax reduction initiatives similar to California's Proposition 13 were brought to the November ballot by thousands of angry taxpayers. In North Dakota voters overwhelmingly approved a 37 percent reduction in their state income taxes in a referendum petitioned to the ballot. In South Dakota voters overwhelmingly approved a ballot measure that required a two-thirds vote of the legislature or a two-thirds vote of the public in referendum to increase any form of tax in the future.

In Montana tax revolt leader Michael Totten led the fight for ballot Measure 80 to

limit the power of utility companies to locate nuclear institutions in that state. "This is really a taxpayer issue," says Totten, "although most people don't yet see it that way. The massive infusions of tax monies into supporting, promoting, and defending the most costly sources of energy yet designed promise to be the great boondoggle of the late seventies. Already the American taxpayer has been socked for roughly $20 billion to place nuclear-power plants throughout the world. America is creating a world energy system that is at once inflationary, increasingly costly, requiring military protection, environmentally filthy and noxious, and actually eliminating rather than creating jobs."

Furthermore, Totten points out, the utilities literally "tax" the public to raise the massive capital requirements for building nuclear-power plants. "They've done that in New Hampshire. The New Hampshire Public Service Company bills customers with a taxlike surcharge to pay for 'construction work in progress.' This money, which amounts to a 10 percent *surcharge* on the average electric bill, is going to finance building of the Seabrook Nuclear Power Plant. The same thing is happening in other areas, such as Long Island, where Long Island Lighting is taxing customers to pay for nuclear construction. . . . These construction surcharges are really taxes. They are imposed by legal monopolies. The citizen has no choice other than to pay. If he does not, he has to live in the dark." New Hampshire Gov. Meldrin Thomson, who supported such nuclear-power surcharges, was defeated in November.

Meanwhile, in western Minnesota, groups of farmers who united to fight a land grab by utilities for power line right-of-ways have turned their effort into a general crusade for lower taxes in the state. With the state government spending almost $5,000 per family, tax revolt leader Vern Bisson, mayor of Alexandria, Minn., expects dramatic results. Says Bisson: "This whole state is a powder keg ready to explode." Already, several big-spending members of the legislature have been dumped, and Bisson has extracted promises from the majority of the incoming legislators to support an amendment to the Minnesota constitution that will give the people the power of initiative and referendum. "Once we get the initiative," Bisson vows, "we'll write our own laws to slash taxes. And don't let them fool you—taxes *can* be cut. Since I've been mayor, we've cut taxes three times."

In other states different kinds of tax-fighting initiatives are drawing strong popular support. One method that is being used increasingly to frustrate property tax increases is the appeal. Every state provides some sort of appeal procedure against arbitrary or inaccurate assessments. By filing objections, taxpayers can defeat substantial tax increases and bog down the system. For example, in Jefferson County in southern Illinois, 719 people filed tax objections last year. Working with a local attorney, they held back $400,000 in taxes.

Farther north, in Chicago and its surrounding suburbs, angry taxpayers mounted one of the largest demonstrations in the tax rebellion to date. Homeowners besieged the Tax Assessment Board with 1,500 appeals per day. Organizing primarily by word-of-mouth and through local mass protest meetings, the National Taxpayers United (the Illinois affiliate of the National Taxpayers Union) set up taxpayer activities that induced 200,000 people to withhold property tax payments. As the movement gathered speed, ordinary people evidenced resentment of the politicians and the high-tax system. As one citizen put it in a letter to the *Chicago Tribune*: "I just don't know what to do. It's frustrating as hell. I hear people talk about a revolution, but I don't know how to revolt."

Taxpayer activitists, such as James Tobin of the NTU, galvanized the anger and frustration by organizing small rallies to push for an open tax strike. As Tobin told one gathering: "We all know we've had big taxes thrown on our backs. And now it has come down to what we're going to do about it. Are we going to let City Hall control our lives, or are we going to make enough noise for them to listen to us?" Citing historical examples of early American tax rebellions, Tobin claimed that it is patriotic to refuse tax payments. He charged, "We've gotten to the point where we're afraid of our government, afraid of what it can do to us. It's time somebody stood up. . . . They could take all of us to court individually, if they wanted to. But don't worry about that. Those patronage workers are so inefficient that it takes five of them to unscrew a light bulb on the Michigan Avenue Bridge."

> The news media's coverage of the tax rebellion seems designed to discourage popular support.

At least 200,000 people apparently agreed. They withheld tax payments for months until the alarmed Cook County supervisors voted unanimously to cut property tax assessments by 6 percent for all homeowners. This saved taxpayers a total of about $80 million, or from $50 to $100 each.

The tax revolt has been weakest in the eastern states, partly because state laws in the East give the people less of a voice in determining government policy. Tax revolt groups in Maryland, New Jersey, Pennsylvania, and New York are trying to change that. They have collected hundreds of thousands of signatures on petitions demanding the rights of initiative, referendum, and recall. These constitutional changes would empower the people to write their own laws—and give them the ability to turn politicians out of office by forcing a new election at any time a sufficient number of signatures could be gathered on a protest petition.

The campaign for these rights has become a major facet of the taxpayers' rebellion following the success of Proposition 13. Roger Telschaw of Initiative America tells why: "The difference between begging politicians and actually getting things done stems from the fact that Proposition 13 was an *initiative*."

Some progress has been made by all the tax revolt groups seeking to gain the right of initiative. But progress has been slowest in New York State, where politicians continue to allege that popular lawmaking would cause chaos. William Widener, chairman of the United Taxpayers of New York State, an affiliate of the NTU, called the politicians' predictions of disaster "a lie." Says Widener, "Twenty-two other states have the initiative process, and not one of them has collapsed. . . . In fact, they all are better off financially than New York." With property taxes there ranging as high as $6.63 per $100 of valuation (in some areas of New York City), it is obvious that success of the drive for the initiative would soon result in popular action to slash taxes. Philip Finkelstein, director of New York's Center for Local Tax Research, comments: "Tax relief for homeowners is clearly more needed here than it was in California. The tax burden on at least some properties in this area is as high as that in any area or community in the country."

However, it may take years before taxpayers can push through an amendment to the New York State constitution that will allow the right of initiative. Even if all goes well, the initiative could not become effective until it is approved *twice* by separately elected legislatures. That means it would be well into the 1980s before the people could place their own tax reduction proposals on the ballot. In the meantime, more than eighty tax revolt groups in New York are trying to persuade the politicians to enact what spokesman Harold Wit of New York City calls "the New York Fair Share Plan." The plan would reduce property taxes by 25 percent and assure that future increases would be limited to 2 percent each year. It also includes a 25 percent reduction in the state general sales tax and a 25 percent reduction of the state income tax, with the new rates indexed for inflation. Wit describes his plan as "more for the people, less for the state."

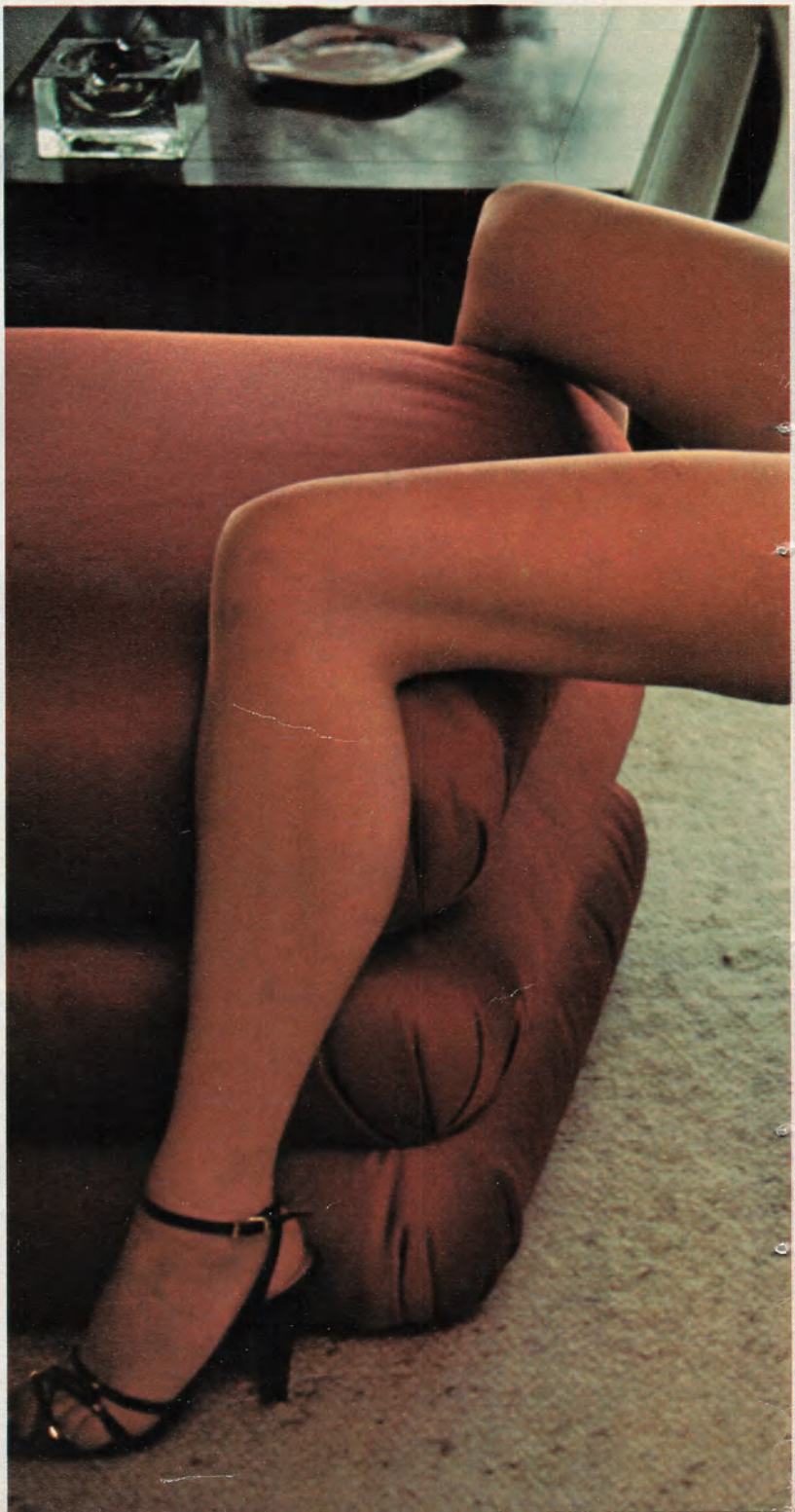
So weak and vulnerable is the high tax system that the spectacle of successful resistance by anyone anywhere has an electrifying worldwide impact. News of California's successful tax revolt so startled

CONTINUED ON PAGE 150

Ginger Barton has the wholesome, rosy-cheeked look of a farm girl—and it's not surprising, considering her history. "I was born and brought up in Kentucky," she tells us. "I'm probably more familiar with horses than the young boy in *Equus* was—and a lot less threatened by them!"

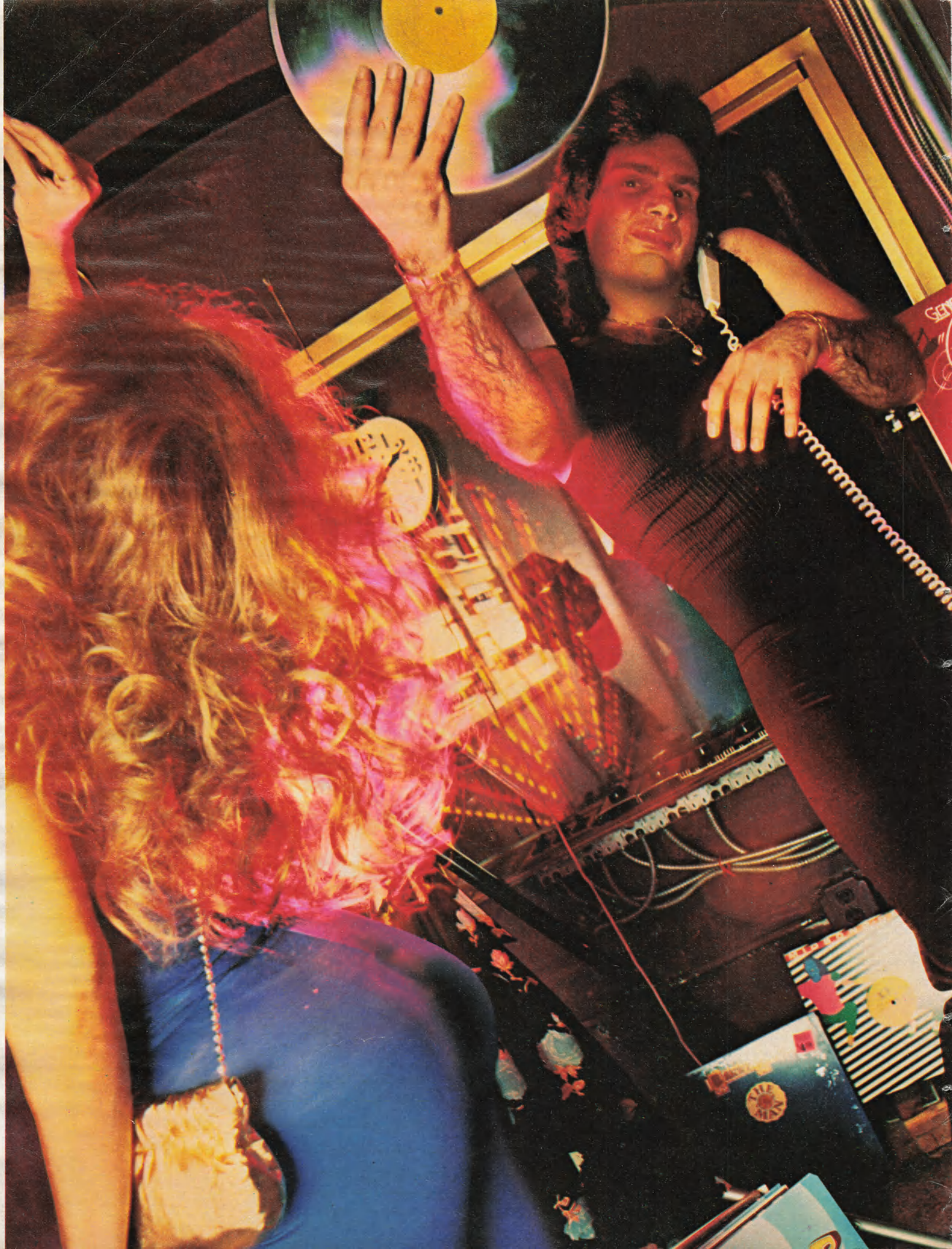
PHOTOGRAPHS BY MALINOWSKI

EASY RIDER



"With a name like Ginger," she laughs, "you kind of feel obligated to enjoy the spice of life—which I do. That's why I'll never leave here to go off to the big city to find fame and fortune. I could never be happy if I had to leave my horse, Fury (named after the '50s television serial). Who would ride a subway every day instead of a beautiful black stallion? Sometimes," muses our eager equestrian, brushing a lick of thick brown hair away from her eyes, "I even think I know what a mare in heat must feel . . . a wild, leggy thoroughbred covered with perspiration, fierce and unbroken!"

"My boyfriend agrees," she volunteers. "He says that when he tries something new with me in bed, I'm skittish at first—but once I catch on, I'm pretty fast off the track." Also true to her Kentucky heritage is Ginger's passion for country-western music. "Sometimes I spend the day just riding easy around the countryside, humming along to the transistor radio I've strapped to my saddlebag. It makes me feel perfectly contented," she says, smiling. For a bluegrass beauty like Ginger, the grass is never greener on the other side.



Disco DJ Francis Grasso at G.G. Barnum's

Photograph by Mick Rock/TRA Studios/Letterforms by Gerard Huerta

Play That Funky Music, White Boy

The real star of the disco scene is that skinny little kid in the glass booth.

BY ALBERT GOLDMAN

Imagine a vast, dark hall past the midnight hour, crammed with thousands of churning bodies writhing under a barrage of lights and sounds that has no peacetime rival other than an old-fashioned Fourth of July. Now raise your eye a little above the floor to where that small platform juts out like the flying bridge on a warship. Up there is a pale, young man dressed in jeans and T-shirt who's concentrating in the midst of this incredible distraction like a Swiss watchmaker in the uproar of a boiler factory. Down into the microgrooves of an LP he is peering, with the aid of a tiny, goose-necked lamp, while through his keenest ear he listens with a single earphone to the *zhup-zhup-zhup* of a fresh side that he is pushing back and forth under the stylus, seeking to locate the exact beat on which he wants this new music to come to life. While he concentrates with one-half of his mind on finding his place, he is monitoring with the other half the state of the room. He is listening to the roar of the record playing through the colossal loudspeakers; he is picking up the cries of the dancers on the floor; he is scanning the scene for signs that the excitement is weakening, the mood is changing, or the whole mad route is getting out of hand.

As the strobes cut the dancers into freeze-dried snapshots, as the chase poles burble up and down from floor to ceiling like electric bubbles, as the gaga lights wag back and forth on their rockers and the Fresnels, Lecos, borders, and floods blaze and dim, he gathers himself up for the crucial moment. Throwing a glance across his well-sown control console, he snatches with one hand a tiny red-and-yellow corncob of butyl nitrate, snaps it in half with a practiced gesture, and stuffs it up his nose. As the hot rush surges through his chest and up into his head, the lights blur and the noise suddenly retreats. For one second he is a Superman, and he makes his mix.

Seizing the speaker controls, he reduces abruptly the whole spectrum of sounds to nothing but a vast bass, going VOOM, VOOM, VOOM. Then, as the suspense builds, he releases the new

record, which he has been holding stationary all this time while the turntable spins beneath it. Suddenly, through his earphone he catches the first beat of the upcoming side falling into perfect synch with the record that is playing off. Instantly, he pounces on his console with both hands and twists the dials until the new record comes popping through the speakers like a rabbit pulled from a magician's hat. As the first triumphant strains of the tune mount through the hall, the dancers shout their approval and the night inches forward another notch toward the moment of orgiastic freak-out.

Multiply this moment by a hundred, extend the total time span to six or ten hours without a break, and you get a rough idea of how a disco DJ or "jock" earns his bread and butter. It's a lot of work and not much bread. The butter you can forget. Until recently, the standard price for a night's spinning was fifty dollars. Hatcheck girls make that much on tips in a night. What makes the salary really outrageous is the fact that the whole disco operation hangs on the talent of the jock.

At New York City's Infinity, for example, where this year's number-one jock, Jim Burgess, spins, the club grosses $100,000 on a weekend. At three in the morning, 2,800 kids will be dancing and screaming and hailing each new side dropped on the turntable as it if were an apocalypse. Imagine thousands of kids pouring into a beat-up old factory every week just to hear some guy play records! These days we take such things for granted, but the fact of the matter is that never in the long history of public entertainment have so many paid so much for so little—and enjoyed themselves so immensely!

How do the jocks do it? Well, obviously there's a lot more to spinning records than meets the eye. First, of course, there's the technique: all that mysterious electromechanical juggling at the control console that jocks describe in a new-fangled jargon full of odd words like "doublebeat," "doublebutt," "strobe up," "chop," "slip," and "pop." A good spinner can jockey a record around with his equalizers and speed controls so that it sounds so different from the original that people will ask each other, "What was that record he just played?" The jock can clip out a weak drum break and pop in a conga-bongo killer that can blow the dancers through the ceiling like an atomic popper. He can superimpose one record over another to make a third. He can send the sound ricocheting from speaker to speaker until he has changed not only the shape of the song but also the shape of the room. In order to play all these tricks, the jock must know his records and his equipment inside out. And he must know his audience just as well.

Like any other instinctively attuned entertainer, the DJ evinces an astonishing empathy with his audience. His knowledge of the crowd, however, doesn't stop with its moment-by-moment mood changes. DJs who work clubs that draw special crowds—and the best discos today are highly segregated private clubs—have a deep understanding of what gets their patrons off. They know not only their audience's favorite tunes but also its favorite grooves, moods, and fantasies. Actually, their greatest strength today lies in the fact that the current disco "product" is the greatest music for dancing ever to emerge from the laboratories and factories of the hit makers. One of the principal reasons why the sound is so perfect is that the jocks made it that way.

As the disco boom has blown up into a multi-billion-dollar industry, the hip companies have been pulling the best jocks out of their booths and installing them in front of the space age consoles of the recording studios. In the record industry the jocks become "mixers." Their job is to take the twenty-four to forty-eight tracks of the raw recording and mix it down to the final two-track version for commercial release. As nobody in the world knows better than the jocks what makes a record cook on a dance floor, this decision is nothing less than inspired. Already it has resulted in countless hits bearing those now-familiar logos: "A Tom Moulton Mix," "Mix by Jim Burgess"—or Tom Savarese or Bobby Guttadaro or Jim Bishop, all award-winning jocks now on the way to becoming important record producers. However, the story doesn't end even there.

> The DJ snatches a tiny corncob of butyl nitrate, snaps it in half, and stuffs it up his nose. For one second he is Superman, and he makes his mix.

Today, disco DJs are supervising the preparation of Hollywood sound tracks, syndicated radio shows, recorded backgrounds for everything from television commercials to fashion shows to roller rinks. The DJ is becoming a force in the entertainment business, and at the same time he is becoming America's latest cult hero. Naturally, Hollywood has begun to exploit the jock in films like *Saturday Night Fever* and *Thank God It's Friday!* But those manic little monkeys jumping around inside glass cages on the movie screen are closer to the funny pages than they are to any DJ who has ever lived. It's not that DJs don't run to a type: they do, to an astonishing degree. It's just that the flip side of that type has never been portrayed, and when you first meet one of these dudes face to face, you feel like asking, "What did you do with your personality?"

The typical disco DJ is a quiet, thoughtful, almost prim young man. He is usually gay but rarely cheerful. In fact, most of the portraits painted in these pages should be registered in smoky blues, for these jocks have paid some heavy dues in order to develop their skills and talents. They've been hassled by the police, leaned on by the Mob, driven over by club owners, and pinched for money until they find themselves reduced to sleeping on the floor and subsisting on a steady diet of Hostess Twinkies. They have known adulation in its gushiest and most hysterical form—drug-crazed people hanging on the edge of their booths at dawn, babbling out their love of this marvelous magician who has transformed their lives and made them fall madly in love and blah, blah, blah. If you could slide to fame on a stream of groupie slather, the DJs would have reached star status long ago.

In fact, the typical jock is very ambivalent about his status. He regards himself as an artist, but he's well aware that most people regard him as a machine. Though he may reflect with an air of detached bemusement on his role as a newly born "star," he's most comfortable copping out behind the line: "I'm just the host at the party, getting off watching other people have a good time." Shades of the Jewish mother! The only exception to this rule of muted modesty is, significantly perhaps, the first jock ever to make a name for himself: Terry Noel.

Terry (DJs, like hairdressers, are on a first-name basis) is a youthful-looking, fast-talking, vividly self-expressive jock who came to fame simultaneously with the first great disco in America—Arthur. But to really appreciate Terry's contribution to the still infant art of disco, you have to page back to the mid-sixties, particularly the year 1965, when Arthur opened and immediately became a sensation, the prototype of Studio 54 today.

In those days discotheques were still chichi little supper clubs patronized by the Jet Set and decorated elaborately to suggest exotic and sophisticated European and Middle Eastern locales. The dance floors were tiny, the music was Continental, and DJs were called *discaires*. Technicians tucked out of sight in hidden booths from which they viewed the floor through a slit in the wall, the DJs, like the bartender or the waiters, were servants of the club. A classic of the type was Slim Hyatt, the *discaire* at Le Club, who had been Peter Duchin's black butler. Then along came Arthur—with co-owner Sybil Burton, Richard's ex-wife, and the whole disco scene was revolutionized. Terry Noel was part of that revolution.

Terry had been a Twist dancer and tummler at the original Peppermint Lounge. His goal was to make Arthur rock. His treatment of the patrons was frankly manipulative. "I felt up the audience," he now recalls. "There is a feeling that the crowd emanates. It's like an unconscious grapevine.

CONTINUED ON PAGE 122

Wolfschmidt Vodka.
The spirit of the Czar lives on.

It was the time of "War and Peace." "The Nutcracker Suite." Of Tolstoy and Dostoevsky.

Yet in this age when legends lived, the Czar stood like a giant among men.

He could bend an iron bar on his bare knee. Crush a silver ruble with his fist. He had a thirst for life like no other man alive.

And his drink was the toast of St. Petersburg. Genuine Vodka.

Life has changed since the days of the Czar. Yet Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka is still made here to the same supreme standards which elevated it to special appointment to his Majesty the Czar and the Imperial Romanov Court.

Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka. The spirit of the Czar lives on.

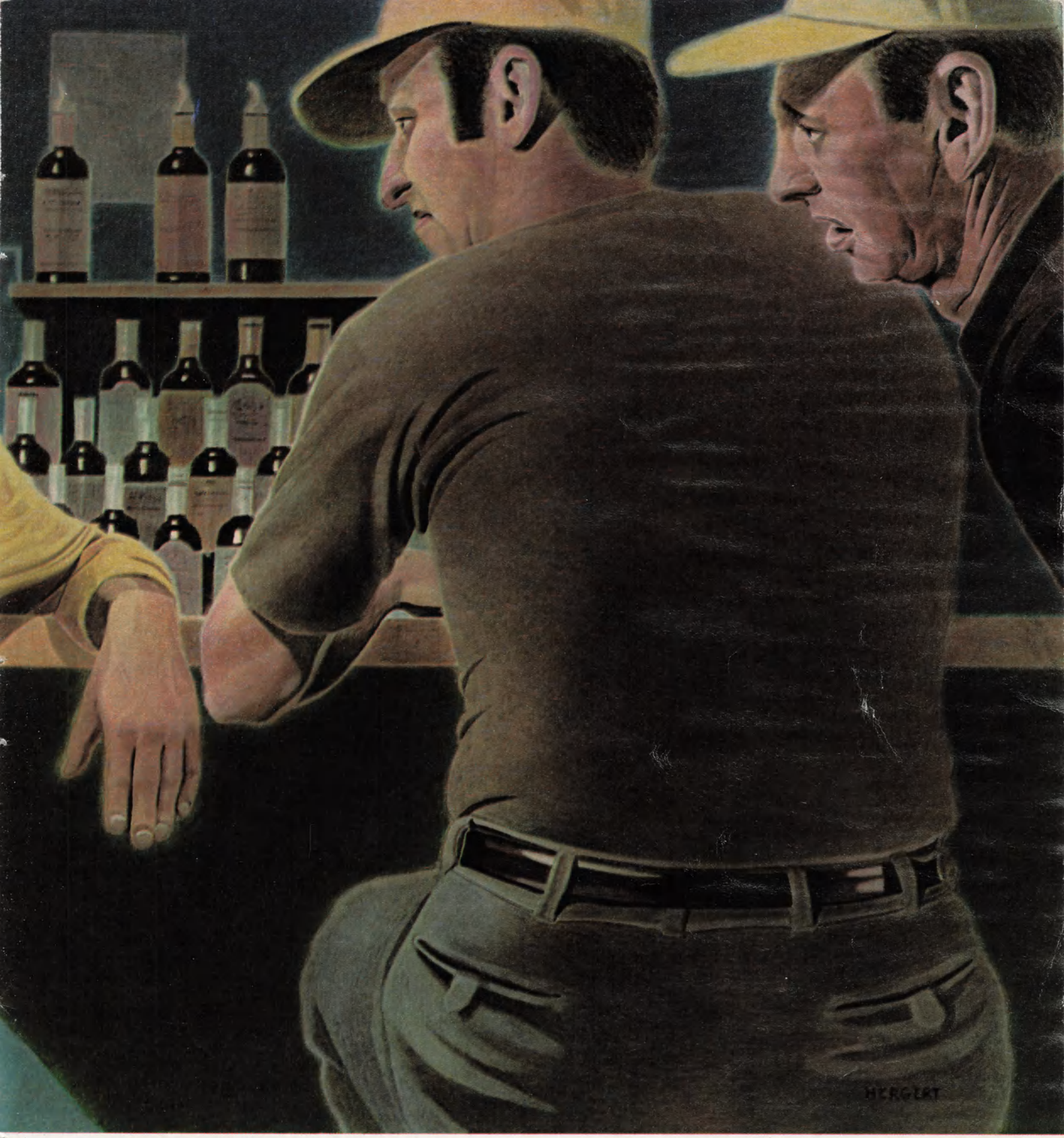
Wolfschmidt Genuine Vodka

Product of U.S.A. Distilled from grain • 80 and 100 proof • Wolfschmidt, Relay, Md.

Mozart is not on the jukebox
in the Ruins Bar in Glob, Arizona.

IN DEFENSE OF THE REDNECK

BY EDWARD ABBEY



There's a town in Arizona called Glob. Named for a nugget. It's a mining town, formerly specializing in gold and silver, now devoted to copper. The smog produced daily by the local smelter poisons the air for fifty miles downwind. The smell is like that of a decomposing jellyfish. Nobody here seems to mind. The Glob businessmen have built their golf course and country club at the foot of the 500-foot-high tailings dump. They are proud of the dump. When the wind blows, the air is filled with fine, white powder. The golfers inhale the powder and the gases and swell with pleasure. Mention pollution and they say, "Son, that smells like money to me."

Of course, they're right. I like Glob myself. You get used to the stink. I drop in there every other week or so to pick up the mail, buy some groceries, and have a drink or two before heading back to my job in the mountains.

I parked my '68 VW Fastback in front of the Mescal Street Social Club. *Closed*. The only hippie bar in town—closed. Probably because of my friend Greenspan, who played here

last week. Bob Greenspan and The Monkey Wrench Gang. His new song, "Big Tits, Braces, and Zits," about adolescent passion, had been a hit with the overflow crowd. But as usual he overdosed on ego and bourbon and insulted first the management, then the audience, then the Glob law-enforcement people. Not a wise thing to do. Now, I suppose, he was back in Boulder.

I drove on up the street, following the parade of gleaming, new, welfare-financed pickup trucks. Every Chicano, Navajo, and redneck Anglo in the state drives a pickup. They can't afford condoms, diaphragms, or birth control pills—but they all seem to find the financing for a $10,000 4 WD Ford Ranger or Chev Apache or GMC Jimmy. Wish I could do it. My poor old Nazi folk's-wagon is burning oil, has a slipping clutch, no shocks, squealing brakes, a floor that is partly corroded by battery acid, and a sprung hood that I have to latch with a length of rope.

The bumper sticker in front of me read "Ass, Gas, or Grass—Nobody Rides for Free." I liked that sentiment much better than what I saw when I pulled into a slot close to the Ruins Bar. The sticker on the rear of a pickup truck—gun rack in the cab—said, "Did the Coyotes Get Your Deer?" Being an old-time coyote lover, I resented the bigotry and yokel ignorance of that remark. There was a broad-tipped marking pen in my car. With heavy strokes of black, indelible ink, I wrote across the windshield of the truck, "Did the Rednecks Get Your Coyote?" As Nietzsche says, live dangerously. He was a mountain man, too.

I straightened the yellow nylon carnation on the hood of my VW (every sporty car should wear a boutonniere) and felt my way into the bar. Out of the dazzling desert sun into the gloom of the cave. I ordered a tall double gin screwdriver with lots of orange juice. A healthy drink. A man should take care of himself. The body is the temple of the soul. I braced my foot on the rail, steadied my right hand with my left, and drank my drink. My eyes were adjusting to the darkness. Feeling better, I ordered a second and smiled at the half-dozen gloomy, mean, hostile, ravaged faces ranged around the bar, all staring at me. "Why do they call this place the Ruins?" I asked.

Nobody laughed. *I'm not going to get out of here alive*, I thought. Unless I crawl out on my hands and knees, feeling along the wall for the door. Maybe not then. Silently, the bartender served me another screwdriver, took my money, leaned back with folded arms. His Louisville Slugger leaned in the corner. Ignoring me now, the regulars resumed their mumbling conversation. Two hard hats, two cowboy hats, and two crew cuts. The bartender was bald—a tough egg. He smoked an economical cigar, which had at least this virtue: it neutralized the all-pervasive smell of the copper smelter. But not the smell of hatred. I rubbed my hairy jaws and then sidled off to the jukebox to check out the musical values of this here metallurgical community.

As I'd feared, there was no Gustav Mahler available. No Purcell. No Palestrina. Not even filthy Mozart. Nothing but the standard commercial country-western stuff from a big city in the East called Nashville. Music to hammer out fenders by at the Shade Tree Body Shop. Music to vomit by after a long shift in the copper pits. Take this job and shove it. I picked out a couple of Johnny Paycheck numbers and retired for a minute to the men's pissoir. I read the writing on the wall, the voice of the people: "Will trade three blind crabs for two with no teeth."

That suggested the political situation in these southwestern states. But what about this one? "If you ain't a cowboy, you ain't shit."

Food for thought there. I looked at myself—quickly—in the cracked fragment of mirror screwed to the wall. I found double consolation in the fact that I still didn't look as bad as I felt, or feel as bad as I looked. I returned to my friends at the bar. None of them spoke or looked at me. I studied the placards tacked to the wall above the ranks of bottles:

Helen Waite is our
credit manager.
If you want credit go to Helen Waite.

In God we trust;
all others pay cash.

"By golly, you're right! It has depreciated!

When I finished my second health drink, it occurred to me that more and more we communicate with one another as indirectly as possible. Through wall placards. Through graffiti. Through bumper stickers, headgear, lapel buttons, T-shirts . . . anything but face-to-face confrontation. Perhaps this has been obvious to everyone else for a long time. Perhaps I've been living too long in the mountains. Perhaps I should rejoin what they call civilization. If there is one. I'm willing to listen to reason. If I hear any.

When I speak of communication, I am not referring to the television industry. Or the newspaper industry. Or the radio industry. Communication implies an exchange of ideas. The advertising industry—television, newspapers, radio—has nothing to do with exchange or with ideas; it is in fact actively opposed to both. The only exchange the industry is interested in is exchanging its junk for your money. Of course, your money is junk, too.

Direct communication. I turned to the morose face on my right, a new arrival. He was wearing a baseball cap with the legend B E E F stitched on the forepeak. His mate's cap said C A T. Mr. Beef and Mr. Cat.

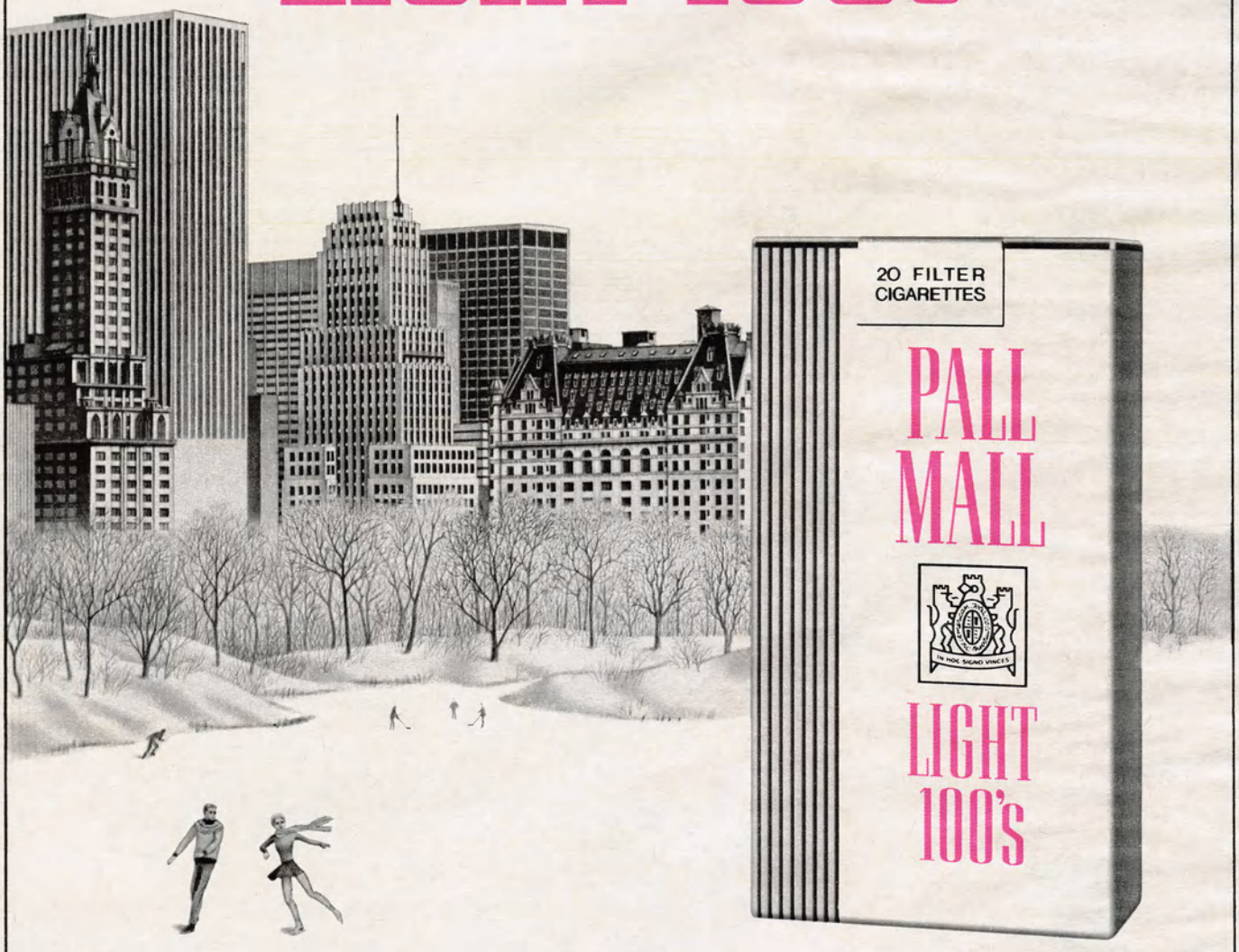
"Where you fellas from?" I asked politely.

Mr. Beef stared at me for a while. "Flat Rock," he finally said.

"Where's that?"

Decisions...decisions...Make your decision

PALL MALL LIGHT 100's



The most flavor you can get in a low tar cigarette!

Only 12 mg. tar
1.0 mg. nic.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

12 mg. "tar", 1.0 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC method.

The long stare. "Arkansas."

"Flat Rock, Arkansas. Good country. Why do they call it Flat Rock?" *Careful*, I thought; *you're not getting out of here alive if you're not careful*. Receiving no immediate answer, however—live dangerously—I repeated the question.

Mr. Beef exchanged a glance with his taciturn friend. Mr. Cat nodded. Mr. Beef said, "Because of the rain."

"Because of the *rain*?" I paused for a moment. Careful now. "What do you mean, because of the rain?" I pushed my empty glass toward the bartender.

"The way it comes down."

"The way it comes down?"

"Yeah." Mr. Beef toyed with his Coors, scowling at his thumbs. "Like a cow."

The bartender brought my third drink. The turning of the screw. I had a momentary feeling of vertigo. But I plunged recklessly ahead. "The rain comes down like a cow?"

"Yeah." Mr. Cat raised his head. The two men stared at me solemnly. "Like a cow pissing on a flat rock," Mr. Beef said.

I paid for the next round and recorded the story, for posterity, in my cerebral files. What do I have against rednecks? Nothing. I am here to defend them. My father was a sidehill farmer, a logger, a school-bus driver most of his life. My little brother is a construction worker and truck driver. Another is now a cop. I am a redneck myself, too, born and bred on a submarginal farm in Appalachia, descended from an endless line of lug-eared, beetle-browed, insolent barbarian peasants reaching back somewhere to the dark forests of central Europe and the Alpine caves of my Neanderthal primogenitors. As my neighbor Marvin Bundy says, us niggers got to stick together. Right on.

A few words about my neighbor. Marvin Bundy is a poet and an ardent female liberationist. "Wummin?" says Mr. Bundy. "I liberate a wummin ever' chanct I git. Wummin's place is in mah arms. The destiny of her anatomy is in mah hands."

Right on, Marvin; us nature mystics got to stick together. However, it is with Mr. Bundy's poetry that I am here primarily concerned. The other day he came over the gap and asked me to read his "latest masterpiece."

"Jes' A-Huntin' n' Fishin'
n' A-Messin' Around"
A Report from Wolf Hole
by J. Marvin Bundy
(Pres., Kane County Yahoos' Association)

Did the coyotes git your deer?
Forty thousand shitkickers cain't be wrong
Did the screwworms git your cow?
Yeah! thass mah song.

Them goddam Sahara Clubbers
Them candy-ass Defenders of Fur Bearers
Them sombitchin' FOES of the Earth
I say shoot 'em full of arrers.

Googly-eyed bleeding hearts
Cryptic Communist pointy-heads
Little ole ladies in inner tubes
All need brain retreads.

Hey you. You there. Git mah dog on you.
I call him Himmler. Jus fer laughs.
Kill, boy, kill! Yeah!
Mean sombitch, ain't he? (Laughs.)

Mining is ever'body's future.
Sahara, go home. Exxon, come along.
Save oil, burn conservationists.
Thass mah song.

Ninety-five thousand us deerslayers.
Ninety-five deer.
Got ninety-two last year.
There's one left on Blue Mountain,
One down in Slickhorn Gulch,
And the other one's a queer.

Don't care what them Bambi-lovers say,
Like I tell my wife,
Ever' time you shoot a deer
You're savin' some cow's life.

Outa work? Hungry?
Eat a environmentalist.
They taste like jungle boots
But sure won't be missed.

Puttin' on weight and losin' mah hair
But gotta new boat.
Gotta new pickup, so I don't care,
And them as cain't swim better
learn to float.

Got mah CB radio,
Got mah Hook & Bullet News,
Got mah old wummin and eleventeen kids,
And they never wear shoes.

So long.
Thass mah song.

"Okay, Marvin," I told him, "this is all right." Admire that limpid meter. But actually I liked better the limerick he'd written earlier about his Uncle Melvin.

An old Mormon bishop named Bundy
Used to wed a new wife every Sunday.
But his multiple matehood
Was ruined by statehood,
Sic transit gloria Monday.

Marvin is obviously a special case, a droll and cunning wag, not a standardized rustic. More common, perhaps, is a young fellow I once worked with in the Coronado National Forest, down along the Mexican border in Arizona. I'll call him Calvin. We patrolled the woods and collected garbage from the public campgrounds. Dumping our load one afternoon at the forest landfill site, we saw a large *chulu* or coatimundi. The chulu is a rare animal on the American side of the border; it looks like a hybrid mix of bear, anteater, and raccoon. A strange and interesting creature. When we spotted the animal, Calvin's immediate reaction

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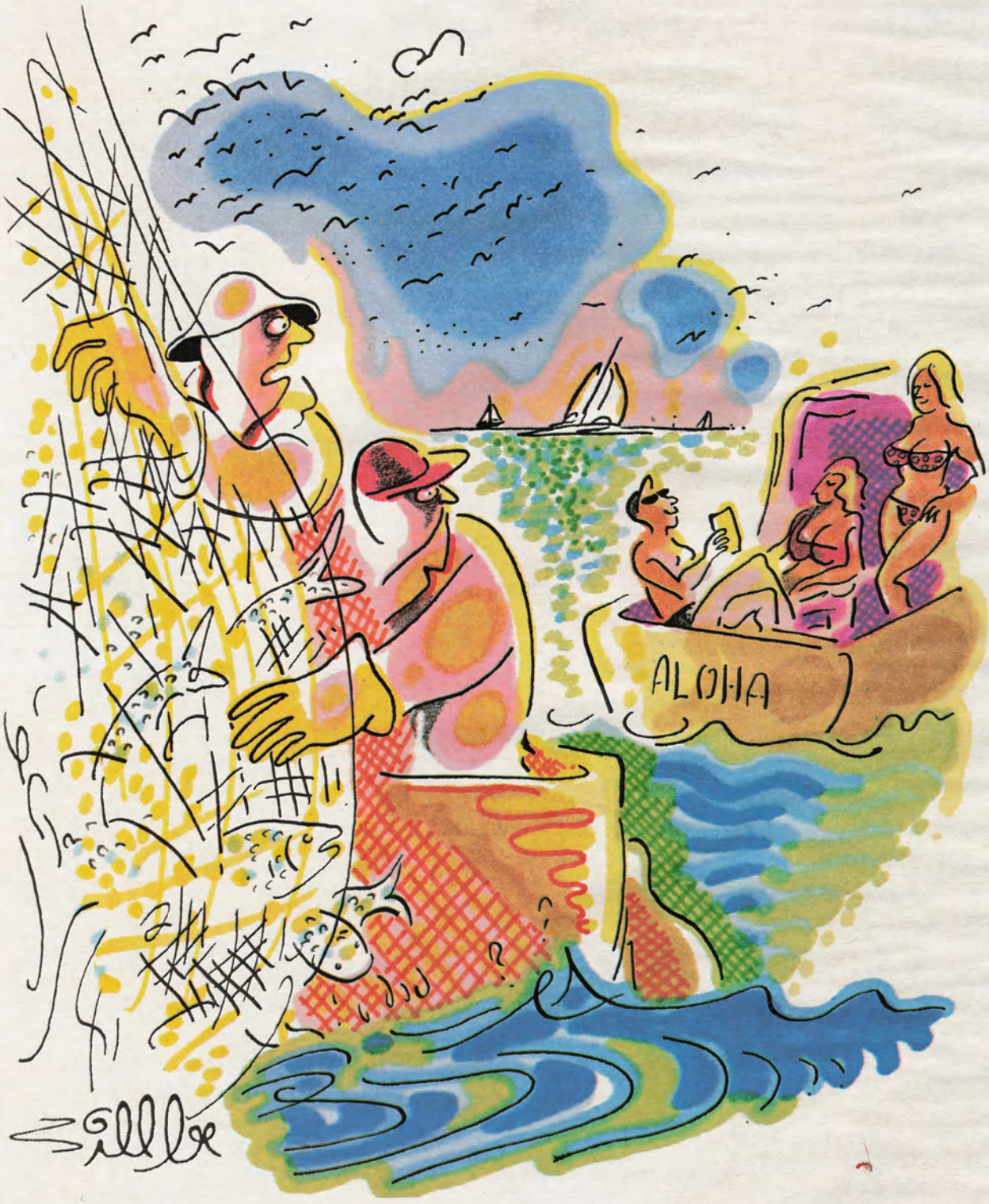

"There, but for the grace of cod . . ."

PENTHOUSE INTERVIEW

STEPHAN JONES

> I think Jim Jones was a dictator.
> And I've started hating my father. All I can say is
> I looked at a picture of him, after
> crying over all the other pictures, and he just
> didn't seem punished enough.

More than any other single person, Stephan Gandhi Jones—just nineteen years old—carries with him into the future the terrible legacy of Jonestown. He is the only son born in legal marriage to Jim Jones, the Socialist priest who led his Peoples Temple flock to their deaths in Guyana. Stephan fought continually with his father, he says, arguing in public meetings against "Revolutionary Suicide." And now, he says, he hates the man—would have killed him, if that's what it took to stop the death ceremony, if he had been in the commune that day.

Still, for many Americans, Stephan Jones is like the son of Frankenstein, an extension of his father. Many will never be able to think of Stephan Jones without recalling the cult leader. Stephan is tall and handsome and, like his father, magnetic. In a room with others, he is immediately in charge. He is also distinctly different from his father—physically bigger, a young man of unusually calm and deliberate speech and movement. But there is no question that he is his father's son.

In the final months of Jonestown, he saw himself as the leader of a faction that quietly opposed his father. These days he sees himself as the leader of the survivors of Jonestown and, in many ways, as their spokesman. He's not talking about reviving the commune. But he thinks he has a responsibility to help the surviving people who followed his father to South America. He wants to explain to outsiders, too, that there was a time when Jonestown was a beautiful place to live. He admits that it was austere and the work was hard, but he loved jockeying a caterpillar tractor through the fields and felt a sense of accomplishment in looking at the tropical houses he'd helped build.

Some of the survivors, especially those who defected with the help of Congressman Leo J. Ryan on the day he was killed by cult gunmen, have a different view of Stephan Jones. Some of them are frankly afraid of him. He may have quarreled with his father, they say, but what young man doesn't? He was still a part of the Jones family and thus a part of the inner circle, the Jonestown elite, they point out. He was a member of the Jonestown basketball team—which seemed, some defectors say, synonymous with the Temple security force. And there were times when he was at his father's side as a bodyguard. Some defectors even tell of having seen Stephan beating cultists who dared to run against the communal tides.

At times, when he talks about his father, the young man's dark eyes flash and his voice goes brittle. There is loathing and contempt. But even now not all the admiration is gone. "Eventually, he just lost control," Stephan said one morning in the breeze-swept villa of the Peoples Temple in Georgetown, Guyana, where Gregory Rose and John Jacobs conducted this interview.

"That was the whole problem. He just lost control—mainly of himself," Stephan continued. "I can't totally condemn a man. I can condemn what he's done, but not his whole life."

Stephan Jones was born in Indianapolis, Ind., in 1959. A short time later his father started the Peoples Temple, blending fundamentalist religion with his own abstract form of socialism, promising love and communal support to the poor, to prostitutes, to pimps, to drug addicts, and, eventually, to young, upper-middle-class idealists. The Peoples Temple was Jim Jones's obsession, and it was Stephan Jones's life. The Temple's history is his history. The first members were his baby-sitters; their children, his playmates.

"I'm like a man without a country," Stephan said after the mass deaths. "Everybody's gone now."

When he was six years old, his father moved everyone—about 100 men and women and their young ones—to the little northern California town of Redwood Valley in the wine country, about 100 miles north of San Francisco, saying that this would be a safe place to ride out a coming nuclear holocaust. Two years later—at the age of eight—Stephan learned that his father had told his then ailing mother, Marceline, that he was sleeping with other women. It broke her heart, Stephan says, and drove the first wedge between father and son. Stephan says Jim Jones fathered at least two children with other women. He also adopted half a dozen youngsters—white, black, and oriental.

Within a few years in California, Jim Jones had a fleet of eleven buses, a new parsonage and church, and a baptismal swimming pool. Then, in the early '70s, he opened churches in San Francisco and Los Angeles.

In December 1973—when Stephan was fourteen—he flew to Guyana with his father and mother and more than a dozen other Temple members. "We wanted to look the place over," Stephan recalled. "We had plans to move

Photograph by Vincent Oudkerk

somewhere. Marceline mentioned that she and Dad had stopped by here in the early '60s on a trip back from Brazil. So we went out to Matthews Ridge, and they showed us around."

Early the next year Jim Jones obtained a lease from the government of Guyana for several thousand acres of raw jungle about thirty miles from Matthews Ridge, not far from the border of Venezuela. In the next two years, a handful of pioneers from California cleared bush and put up the first buildings in what became known as Jonestown. Then, in late 1977, after several critical newspaper and magazine articles about the Peoples Temple had appeared, Jim Jones decided it was time to leave the United States. It was then that Stephan and most of the others arrived in Guyana.

The deterioration of Jim Jones has not been neatly charted. There are some, for example, who say he seemed mad nearly thirty years ago. Stephan says he noticed an instability most distinctly in the days just before the poison was poured.

Shortly before the final day, Stephan and a dozen other members of the Jonestown basketball team had made the 120-mile trip to Georgetown to prepare for a tournament with local teams. And that, perhaps more than anything else, is why he is alive today. When Jim Jones received word that Congressman Ryan was on his way to Jonestown, he ordered the basketball team back. But Stephan and the others refused.

"At first he said we could be kidnapped, that this was the kind of person who could provoke us to do some kind of contradiction," Stephan said. "The next day he told us to go out and meet them at the airport, look impressive, look tough—kind of 'We're not happy with you being here. Why don't you leave us alone?' The next day he told us to move out of the house. We just laughed at the order and said it was dumb."

For Stephan, the first bulletin of the tragedy that was unfolding in Jonestown came early the evening of November 18, when he returned to the comfortably furnished villa—the Temple's Georgetown headquarters, where more than forty other cult members were staying—and found Sharon Amos and her three children lying dead in their own blood in a yellow-tile bathroom, their throats slashed with a kitchen knife. "I knew something was going on out there," Stephan said. "We'd had the suicide drills, and I knew something was happening." Radio contact with Jonestown had been broken, however, and it was hours before his suspicions were confirmed.

The Guyanan police—themselves unaware of what was happening in the jungle commune—went to the villa and began questioning cultists. Eventually, Charles Beikman, a forty-three-year-old former U.S. marine who can neither read nor write, signed a statement saying he had killed Mrs. Amos, who was the Peoples Temple's representative in Georgetown and, many say, an overly aggressive and unpleasant woman. Beikman said he had helped the woman murder her children.

Stephan wrote out Beikman's confession. "I did it because I was told by police to tell Beikman that all of us would be charged with murder if he didn't make a statement," Stephan said.

Weeks after the deaths, Stephan was called in to testify in the Beikman case. It was a steamy afternoon, and he was feeling cranky. He felt that Carlton Weithers, the thin, ascetic prosecutor, was pushing him. Finally, the question was put directly, a question that had been on the minds of many who had puzzled over how the Amos deaths might have come about in a house literally filled with people: had Stephan Jones been part of a conspiracy to murder Sharon Amos and her children?

The fiber snapped. "All right," Stephan told the startled court. "I did it. I killed these people, and I'm trying to put it off on Chuck."

Later, outside, Stephan said his remarks had been patently absurd, a mocking response to what he had considered an absurd question. But the Guyanese authorities chose to take him seriously. "Who are we to say he did not mean what he said?" asked the prosecutor. "He has no right to be sarcastic. This is not a joke. It's a serious matter. We are saying that he is part of the plan and that his conscience spoke out there."

And so, shortly before Christmas, Stephan Jones went to jail. A magistrate would decide if he would stand trial.

Gregory Rose, writing a history of the Peoples Temple for the New York publishing house of Grosset and Dunlap, and John Jacobs, assigned by the San Francisco *Examiner* to cover the incredible Jonestown story, talked with Stephan Jones for *Penthouse* just before his courtroom testimony in Guyana.

Penthouse: Perhaps the question most people have been asking about what happened in Jonestown is *why*? Why would almost a thousand people kill themselves and their children? What kind of power did your father have over them?

Jones: First of all, I don't think a lot of people had a choice. They may have done it voluntarily, but it was as if there was no other choice. What else could they do? To me, that's not really voluntary.

You've got to realize the picture that Dad would paint for them after Ryan was killed. He probably told them that they would be deported, which would mean that they would have to go back to the States, and then there would be concentration camps. He would say that there's no hope. *They're going to come and take our children away, and our children are going to suffer—they're going to be tortured. And wouldn't you rather have them die with you here, and die painlessly, than to have them tortured and have to suffer for the rest of their lives?* And people would come up and say, "Yes, if that's the case, I think we should do it."

I'm not saying they necessarily believed that, but they said what they thought Dad wanted to hear. That's the way a lot of the earlier meetings went.

Penthouse: But didn't anyone stand up to him?

Jones: Sure. I did. One time I was arguing with him, and he said, "You're obviously scared to die." And I said, "Bullshit." That was unheard of, to say that to Dad. So he repeated, "Yes, you are." And I said, "I say I'm not." And by this time everybody was jumping up and saying, "Sit down, you're out of line! Why don't you shut up? How can you talk to your dad like that?"

As I said before, you have to understand the picture that he would paint for everyone. It wasn't as if somebody just walked up and said, "Hey, drink this." Dad would give reasons—regardless of whether they were true. He had an answer for everything—*everything*. He had a button that he pushed up there or something. A lot of these answers contradicted themselves. I think he really thought we were stupid.

Penthouse: But when your father would say that the CIA or U.S. troops were coming to deport you, weren't there people who would say, "Let's go fight those bastards"?

Jones: Yes, many people said that. But you know what Dad said? He'd ask them, "Do you want to fight the soldiers that are just following orders? Do you want to kill guys who are just doing what they're told to do?" Which, to me, is not such an illogical argument. But you had to know my dad.

Penthouse: But we still don't understand. Even during the practice suicide drills, out of a thousand people, didn't somebody have the balls and the brains to get up and say, "This is crazy"?

Jones: You don't handle a crazy person by walking up and saying, "You're crazy." No—he'll freak out. So you just try to talk to him. Let me tell you about the first meeting I recall where this was talked about. We were called together, and everybody went to the pavilion. I think Dad had just read something about revolutionary suicide. So he asked us how we felt about it. But as I said before, you have to understand that in Jonestown you didn't always say what you felt. You said what you thought Dad wanted to hear.

Penthouse: Why?

Jones: Because you wanted to be accepted. I suppose fear was involved, too. There were guns out.

Penthouse: You mean, even at this first meeting people had guns to their heads?

Jones: No, the guns were out as a protection.

Penthouse: Protection against what?

Jones: Whatever Dad wanted to make up. But the worst thing anybody could have happen to him was to have Dad chastise him publicly. That was the worst fear . . . that you'd be yelled at. I've had guys come to me and say, "God, I'd rather be beat up than have him yell at me and humiliate me." But anyway, at this meeting, Dad called everybody up to give his or her opinion.

Penthouse: Were people chosen in ad-

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vance to go up and have their say?

Jones: No. I think some of the people who spoke were told to go up, but a lot of people went up there by themselves. What I'm trying to say is that I think some people did believe that suicide would be the right thing to do under certain circumstances. I would even feel that way . . . if they were really coming to take my child away and torture him—I'd rather "take care" of my child myself and save it from suffering, right? If I really believed that was going to happen.

But a lot of people just said what they thought Dad wanted to hear. So you never had an honest situation. It was a bunch of bull. I got up and said, "Don't you see how they're going to look at us? Don't you see that they're going to discredit anything we've ever done, anything we've ever built, anything we've ever believed in? They're just going to say that we're fanatics and that we're crazy, and they're not going to understand!" But Dad always had some fantastic argument, and he had the support. I didn't. Anyway, if you got up in front of other people and told him it was wrong, even if he knew it was wrong his ego wouldn't let him back down to say you were right.

But I never dreamed he'd do what he did. I never dreamed it.

Penthouse: Were you ever punished for opposing him?

Jones: Yes. Anytime I got up in front of everybody, he made a point to tear into me, humiliate me. And he'd always say, "I have to do this for him. I have to prove that I don't favor him."

Penthouse: Why was this humiliation so terrible? Many people have been humiliated without giving in to the kind of control your father possessed.

Jones: You've got to understand how he was built up as a figure. To a lot of people he was *it*. You see, I never looked at Dad as the leader. I looked at him as a human being. But a lot of people didn't, and he encouraged people not to. He made a lot of people think that what they believed in and Jim Jones were one and the same. So you never knew when somebody whom you might talk frankly to might report you. For example, a man confided in one of the secretaries once. And she went back and told everything to Dad. And this man said to Dad, "I know who told you." But Dad would always say, "No, no. That's not who told me. I have special devices that I can hear you with." That wasn't true. He had no bugging equipment.

So a person could hate Jonestown or hate Jim Jones more than anything, but he'd have to put up the greatest front, because if he discussed it with someone, he might get nailed. And then he'd be in front of the 914 people that he lives with every day, and he'd feel like they hate his guts, and he's got to go to work the next day and see every one of them. That's humiliating.

Penthouse: But wasn't there opposition to your father below the surface?

Jones: Yes, but you'd never know it. I'm realizing it only now. But we'd never talk freely to each other.

Penthouse: Was anyone ever beaten?

Jones: Yes, sometimes. There was one woman who beat her own son. She even threatened to kill him, but I don't think she wanted to do it. They made her feel like she had to, or else she would be up there with her son and be yelled at for not taking him on. But in the last seven or eight months there was no violence. That's the truth. You didn't even *spank* children—that was a taboo. Dad just laid down the law, kind of out of nowhere, that there would be no more physical violence . . . no fighting among kids, no teachers striking students, nothing like that.

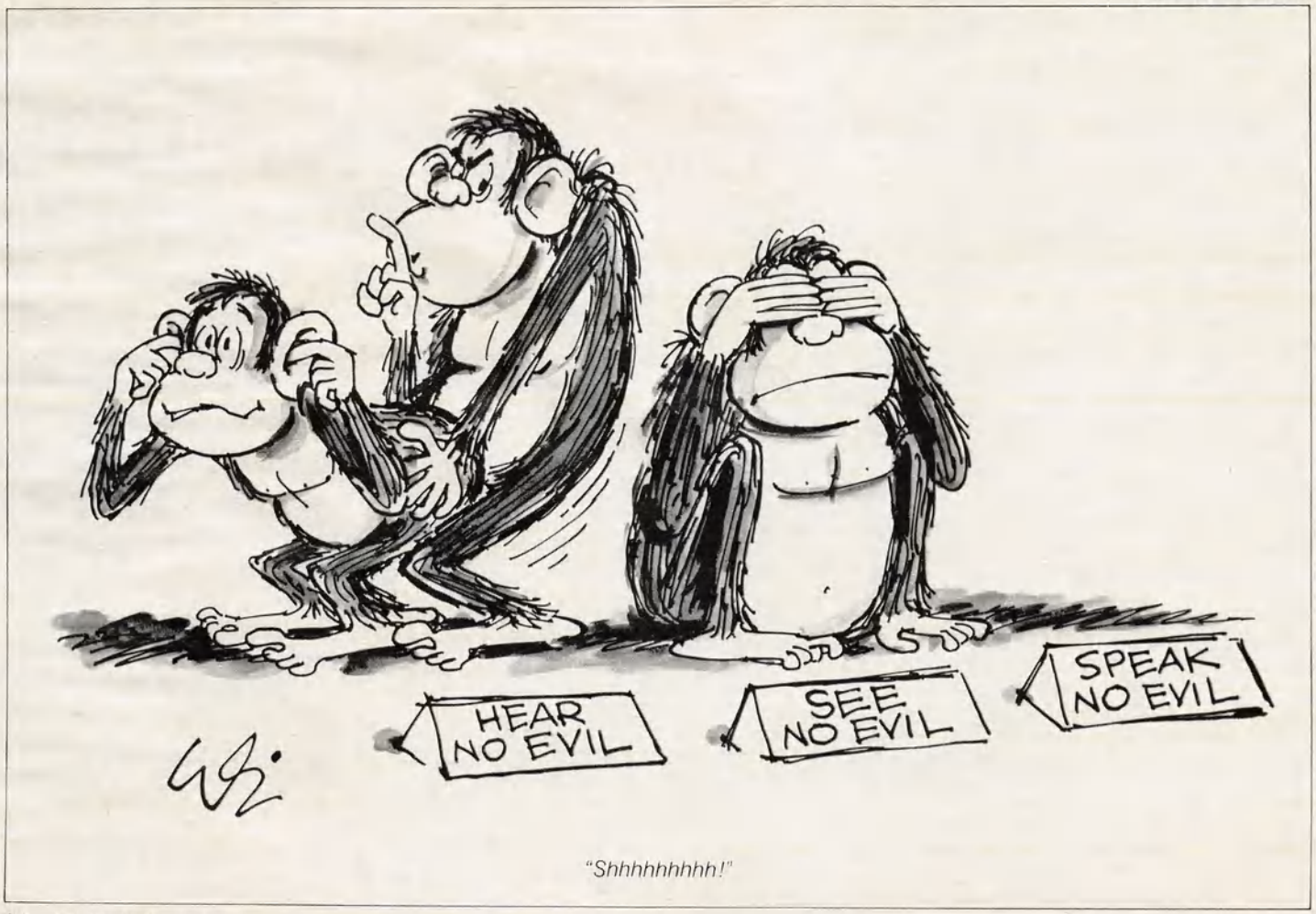
Penthouse: Why did he suddenly forbid violence?

Jones: I don't know. Maybe he was afraid that somebody would come and investigate, or maybe he just had a change of heart. I don't know. He had his good sides.

Penthouse: You yourself have been accused of violence in some of the meetings.

Jones: I know that's been said. But even if I had wanted to be violent, I couldn't have. There was one time when a guy forced himself sexually on a twelve-year-old girl, and this made me go out of my mind. I wanted to go down and knock his head off. I started to go after him, and Dad had me restrained and yelled at me and told me that he didn't want me to be violent, be-

CONTINUED ON PAGE 167



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Crunch and Arthur had a revelation in that bleak southern hotel room, and a wonder of joy rose in them like a flood.

TAKE ME TO THE WATER

FICTION BY JAMES BALDWIN

It was a white city, full of black people. Peanut, Red, Crunch, and Arthur had not thought of New York this way—and *none but the righteous*, Arthur thought, as they took their places just below the pulpit, in the Memphis church. They were placed so that Peanut, at the piano, could be seen. Peanut struck the chord; Arthur began the song. Red was to his right and Crunch to his left, both slightly behind him, as present as heat.

Crunch's guitar began, as Arthur's voice began,

Take me to the water

Crunch moaned,

Yes! take *me to the water*!

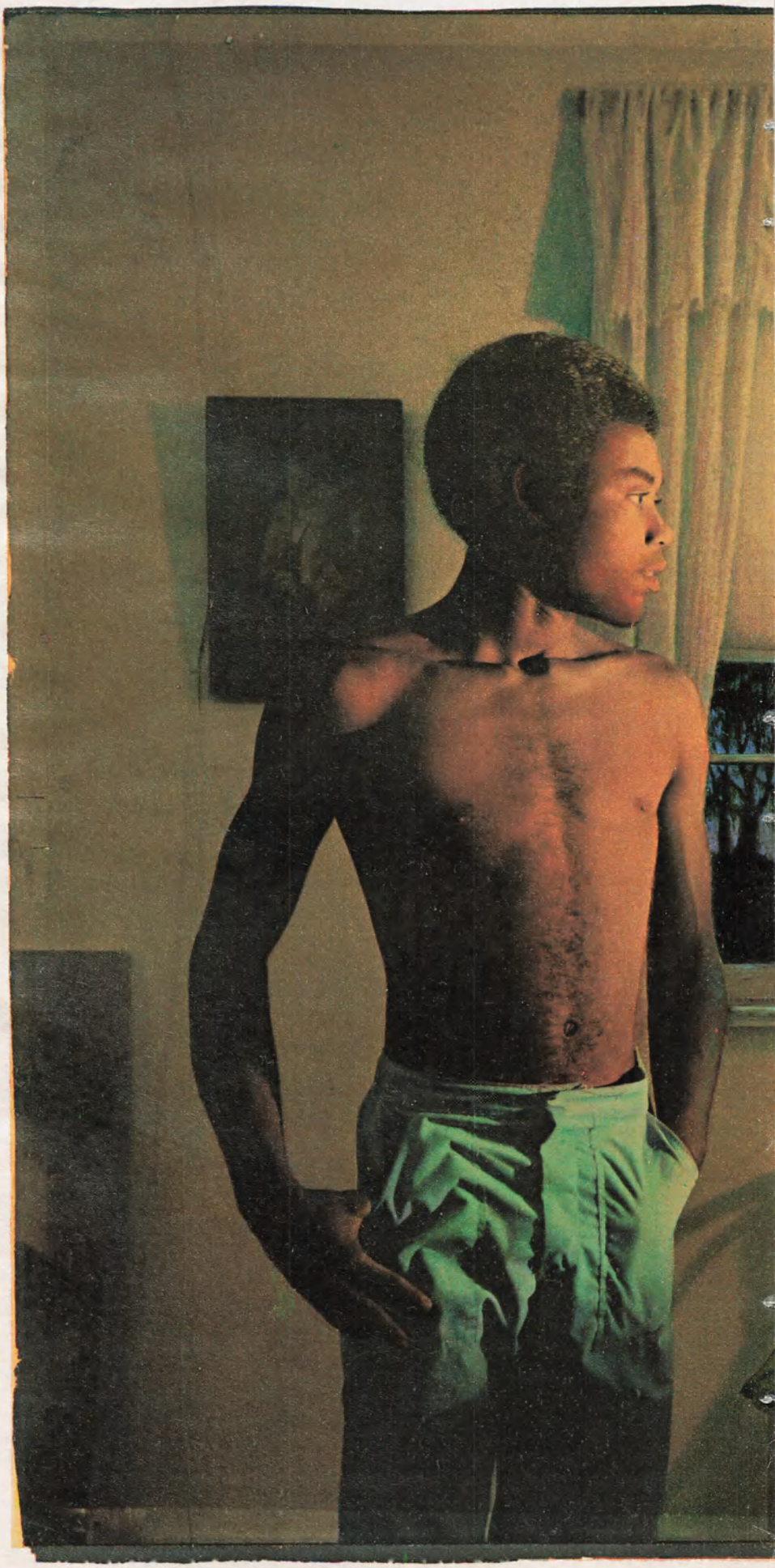
He heard Red's witnessing falsetto, but he answered Crunch's echo,

Take me to the water
to be
Baptized.

He paused and closed his eyes; sweat gathered in his hair, he listened to Crunch, and then he started again,

Take me to the water
Yea!
Take me to the water
Now!
Take me to the water
Oh, Lord!
To be
To be?
To be
Tell me, now!
To be
To be baptized!

He paused again, threw back his head to get the sweat out of his eyes, trusting every second of his unprecedented darkness,



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knowing Crunch and he were moving together, here, now, in the song, to some new place. They had never sung together like this before, his voice in Crunch's sound, Crunch's sound filling his voice,

So
I know
None
Don't tell me, I know, I know, I know!

As though Crunch were laughing and crying at the same time

But the righteous
So true!
None
Don't you leave me now!
But the righteous
And I hate to see that evening sun go down!
None
Amazing grace!
None but the righteous
Yea, little fellow, come on in!
Shall see God.

Crunch and he ended together, as though on a single drum. He opened his eyes, bowed his head, stepped back. Red and Peanut looked as though they had been dragged, kicking, through a miracle, but they were smiling, and the church was rocking. Crunch and Arthur wiped their brows carefully before they dared look at each other. Peanut struck the chord, *Oh, oh, oh, oh*, and Crunch stepped forward with the guitar, singing, *Somebody touched me*, and they sang, *It must have been the hand of the Lord!*

Arthur hurries to the whitewashed outhouse, opens the door, and locks himself in. The whitewashed outhouse is scoured, toilet paper hanging by a string. He pees, looking down into the lime-covered depths—there is a bag of lime at the side of the latrine. He would like to shit, actually, if only life were different, but he knows that he cannot possibly manage it here and now, with Sister Dorothy Green waiting, and where would he wash his hands? So he pees, looking at his prick as though it does not belong to him and wondering where Crunch is. He buttons up. He is alone. He would like to stay alone here, forever, but the smell is beginning to get to him. He opens the door and walks out into the sunlight, smiling, and *Is this life*? he wonders, incoherently, *Is it*? *Is this* my *life*?

Sister Dorothy Green leans against a tree, smiling like a movie star, as Arthur moves toward her.

"Feel better, big boy?" she asks, and, now, he wonders if he likes her at all.

"Much better," he says, and, suddenly, against this tree, in the sight of all the world, her arms are around him, and she is in his arms.

Her tongue, in his mouth, locks his terrified howl within him, and her breasts, against his chest, create a thunder in his skull. Yet there is a terrifying pleasure in it, too, and her hands are everywhere. *Didn't know nobody had so many hands*, he thinks, insanely, and that limp bit of flesh that he has just used to pee with suddenly becomes rigid and enormous, and he grinds himself against her. He almost drops his load then and there, in the sunlight, and they pull away from each other, shaking.

But she seems very calm. She touches his cheek with one long, thin hand.

"That was just to let you know that I sure hope you'll come back through here, one day." She smiles—the loneliest, most avid smile he has ever seen. "I'll sure be here." She straightens her skirt and touches her hat. She takes his hand. "We better go back in."

And, just like that, they walk back into the church, and down the steps, into the basement.

"Crunch, what happened to you this afternoon? Where'd you go?"

"Young lady took me driving in her daddy's automobile."

In fact, they had had to leave without Crunch, and the young lady obligingly drove him all the way into Nashville—where they are now, in a rooming house run by friends of Clarence Webster, the manager of the young Gospel quartet. They are two to a room: Peanut and Red, and Crunch and Arthur. The boys had been so stunned by Crunch's exploit that they hadn't even teased him about it. They had met the young lady, very sharp and cool, and she had had a cup of coffee with them before going back home. And she certainly liked Crunch; she didn't care who knew it.

> Arthur was afraid in one way, and Crunch in another. But the train was boarded, the engine pulsing, great doors were slamming shut behind them. A journey had begun.

Arthur doesn't feel like teasing him, either; he is just glad he turned up again. And they all react like that down here, to each other's absences. They have never put it into words, they cannot, but each absence is a threat. They never felt this way in New York—they moved all over New York. Here each is afraid that one of the others will get into some terrible trouble before he is seen again and before anyone can help him. It is the spirit of the people, the eyes that endlessly watch them, eyes that never meet their eyes. Something like lust, something like hatred, seems to hover in the air along the country roads, shifting like mist, or steam, but always there, gripping, like fog, the city streets, making every corner a dangerous corner. They spend more of themselves, each day, than they can possibly afford; they are living beyond their means; they drop into bed, each evening, exhausted, into an exhausting sleep. And no one can help them. The people who live here know how to do it—so it seems, anyway—but they cannot teach the secret. The secret can be learned only by watching, by emulating the models by dangerous trial and possibly mortal error.

He watches Crunch, in the other bed, yawning, his hands clasped at the back of his head.

The window next to Crunch's bed gives on the road. Through the shade and the closed curtain, Arthur senses the trees. Arthur's bed is on the wall and gives on to the hall and the bathroom and the kitchen.

It is absolutely silent—the heavy, charged, southern silence. It should be peaceful, but it isn't; you wait for the scream that will break the silence; you dread the coming day.

"What time we moving out of here tomorrow, Crunch?"

"I think the old man wants us to be ready to haul ass around six."

"You glad we came down here? I mean, it was really kind of your idea."

Crunch turns on his side, facing Arthur, smiling.

"You want to blame me for something?"

"Oh, come on, man, don't be like that. I'm here—ain't I?—and you didn't put no gun to my head. What have I got to blame you for? I just asked you a question."

"Well, look at it this way, Arthur. We working, we making a little bread—a *very* little, I grant you, but we wouldn't be doing no better up in the city—and we learning, at least *I* think we learning, and we ain't starving, and we in the fresh air, baby, don't forget that, that's very important, and *some* of us can get fine young ladies to drive us around the town in their daddy's automobile!"

Arthur throws a pillow at him, and Crunch laughs and throws it back. "So I'm glad I came, yeah." He looks at Arthur, with a gentle, rueful smile. "We just drove around, really; that's all. She was showing me sights and monuments. She was real nice. I learned a little bit, today, about down here." He sits up and lights a cigarette and throws the pack and the matches back. "You see, I understand your real question. I can't answer it. This place is a mystery for me, too."

"Does it scare you?"

"*All* mysteries scare me. The only way not to be scared is to be too *dumb* to be scared."

Arthur thinks about this, drawing on his cigarette. They have one dim night lamp on in the room, and their cigarettes glow a rusty orange against the gloom. They have been speaking in very low voices.

A car passes, swiftly, on the road outside, making a *whishing*, crackling sound, like the roar of a flame.

Then, silence, Crunch sits looking straight ahead, his elbows on his knees, the cigarette held loosely between the fingers of one hand.

"Get ready Beatrice, here comes the passage that's almost carnal in its savage sensuality."

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"But something in me *comes* from down here," he says, "even though I've never been here. That's a mystery, too, but"—he turns and looks at Arthur—"don't you feel like that, too? Like something's just been waiting here for you, all the time."

"Yes," Arthur says, but does not know how to say more. Something is turning in him, like the little wheel in the song.

He thinks of Sister Dorothy Green.

"I was with a girl, too, this afternoon," he says, "but she didn't have no *automobile*." And he laughs.

"What *did* she have, then?"

He knows, now, that he cannot ever really talk about it. He does not know how—dimly, he feels he has no right.

"I don't know." He looks at Crunch, in a genuine helplessness. Crunch watches him, gravely. Arthur realizes, for the first time, consciously, that Crunch listens to him, responds to him, takes him seriously—takes him seriously, even though he always makes fun of him. That, perhaps, is as great a mystery as this region, the people of this region. The surface is misleading, is perhaps meant to be misleading, or cannot help it. The truth is somewhere else, far beneath the surface: like the tenderness, now, at the very bottom of Crunch's eyes, as he watches Arthur.

"I don't know," he repeats; "pain," he says, senselessly, "I felt—her awful pain." He looks over at Crunch. "Do you know what I mean?"

"I think I do," says Crunch, gravely. "Yes, I think I do."

"Is that the way it is? I mean, for everybody?"

"Sometimes," says Crunch. "Sometimes. For everybody."

"For you, too?"

"Little fellow. You mighty solemn tonight." Then, "Yes. For me, too."

He puts out his cigarette.

"Every time I see my mama," he says, quietly—so quietly that Arthur's heart leaps, almost in terror. Crunch leans back on the bed, looks over at Arthur. "My—mama's a whore, really. I love her, but that's what she is." He makes a sound between a sob and a grunt. "It's funny. I don't think I'd mind, if *she* didn't. I don't think the other kids would mind—she's our *mama*. She ain't got nothing to be ashamed of—I'm no fool, I know what happened—and the men came and went, but she stayed; she raised us. She did everything she could for us. It ain't her fault the world is like it is."

Arthur holds his breath, hearing the heavy tears at the bottom of Crunch's voice.

"But she's so ashamed, she thinks *we* ashamed—she thinks *I'm* ashamed, for Christ's sake, and I can't get through to her, and I love her."

Now, Crunch *is* weeping, a strangling sound, and Arthur cannot move.

"That's why I want to do something, make her happy, buy her some fine clothes, make a lot of money and put it in her hand, treat her like a beautiful woman. She *is* a beautiful woman!"

Now, Arthur dares to look and sees the tears rolling, boiling, out of the side of Crunch's eye, into his ear. Crunch's bed shakes gently, he is holding his breath, but this only makes it worse. It is as though he is bleeding inside.

"Crunch, Crunch," he whispers. "Crunch!"

Crunch does not answer, does not seem to hear him. Arthur gets out of bed and crosses the floor and leans on Crunch's bed and puts his arms around him.

"Crunch," he says, again. "Please, Crunch. Please, man. Please."

He strokes the wet face, he kisses the tears. "Please, Crunch. You going to make me cry, man."

And this is true: in another moment, his own tears will begin to fall. He does not want to cry. He wants to comfort Crunch, to bring the dark face back to itself, back to him, to hold the shaking body until it ceases to shake.

He takes off his pajama top and wipes Crunch's face. He holds the cloth at Crunch's nose.

"Blow your nose," he says, "Come on now."

Crunch weakly blows his nose and then takes the cloth from Arthur and blows his nose again.

He opens his eyes and looks into Arthur's eyes.

"Thank you," he says, "little fellow."

They cannot stop looking into each other's eyes. They have discovered something. They have discovered how much each cares about the other. Something leaps in Arthur; something like terror leaps in Arthur: something in him sings. He smiles. He whispers, "You all right?"

"I am, now, yes. Thank you," and Crunch smiles.

"You ain't got nothing to thank me for," says Arthur, now feeling very shy, holding the pajama top between his hands.

Crunch looks at him, endlessly, very, very, gravely, as though he has never seen him before, and Arthur stares at Crunch, blinded by his beauty, by the revelation of his beauty. Deep, deep within him, an absolutely new trembling begins. He does not know if this is happiness, no words are in his mind, but he has never been so high and lifted up before.

> Something like lust, like hatred, seems to hover in the air along the southern country roads, shifting like mist, gripping the city streets, making every corner a dangerous corner.

Crunch kisses him on the forehead, gravely, and then leans up and takes Arthur in his arms. Arthur puts his arms around Crunch. They hold each other, tight, a wonder of joy rising in them like a flood, a wonder of sunlight exploding behind their eyes, everywhere, a great new space opening before them. They need nothing more now, nothing, everything will come, and they know it, everything, they are in each other's arms. They open their eyes at the same moment and look into each other's eyes, and laugh.

Crunch kisses Arthur, lightly, on the lips.

"We be alone together soon, okay?"

"Okay."

He has never seen any eyes like Crunch's eyes.

Crunch says, gravely, "I love you, you know?"

"I love you," says Arthur, "with all my heart, I love you."

"You and me, then?"

"You and me."

Crunch holds Arthur by the shoulders and then touches his chin lightly with one fist.

"Get some sleep."

"You, too."

"Good night."

"Good night."

And Arthur crosses the room and gets into his bed, holding the pajama top in his arms. Crunch turns out the light; they go to sleep.

They have spent a lot of time alone together, in one way or another. The next morning they are alone with each other for the first time in their lives. They must hide this secret from all the others—this is strange, and new, and it even hurts a little, for, in truth, they would like to rise up, shouting, *Hey, baby, you know what happened?* They cannot shout *hallelujah!*, dare not cry *hosanna!* Yet a tremendous, hurting joy wells up from the belly and the loins.

They lay in their separate beds, not daring to look at each other—and, also, mysteriously, with no need, yet, to look at each other—as the morning light attacked the window shade and crawled across the ceiling, as cars growled by on the road outside, as they listened to Peanut and Red and their hosts, and Webster, in the toilet, in the kitchen, in the hall.

Crunch looked over at Arthur.

"Bathroom's empty. Who goes first?"

"You go," Arthur said, and Crunch rose and draped a towel around his shoulders and bent his long self through the doorway.

Arthur lay still, wishing Crunch had touched him, if only for a second. It really was as though he had never seen Crunch before. He waited helplessly for Crunch to come stooping back through the door; he had never before been afraid of losing him—had never before been afraid of losing anyone, except his father and mother. But their absences had not been at all like the brief absence of Crunch that morning,

CONTINUED ON PAGE 152

CONCETTA

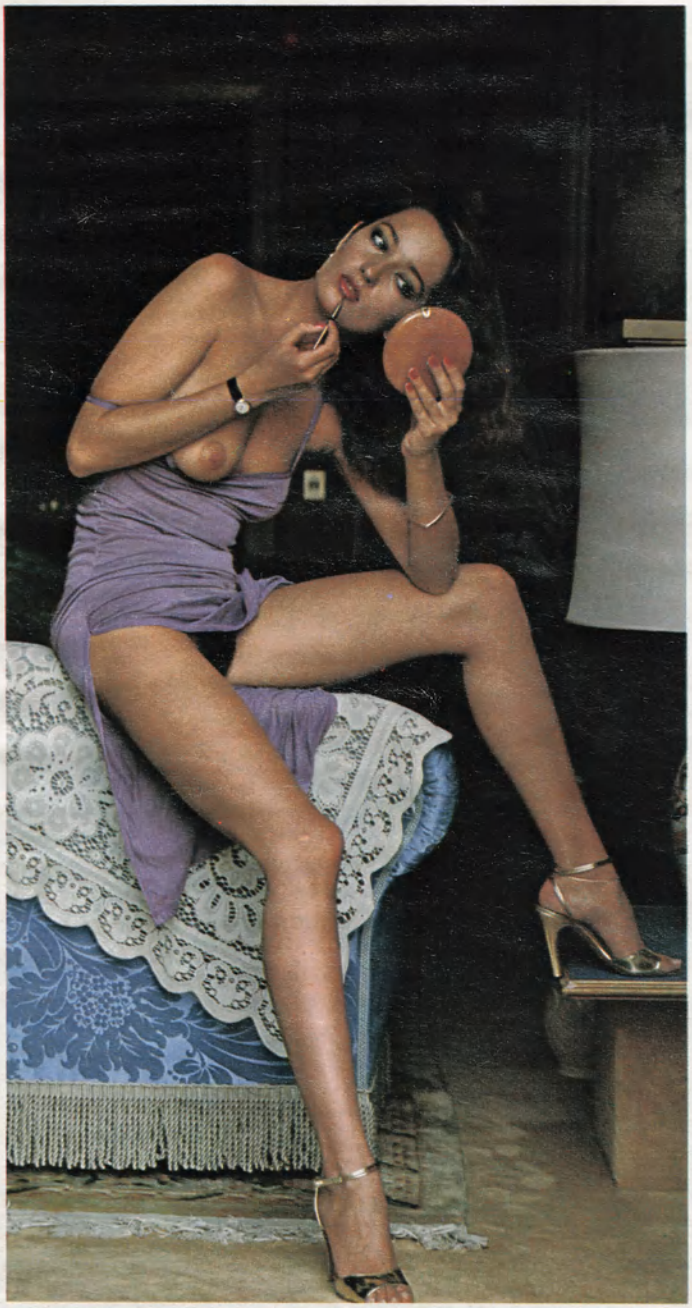
"I prefer the cuisine of northern Italy and the men of southern Italy. . . .Sicilians can be hot-tempered, but they are also very hot-blooded!"

BELLA DONNA

PHOTOGRAPHS BY ALBERT BRICCO

Concetta Ardigo, our Roman-born-and-bred Pet of the Month, represents the kind of divine inspiration that could easily precipitate a second Italian Renaissance. Faced with Concetta's 36-24-35 inches of sculpted symmetry, skin as rich and creamy as cappuccino, even a Raphael would be tempted to leave well enough alone. In fact, appearing in *Penthouse*, she tells us, makes her feel like a work of art.

She posed in boots and riding crop "because it has a special sexy meaning for me . . . and because I have one rich boyfriend who loves to ride and who occasionally takes me fox hunting with him. Certainly," she says, laughing softly, "I'm not what the sophisticated Americans call a 'bondage queen,' and although I do like to be playful in bed, serious pain seems absurd to me. After all, isn't lovemaking for pleasure?"



Another source of pleasure for Concetta is her job as public-relations officer at one of Rome's leading museums. When she isn't busy working, though, she likes to spend long, leisurely afternoons at one of her favorite trattorias on the Piazza Navona, delighting in the company of her present *inamorato*.

"After we've finished our meal and a bottle or two of Chianti," she confides, "we go home, take our clothes off, and have a Roman holiday for two under the covers!" Her present lover is Sicilian, as was her last. "I prefer the *cuisine* of northern Italy and the *men* of southern Italy!"

"It's true that Sicilians can be hot-tempered, but they are also *very* hot-blooded! Like Americans, we prefer to make love in the missionary position—the man on top and the girl underneath. The difference is that at the moment of climax, my lover and I are three feet in the air!"

Concetta likes American women, but she doesn't understand why they resent it when Italian men pinch them in public. "The Italian man who does this is not showing his disrespect but expressing his admiration!" It certainly would be true in her case: she has the kind of smoldering sensuality that sets off Roman candles in any country . . .

MISS CONCETTA ARDIGO/PENTHOUSE PET OF THE MONTH

THE VIETNAM VETERANS ADVISER

Five years ago the last U.S. combat troops left Vietnam, thus ending America's direct involvement in its most controversial and unpopular war. At the time, *Washington Post* reporter David Broder wrote, "The test of this country's character will be its willingness to see that such men are not 'left alone' to face the consequences of the war we sent them off to fight."

That test has been failed. Today, some thirteen years after the first wounded Vietnam combat veteran was returned to the United States, the record of government assistance and concern over the needs of the some 3 million men and women who served in Vietnam is a national disgrace. To be sure, as President Carter has smugly noted, most Vietnam veterans have "made it," but he has omitted disclosing that they did so on their own. He overlooks the fact that their personal sacrifices, both in Vietnam and in the United States, were never matched by an equal effort on the part of the government.

From President Johnson, who refused to accept the fact that veterans were part of the "cost" in his solution to the Vietnam "problem," to President Carter, who has turned more than a million Vietnam veterans into statistical nonentities (e.g., those more than thirty-five years of age are not eligible for veteran's employment assistance), the reality of the treatment accorded those who didn't "make it" has been kept from the public. This abysmal thirteen-year history of presidential and congressional neglect, which continues today, forces *Penthouse* to raise a most serious question: "Is it too late to do anything about Vietnam veterans?"

Many believe the time for meeting the needs of Vietnam veterans is past, but some do not. Among the latter is Robert O. Muller, who served in the Marine Corps in Vietnam and is a paraplegic. A graduate of Hofstra Law School, former legislative director of the Eastern Paralyzed Veterans of America, and presently executive director of the Council of Vietnam Veterans, "Bobby" Muller is a very determined person. His Washington-based Council of Vietnam Veterans is an advocacy group designed to obtain legislative and administrative action. Under Muller's leadership, it is bringing together concerned individuals and organizations to lobby directly and through the media for a coherent program to be carried out by the Congress and the Carter administration. The council seeks a program that will assist veterans in need and improve the public's perception of all veterans.

According to Muller, Vietnam veterans are worthy of the nation's response because they answered a constitutional call to arms in the best tradition of American citizenship. "Many of those troops," he says, "feel the nation has failed to recognize their honorable service. The nation sent men and women to the front. Yet it failed to provide them with adequate assistance when they returned home to face an economy of high unemployment, an inadequate GI Bill—and hospitals, many of which had a shocking lack of staff and adequate facilities. A fair return for honorable—and, in many cases, heroic—service is needed so that Vietnam veterans, like their predecessors, can take their rightful place as contributing members of a society."

To achieve these ends, Muller has put together a thorough battle plan and has enlisted the support of such organizations as the Urban League, the Democratic Black Caucus, and the fourteen-man Vietnam-era Veteran Congressional Caucus (VVCC). Basic to Muller's plan is passage of a comprehensive Vietnam veterans bill, rather than piecemeal modification to the existing veterans' legislation—most of which became law more than thirty years ago and is hopelessly out of date.

> Veterans' personal sacrifices, both in Vietnam and in the United States, were never matched by an equal effort on the part of the government.

The bill that Muller's council is backing is the Vietnam Veterans Act of 1978, H.R. 14164, introduced in the House half a year ago by the VVCC. This multi-titled bill, dealing with education, employment, psychological counseling, drug and alcohol abuse treatment, and health care, was introduced on September 25, 1978, to make certain that it would be considered in January, when the Ninety-sixth Congress convened. More important, Rep. David Bonior (Dem.-Mich.), chairman of the VVCC, was promised that the bill would be earnestly considered by the House Veterans' Affairs Committee.

Penthouse has long supported this kind of legislation. It is an idea whose time is grievously overdue. The period of shabby neglect of Vietnam veterans must be brought to an end, and the act is a necessary first step. Its passage will not be easy, in the face of President Carter's commitment to fiscal austerity. Nonetheless, its success must be pursued. To expect any less is to accept that we cannot or will not heed or honor President Lincoln's pledge to the American veteran more than a century ago: "To care for him who shall have borne the battle and for his widow, and his orphan."

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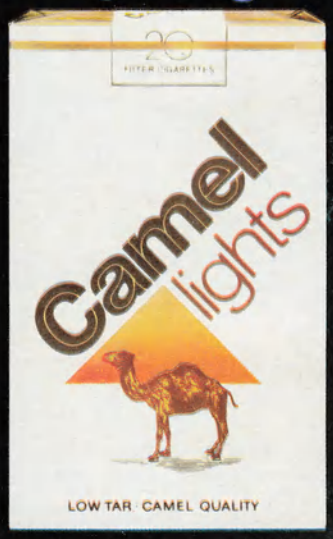

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

Dorothy Tanous

By Ben Stein

The author, a creative consultant to Norman Lear, was formerly a television critic for the *Wall Street Journal*. His two most recent books, *Money Power* (Harper & Row) and *The View from Sunset Boulevard* (Basic Books), will be published this spring.

YOU ARE WHAT YOU LOOK LIKE

If, as some smart person said, pretentiousness is the common cold of American culture, in Los Angeles it is a terminal disease. In a city where how you seem to be doing will often decide how you *are* doing, it is essential to give off the right signals—the signals that tell of success, of power, of achievement, and, above all, of money. Even high-school students know enough to be wary of anything less than a Porsche 911. And, of course, their parents are hip. They know that it would be cruel to send their own flesh and blood out into the world without cars that proclaim how well they are doing.

Another, sadder instance of the game as it is played today: a man I knew in the East several years ago was twenty-nine when I was twenty-nine. A few days ago he told me of yet another failure in his efforts to become a successful producer. He slapped the table with his palm. "I've got to get moving, man," he said. "I'm going to be thirty next year." Somehow, I am thirty-four.

In L.A., if a man or woman is not making it big, either in "the industry" or in life, by the time he or she is thirty, it's big trouble. It's low status. It's not life in the fast lane, for sure. Sometimes you can't help it if you are not a success; so the only way out is not to be thirty until you are a success. That way, you can take on the perfectly respectable mantle of under-thirty star-to-be.

Borrowing status you don't own is simply a way of life here. Unless you are one of the few people in this town whose faces are instantly known, you are known to strangers by a whole variety of things you possess—including your age, at whatever level you set it.

When a hustling young producer pulls up at the Palm in a Mercedes convertible, the people who are waiting for their cars see the convertible first and the man who gets out of it second. When a writer invites a filmmaker over to have a swim on a hot day, before the filmmaker gets in the door he sees that the writer's house has a tennis court. Things like that make an impression. They speak of success, of the power to marshal and command large sums of money, and in Hollywood, like everywhere else, "them that has gets." The people at the Palm immediately think that the driver of the Mercedes must have something, or he wouldn't have that car. The man who sees the tennis court has at least a suspicion that the writer must have some ability to get paid enough to get that tennis court. Those status gestures are important, and to some extent they work.

That message has gotten out in a big way. People who are eager to make the most of their stay in Hollywood know that they must have all the right status appurtenances. And thus, in Los Angeles, an entire industry has been developed to rent out status to those who have it not.

Now no one here can make you a best-selling author or the director of a movie with a hundred-million-dollar worldwide gross. But there are plenty of people here who can make you look as if you were a success. And you don't even have to lay out that much money. You can rent status just for those times when you really need it.

The hottest status item, of course, is the car. Forget anything that you may have read about Steve McQueen driving a pickup truck and other stars renting bashed-up cars. Those are esoteric status games for those who have already made it.

"In L.A., if you're not making it big by the time you're thirty, it's big trouble. It's low status. Sometimes the only way is not to be thirty until you're a success."

For those on the make, cars have to be foreign, flashy, and expensive. The best would be a Rolls-Royce convertible, the Corniche model, which sells for about $85,000, brand-new. When you pull up at the Beverly Hills Hotel with one of those suckers, the word *money* might just as well be shouted out of loudspeakers, in quadraphonic sound. But at several car-leasing companies in L.A., you can rent one for $100 a day, plus about a dollar a mile. (You pay for the gasoline.) For what you would spend for a pack of cigarettes every day for a year, you can have that Rolls and all the joy that goes with it for two or three days.

For the more modest Mercedes 450 SLC, which will say the word *money* in a well-modulated but still firm voice and which, off the showroom floor, will set you back a cool $29,000, a mere $45 a day plus forty-five cents a mile will swing it.

But few people here rent cars on a daily basis. A far more popular method is to lease. Rates vary, but for about $450 a month, for a three-year deal, you can lease a Mercedes 450 SLC. For a Cadillac Seville, which sells for about $17,000, you can get a three-year lease for under $350 a month.

Of course, at the end of the three years, you do not own a thing, but you have had all that status.

People tell a story here about a star called by his business manager. "I've found just the house for you," the manager says. "It's a beauty, and it's only $300,000."

"Sounds good," the star says.

"The only problem is that we need $10,000 down," the agent says.

That is just the problem that renting or leasing status symbols solves. If you make a fairly decent living, you do not have to put down a cent. A modest deposit might be required, but that's all.

A home with a pool and a tennis court would be nice. The problem is that it costs about half a million dollars if it's in a good neighborhood. But if you cannot get the idea out of your mind that you want friends and possible business partners milling around a pool and a tennis court at your own party, just like the one in *Shampoo*, you can rent the palace of your dreams for just a few nights and have the party there.

The Moving Experience, a rental agency that specializes in rentals for the status conscious will provide an estate of 110 acres in Beverly Hills (the approximate equivalent of renting two blocks on Park Avenue) with a mansion enhanced by antiques, a tennis court, and an Olympic-sized pool. No one I know could afford to buy that house, but any hustling producer with an eye on the future can scrape together his pennies and rent it for two days for a few thousand dollars a day. There are smaller, but still overwhelming, properties that go for as little as $1,500 a day.

Now, of course, $2,500 a day is real money. But to give a party in a house like that could create an overnight sensation and generate enough interest and respect to repay the investment many times over.

While you are getting ready for the party, you will surely want the house to look right. Some genuinely beautiful art would be pleasant—originals only, in the right circles. Perhaps at the Los Angeles County Art Museum you saw an impressive work of art. It would cost more than $100,000 if you could buy it, but you could rent original art for only a hundred dollars or so per day.

And that house should have the right kind of pets. Nothing makes a Hollywood party look more elegant than having two Russian wolfhounds loping around the grounds. It might set you back $1,000 each to buy them, and you then would have a lifetime of responsibility caring for them. But there are several places in L.A. that rent any breed of dog for only $100 per eight-hour day (plus sales tax). And the trainer brings them back and forth in his car.

If you want your friends to think that you have really made it, you should have some simply gorgeous girls hanging around. You can rent them, too. Any one of several modeling agencies will provide real, live, exquisitely beautiful models (real models, not body-painting studio "models") for seventy-five dollars per hour per girl. They provide their own transportation, and remember: they really are models, nothing more.

It gets chilly in L.A. late at night; so you might want the girls to have furs. You can tell your guests that you bought them out of the profits of your last unspecified venture. For a mink coat, at any one of several places, as little as $150 per day would swing it. If you get into chinchilla, it might be more like $500 per day.

And then the girls should really have some jewelry, and it should be real, because some of the wives of your guests will be able to tell phony stuff at fifty paces. And here's a break: if you look respectable and have a good reputation (which is broadly interpreted in this town), many good jewelry stores will allow you to "try out" jewelry for a few days—without cost.

So far, the figures are getting high but are not out of the question. If you want to push them out of the question and engrave yourself indelibly in the minds of your guests, you can rent the trendy new rock band DEVO to perform. For $50,000 they will sing and preen, and no one will go home saying your party was just like everyone else's.

Catering can be done anywhere. It is not a status item here in L.A., where people have only memories of good food from visits to other cities far away.

So there you could be, with mansion, Rolls-Royce, wolfhounds, girls, fur, jewelry, and instant status for about $25,000. Add DEVO, and you're at $75,000.

Of course, after the ball you have to return everything, and your carriage turns into a pumpkin or a Pinto or whatever you had before. But the next time you meet someone who was at your party, he will remember you. You will have a name and a face to go with it. And in a town where access equals success, your money may have been well spent.

Then again, maybe the money will have been wasted, because maybe pretty soon everyone here will figure out that everything is rented and that everyone is just playing queen for a day and people will start judging other people on their merits. But I doubt it. In the land of tall palms and hazy sunshine, renting status will probably beat out judging people on their merits for some time to come. At least until my twenty-nine-year-old friend from the East is grown up, and in Southern California that might take forever.

MIDNIGHT
SPECIAL

WORKING HARD

Even lust can get
boring if you are forced to toil in the
backrooms of sex.

These interviews, being about work, are necessarily about *routine*. (Perhaps the young, X-rated-ad writer said it best in describing work as a way "to kill time while waiting to die"). But, being about jobs associated with sex, they're also necessarily about *stimulation*. Truly, this blend of the provocative and the tedious typifies the attitudes of those in the "sex industry" toward their work.

Here are the hidden people of American sex. They balance books for massage parlors, run projectors in adult theaters, and assemble vibrators in factories. Far from being erotic or lascivious, their daily grinds are about as sensual as tire rotation. They give the impression that the business of sex-in-America isn't all it's cracked up to be.

Their common desire is to be viewed as performers of meaningful social services, and not just as those who launder society's stained linen. Some imbue their work with significance. Others regard their jobs with sullen cynicism, as largely unproductive, pointless, or dispensable. Nearly all resent a "twisted" morality that demeans them as second-class citizens for the seaminess of their trade, yet has made their services not just marketable but *vital*.

Most have higher aspirations—to write novels, work for Vidal Sassoon, or tend bar at the Marriott Inn. Yet they share an unspoken, dead-end futility. How does making change in a sex arcade or mastering the Wallbanger prepare one for career advancement? And to what?

Perhaps the best statement of their most fundamental need came from the prophylactic inspector—"to be remembered for more than just reliable condoms."

Photograph by Earl Miller

SATIRE BY ROBERT S. WIEDER

THE BARTENDER

"Let me pour you a double," he offers. "They water the stuff here like a lawn." He's preparing to open The Ball Park, a "Puss & Booze" club with a small, low-alcohol bar near the entrance and a labyrinth of "orgy rooms" for no-rules sexual liaisons in the rear, with foam pads, hot tubs, water beds, and various "theme" motifs. Some 200 people come here nightly for freewheeling group sex. Drinks are banned from the sex areas, but sex may occur in the bar. He's thirty and twice divorced. He began by tending singles' bars in college and has no other work experience, despite an M.A. in sociology. "I work here for one simple reason. They pay me." He has a pronounced tic.

"A chiropractor would get rich here. I've seen the human body do things that would make Olga Korbut pale. The permutations are incredible; it's a cross between *Bob & Carol & Ted & Alice* and *Woodstock*. A really good crowd'll wind up looking like a huge, pornographic Tinkertoy set. Can you imagine the aroma produced by 150 sweaty, screwing people? *Fragrante delicto*, man. Or, more colloquially: lowwwww tiiiiide.

"Originally, the idea was a quick-shot Club Med for suburban 'swingers' who could get a baby-sitter only for one night. But the club's completely shattered all class barriers. The rich come to degrade themselves, the poor come to fuck the rich, and those in the middle come to do things that'd be 'dirty' at home. The beautiful come for novelty fucks, the ugly come for charity fucks, and they all come for fantasy fucks. Whites come to see if 'it's true' about blacks; blacks come because they think it *is*. (Laughs.) Talk about your 'melting pot.'

"I'm just a pourer, man. You don't get trained mixologists in these dumps. The real pros work the class saloons and lounges, where a drink isn't just a prop but a personal matter, and the clientele can taste the difference between Aquavit and lighter fluid. You know who works booze-and-kooze bars? Ex-surfers, ex-cops, ex-lifeguards, ex-jocks, ex-hotshots trying to stay near the action. They're bartenders the way Garagiola is a sportscaster—one part skill, nine parts show.

"It's all *ambience*, now—'relating.' We're not bartenders; we're scenery, part of the atmosphere. The man used to *define* the bar; now it's the reverse. They plug us in like blenders. What the hell—nobody cares what you put in the goddam glass here anyway. This is Wallbangerland, Sunriseville. Why memorize mixes for people who don't give a shit how it tastes as long as it's colorful, not *passé*, and gives them the courage to join the melee? This isn't a bar; it's a pit stop.

"There's so much ritual that Margaret Mead should have tended bar here. Meet X, buy drink for X, proposition X, take X into the caverns, make various nasties with X, bloop, ahhhh, so long, X. Sure, it all comes out smoothly; so does shit. (Laughs.) Still, for a lot of people, it's shit-or-go-blind. The lonely, ugly, dull, clumsy, shy, repressed, or unimaginative—those who can't make it unless you provide a setting, someplace without risks, where things are *understood*. Take away dives like this and you sentence them to celibacy. Screw that. Let him who is without sin go first in line, *I* say.

"So what if these couplings are debasing, mechanical, and humiliating? That's why most of them are *here*. The real drawback is that a lot of people show up with a real Fuck-or-Bust attitude. And, unfortunately, many of them bust. Rejection is bad enough out there, where it's the national pastime, but in *here*—I mean, if you can't get laid in *this* place, where can you? Come closing time, I get people asking directions to the nearest river.

"I deal with persons who're sexy only as long as they're standing and holding a glass, who dread waking up and having to deal with one another sober. It makes you ashamed to be part of the same species. It's hard to maintain a customer's-always-right facade when you have a customer's-a-mess attitude. Then again, as long as there are people for whom alcohol is more important and useful than literacy, I'm in business."

"A chiropractor would get rich here," remarks one sex club bartender. "I've seen the human body do things that would make Olga Korbut pale."

THE CONDOM INSPECTOR

At age fifty, she's an assistant inspector for a prophylactic manufacturer. Widowed and with two adolescent sons, she's a self-described "Christian and a lady." Still, she takes a stoic, if somewhat uneasy, satisfaction in her work, which involves scanning condoms on an assembly line for holes, seconds, other imperfections. "Your eyes go first," she sighs, "about a year before your back and shoulders." She looks forward to retirement and part-time work in a day-care center somewhere.

"I'm not what you'd call a lifer. I've got twelve years in here. Five more and I'll be fifty-five, up for a 40 percent pension, with my younger boy graduating from college. The older one's at Purdue now. But five more years—that's it. Oh, I enjoy being an assistant inspector, I take great pride in craftsmanship, but I'm not like some of the younger girls—committed to twenty years of advancing in the company. You have to maintain perspective, or you'll start to eat, sleep, and live condoms. That's not for me.

"But professional integrity, that's important. People laugh at the idea, for this business, but listen—craftsmanship is the difference between a quality condom and a water balloon! Think about it. How many products do you buy where *comfort* and *reliability* are more important? Or fit or safety or design? Hey, name me one consumer product where quality control can make a bigger difference in your life? So, do I feel useless or irrelevant, like a cog in a machine? Sure, just like Nader. (Laughs.)

"Like they say: 'For want of a stirrup the horse was lost, for want of a horse the war was lost,' and so on. Well, for want of a good condom, a lot of marriages, relationships, jobs, and reputations have been lost. I'll *tell* you what a bad condom can turn into: Son of Sam, Charlie Manson. In a way, I'm all that stands between society and whole armies of unwanted children who'll grow up into unwanted adults. And no group alive is better at making life miserable for everybody than those persons who aren't welcome in the world. You *bet* I get job satisfaction. But even so, you're still human, and you want to be remembered for more than just reliable condoms.

"It's heaviest in the spring, the June rush; all the engagements, marriages, and general activities of spring immemorial. And 'cause all the college kids stock up for the summer before going home to their friendly, gabby family druggist. Spring is to condoms what fall is to turkeys. It starts right after Saint Valentine's Day, which we get as a holiday. It's like an in-joke in the industry; we call him the patron saint of birth control. (Laughs.) Dumb.

"It's not the routine or the boredom or the repetition that bothers me. I just think of it like gardening—you try to spot the weeds. But sure, I've got problems with my work, guilty feelings. Not because of the sex part of it, but because what you produce or contribute to society is part of your identity. And the whole point to my job is *not* to contribute. Anything *I* add to society is a mistake. But I live in a country where the basic rule is *produce*. It makes you feel like a kind of reproductive saboteur.

"See, if you build houses or drive a bus or bake bread, you can *point* to something that you do or make or add to the world. What do *I* point to? (Laughs.) You know where they wear these things. If I start pointing, I get arrested. Also, we're all raised to believe that life is dear and precious, even priceless. Meanwhile, here I am, going blind in the name of preventing it. Others get to say, 'I feed people or clothe them or help them.' Me, I *eliminate* them.

"And the letters and phone calls from the Right-to-Lifers don't help, either. It's bad enough they harass you, but lately they've even been infiltrating the industry. I mean it. During the last June rush a guy got hired onto the Maginot inspection line in Muncie and had a needle hidden in a Band-Aid on his finger and did enough damage in two days to double the Indiana birthrate. We've

CONTINUED ON PAGE 176

Call Johnnie Walker Red. You could win $25,000.

Enter the Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Contest. $50,000 in prizes. From any phone dial toll-free 1-800-223-0353. (In New York State call: 1-800-526-2515)

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Here's how it works. Anytime after March 1, call our toll-free number. You'll hear a recorded question. The answer to the question can be found by looking at the labels on any Johnnie Walker Red bottle.

Clip the entry form from this ad or get one from your local participating restaurant or liquor store. Fill in the entry form, including the answer to the question, and mail to the address on the entry form.

If your entry is drawn, you may win $25,000, $10,000, $5,000 in cash or one of 200 Johnnie Walker Red decorator telephones.

Call Johnnie Walker Red. There may be $25,000 at the end of the line.

Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Contest — Official Rules

1. To enter, fill in this official entry form, or, on a 3" x 5" plain piece of paper, clearly hand-print your name, address and the answer to the official contest question. The question can be obtained by dialing Johnnie Walker Red's national toll-free number 1-800-223-0353. New York State residents call toll-free 1-800-526-2515. Dial any time, day or night, seven days a week, from March 1, to April 30, 1979, or if you wish to have the question mailed to you, write: "Hot Line" Question, P.O. Box 8622, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. The information needed to answer the question may be found by looking at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky. Labels may also be obtained by requesting same from: Labels, P.O. Box 34, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please print or type your name, address, city, state and zip code. **2.** Enter as often as you wish, but each entry must be mailed in separate envelope, no larger than 4-1/8" x 9-1/2". Mail to Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Contest, P.O. Box 8650, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842. Entries must be postmarked by May 5, 1979 and received by May 12, 1979. **3.** Winners will be determined in random drawings, from among all correctly answered and eligible entries, conducted by V.I.P. Service, Inc., an independent judging organization whose decisions are final, and will be notified by mail. **4.** First Prize: $25,000 in cash. Second Prize: $10,000 in cash. Third Prize: $5,000 in cash. 200 Fourth Prizes: Johnnie Walker Red Decorator Telephones. The awarding of prizes to prize winners will be subject to the execution of an affidavit of eligibility and release granting to Somerset Importers, Ltd. the right to use winners' names and photos in its publicity. **5.** Prizes are non-transferable, only one prize to a family, and no substitution for prizes as offered. The odds of winning will be determined by the number of correctly answered entries received. All 203 prizes (valued at $51,990) will be awarded. Local, state and federal taxes, if any, are the responsibility of winners. **6.** Contest open to residents of the United States. Employees and their families of Somerset Importers, Ltd., their advertising agencies, liquor wholesalers and retailers, and V.I.P. Service, Inc. are not eligible. Contest void in Ohio, Pennsylvania, Texas, Utah and Virginia, and wherever prohibited or restricted by law. All federal, state and local laws and regulations apply. **7.** ENTRANTS MUST BE OF LEGAL DRINKING AGE UNDER THE LAWS OF THEIR HOME STATE. **8.** A list of winners will be furnished, two months after the close of the contest, to anyone who sends a stamped, self-addressed envelope to: Johnnie Walker Red Winners List, P.O. Box 8622, Pound Ridge, New York 10576. Please do not send entries to this box number. **9.** The Official Entry Form may not be reproduced. NO PURCHASE REQUIRED

Official Entry Form
The Johnnie Walker Red "Hot Line" Contest

First Prize: $25,000 in cash
Second Prize: $10,000 in cash.
Third Prize: $5,000 in cash.
200 Fourth Prizes: Johnnie Walker Red Decorator Telephones.

To enter the "Hot Line" Contest you must answer the contest question. To obtain the contest question dial toll-free 1-800-223-0353. (New York State residents dial toll-free 1-800-526-2515.) Then look at the labels on any bottle of Johnnie Walker Red Label Scotch Whisky and hand-print your answer below:

ANSWER: _____

Mail your completed entry form to:
Johnnie Walker Red "HOT LINE" CONTEST
P.O. Box 8650, New Canaan, Connecticut 06842

I certify that I am of legal drinking age under the laws of my home state.

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NAME

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ADDRESS

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BRUTE FORCE

Any one of these new superbikes can out-accelerate any production car in the world.

BY GENE O'ROURKE

Ducati imported by Berliner Corp.; Moto Guzzi imported by Premier Motor Corp.; Leather apparel from Bates Leather, Long Beach, Ca.

Back in the mid-1960s all the exciting road machinery had four wheels. The nation's highways were filled with 400-horsepower Pontiac GTOs, Plymouth Hemis, L-88 Stingrays, 427 Cobras, Shelby Mustangs, Olds 442s, Porche 911Ss, and other automotive exotica. Speed limits and compression ratios were high. Gasoline prices and miles per gallon were low. Herds of Chevy 409s rocketed across the Nevada desert at 120 mph, averaging seven miles per gallon on 100-octane fuel that cost thirty-two cents per gallon in Los Angeles. Cars were cheap, the economy was booming, and in some places gasoline was more plentiful than drinking water.

Motorcycles came in two basic types: large, loud Harley-Davidsons, which sprayed oil on their riders and had sixty-three taillights; and small, loud BSAs and Triumphs, which sprayed oil on their riders and had one inoperative taillight. The general populace had a stereotypic view of bikers; the correlation ran something like this: bike is to rider as truck tire is to gorilla.

A much smaller percentage of the populace rode motorcycles then, for several excellent reasons: most did not have the Schwarzenegger type of strength that was required to kick-start the bikes, particularly when they

Above: *(top) BMW R100RS—gemlike finish, indestructible engine, and space-capsule styling justify the high price ($6,199) (all suggested retail prices); (bottom) HARLEY-DAVIDSON FLH 80—still "king of the open road," the big Harley features plenty of storage space and a broad saddle for long trips ($5,529).* Opposite: *(left) MOTO GUZZI SP—interconnected brakes and built-in spoilers in the fairing hold the front end firmly on the road at high speeds ($3,995); (right) DUCATI 900 SD DARMAH—superb handling and a powerful "V" twin engine make the Darmah unbeatable on mountain roads ($3,595).*

Photographs by Douglas Kirkland/Contact

GUZZI
DUCATI

were cold; most did not have the patience or the mechanical aptitude necessary to bolt on all the parts that regularly fell off; most did not enjoy having a perpetual film of grease and oil on their bodies and clothing; and hardly anybody wanted the social stigma that came as the one free accessory to bike ownership.

Two major marketing moves by the Japanese were responsible for the huge increase in motorcycle buying that has taken place during the past decade. First, they flooded the country with small, cheap, relatively leak-free bikes that were light and easy to start and ride. Families unable to afford a second car could spend $400 for a small motorcycle that squeezed seventy-five miles out of a gallon of gas. Some models, like the Honda 50, had a step-through frame that allowed skirt-clad women to ride motor-scooter fashion, without having to straddle the machine.

Suddenly, thousands of housewives, students, and others who under previous circumstances would never have been attracted to motorcycles were discovering the convenience, practicality, and sheer fun of biking. Some fell by the wayside (literally), but most were soon hungering for machines with a little more power and speed. The next step was usually to bikes in the 125 to 300CC displacement range, which were fast enough for most highway travel and which the Japanese manufacturers were only too happy to supply. The bike craze had started.

As the new riders' skill, assurance, and taste for speed increased, they split off in two directions. They opted either for 700-pound Harley-Davidsons or for 400-pound BSAs, Triumphs, Nortons, or Enfields. The Japanese, having no bikes larger than 300CC displacement, found themselves training thousands of riders for their American and British competitors. With incredible timing and foresight, Honda Motors then introduced the twin-cylinder Honda 450 and soon followed it in 1967 with the one motorcycle that is truly responsible for the Superbike Era: the four-cylinder, overhead-cam Honda 750. Faster than a speeding bullet, able to leap tall Harleys in a single bound, equipped with unheard of amenities—such as electric starter, turn signals, front disc brake, and oil-tight engine—the 750 changed motorcycling forever.

The pleasure factor in cycling took a quantum leap when people discovered the joys of riding smooth, powerful machines that started at the press of a button, didn't vibrate the fillings out of their teeth, or necessitate a trip to the dry cleaner after every ride. The stigma attached to cycling began to shrink as polished cottons and business suits started outnumbering oil-soaked leathers and chains in the saddle.

In one move, Honda managed to attract the new bikers who were trading up to larger machines plus the more experienced riders who were attracted by the power and convenience of the 750. The big Honda was not a delight in every respect, however: it was at least 100 pounds heavier than British bikes, and it lacked their nimble handling qualities; also, its four carburetors were sometimes difficult to synchronize. But these were relatively minor annoyances to most prospective buyers, and the 750 soon became the largest-selling bike in America.

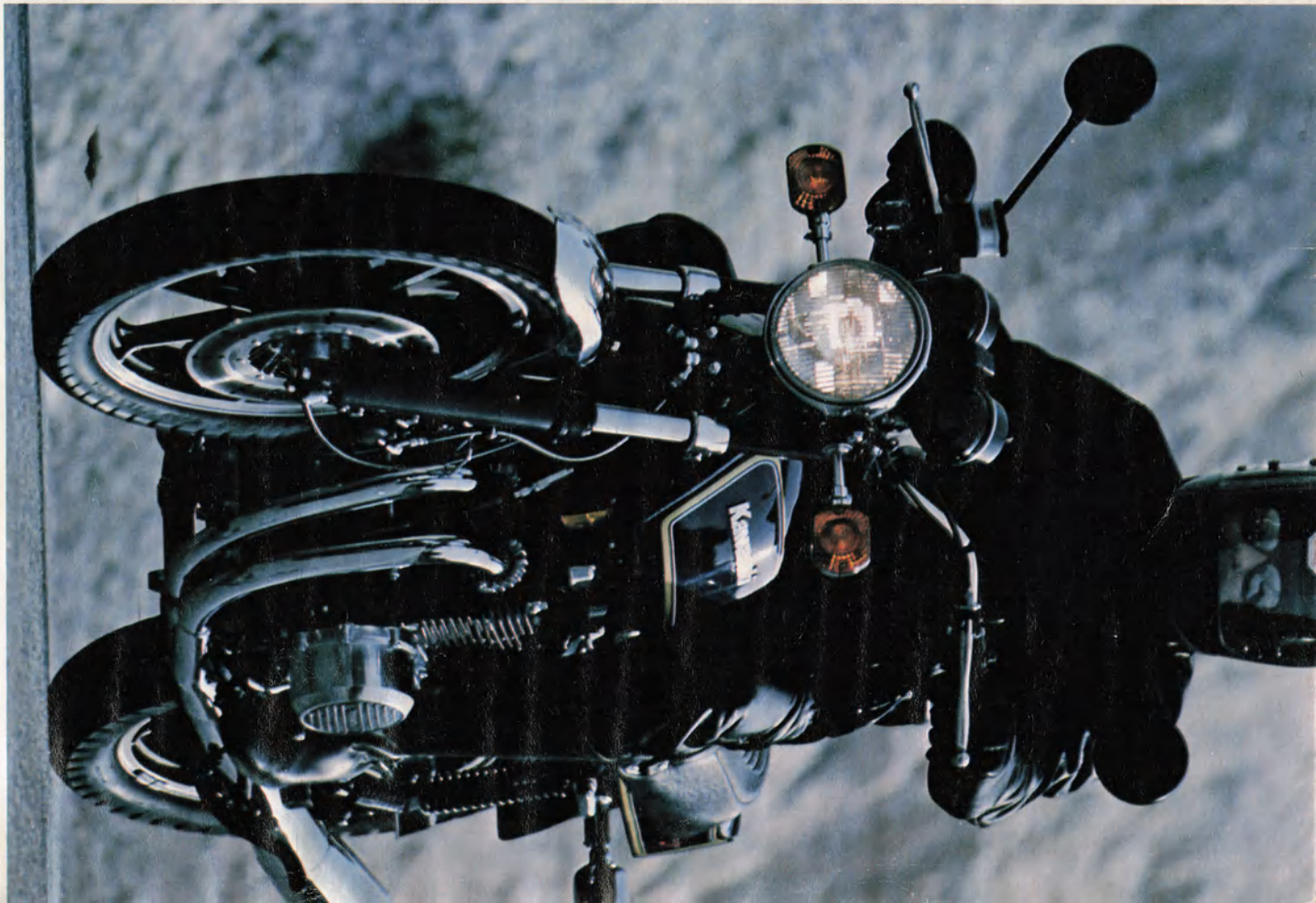
During the late sixties and early seventies, other manufacturers in Japan, United States, Great Britain, Italy, and Germany produced a wild array of 750CC models to compete with the big Honda. Many were fine machines that were faster and handled better, but Honda remained firmly ensconced in the catbird seat until 1973, when Kawasaki of Japan kicked off the second stage of the big-bike race with the introduction of its 900CC double overhead-cam, four-cylinder "Z1" model. Capable of speeds in excess of 130 M.P.H. and of quarter-mile times under thirteen seconds, the "Z" model remained the fastest production bike in the world for five years.

The big-bike race entered its third and present stage just last year when several manufacturers introduced new, more powerful road bikes in the 1000-to-1100CC displacement range. In addition to increasing raw power, several manufacturers have now begun to refine the handling charac-

Clockwise from top: *SUZUKI GS 1000E—state-of-the-art suspension and engine lead many to consider the GS 1000 the best all-around big bike ($3,000); KAWASAKI KZ 1000—first of the superbikes, the big "Z" is now available with shaft drive ($2,899); YAMAHA XS 1100E—brute power and cushy suspension make the "Eleven" ideal for high-speed touring ($3,449); HONDA CBX—the six-cylinder, 103-hp engine will propel the CBX to 140 mph ($3,998).*

CONTINUED ON PAGE 158

Black jumpsuit courtesy of Wheels of Man, Van Leeuwen Ent., Inc., North Hollywood, Ca.; Helmets, gloves, goggles courtesy of California Honda, West Los Angeles, Ca.



FUNKY MUSIC

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 76

They send you a signal, and then you talk back to them through the records. When I played a record, the record that followed would make a comment on the record that came before. At the same time, I would never lose a beat or break a rhythm. I'd throw on Frank Sinatra and pack the floor. I didn't want to play Frank Sinatra, but I knew I'd get them up there with Sinatra. Then I'd go to the Mamas and Papas. Within ten minutes, I'd have them going crazy. I drove to a climax, just like in a play."

Getting people up to dance was one part of Terry's job. Getting them back in their seats again to order drinks was the other part. "My job was to sell booze, to make money for the clubs; that's why they paid me so much. So I'm driving them to their seats. They're ordering drinks because they're hearing a slow ballad. By the time they've got their drinks ordered, I'm starting up again. I didn't even play the whole ballad—they don't know that. But now that they're relaxing and getting a little conversation going, I'm driving them up again. They've left their drinks on the tables, and they're back on the dance floor again, enjoying what they're doing. Nowadays nobody has a table or a waiter. Charge 'em at the door, and that's it."

Getting a DJ who saw himself as a star meant that the club owner could get burnt by flashes of artistic temperament. One night John Wayne turned up at Arthur and demanded that Terry spin a certain tune. Duke is accustomed to getting exactly what he wants. When he made this request (probably "God Bless America"), he got exactly what he deserved. "Is this the record you want, Mr. Wayne?" said Terry deferentially, whipping the disc out of the rack. "Yeah, play that," said the actor. With a snap of the wrist, Terry broke the record in half. "Uh, it's broken," he apologized. "I guess I won't be able to play it." History does not record Duke's answer.

Terry's other bag was playing the lights along with the music. Though he had nothing more than a ceiling full of colored bulbs, he soon discovered that there were just as many secrets to switching lights as there were to spinning sides. "I found a heavy combination was between a green and red with a quick flash of yellow in between. In other words, if I was flashing green-red-green-red-yellow-green-red, the more I got green in, the more the crowd would go ape." A few years later he put his knowledge of colored lights to work in an old ballroom that club owner Trude Heller bought on Broadway. "We ripped everything out and painted the room black," he explained. "There were six square pillars on the dance floor. I put a red, yellow, blue, and green spotlight shining up on each side of the pole. Then I put adjustable mirrors on top of each pole and mirrors on the bottom. Then I put a smoke machine in the middle of the room. I would create this huge maze of crisscrossed lights, with hexagons, parallelograms—I can't even tell you what—but red, yellow, blue, green beams would shoot up through the smoke. Flashing those lights, especially the green—forget the red!—would drive everybody bananas!" Lights, even more than music, soon became the next great obsession of disco.

The show biz era in the discotheques wound up at the climax of the Rock Age in 1970. Then the whole scene started sliding toward the gutter. The new catchword became "decadence," and the new disco public became the gay boys, who like nothing better than getting down and getting funky. The most decadent disco in the world was a joint called The Sanctuary, in Hell's Kitchen. This den of iniquity was located, believe it or not, in what had formerly been an old German Baptist church. Originally called The Church, the disco was diabolically designed to make it the perfect setting for a Black Mass. Opposite the altar was a huge mural projecting a terrifying image of the devil, his eyes drawn so that wherever you stood his baleful orbs would be glaring down on you. Around the Evil One was a flight of angels with exposed genitalia, engaging in every known form of sexual intercourse. Before the altar with its broad, marble communion table and imposing range of organ pipes stood the long-haired DJ preparing the devil's sacrament. How appropriate that the disco was immortalized as the nadir of Sin City in the film *Klute*.

> Hassled by the police, leaned on by the Mob, and driven over by club owners, the disco DJ is fast becoming America's latest cult hero.

Orgiastic was the word for The Sanctuary, and the action was by no means confined to dancing. However, even the dancing was pretty far out, because this was the club where the Bump was introduced, and the original version of this dance was not the cute little tooshie-touching step it became later in the straight world but a frank pantomime of buggery.

The hero of The Sanctuary was the only straight guy in the place, its legendary DJ, Francis. The most influential spinner in the history of the craft, Francis Grasso is a small, muscular, long-haired lad from Brooklyn who got his start in business by working as a male go-go dancer at a club in the Village. One night, while visiting Salvation II, a club perched atop a building on Central Park South, Francis was asked to substitute for Terry Noel, who had failed to show up for work. Grasso approached his trial with fear and trembling, but when Noel later appeared, the manager fired him and hired the novice.

Francis soon demonstrated that he had a fresh slant on spinning. Unlike Terry, who was heavily into rock and kept a picture of Elvis Presley in his booth, Francis worked the soul track. When he got up on the altar at The Sanctuary, he preached that old-time religion with Aretha Franklin, Gladys Knight , and Booker T. and the MGs. Into this mix he would drop Chicago's "I'm a Man" and Cat Mother's "Track in A." Once he had the crowd hooked, he'd dip into his African bag with Olatunji and the authentic Nigerian drums and chants of "Drums of Passion."

Francis was the first DJ to perfect the current technique of stitching records together in seamless sequences. He invented the trick of "slip-cuing" (holding the disc stationary while allowing the turntable to whirl beneath), and when he got turntables with speed controls, he supplemented his cuing technique with speed changes that enabled him to match up the records perfectly in tempo. He also got around to playing around with the equalization controls not only to boost the bass for ass wagging but also to compensate for the loss of highs when a record was slowed down for mixing. Eventually, Francis became a virtuoso. His tour de force was playing two records simultaneously for as long as two minutes at a stretch. He would superimpose the drum break of "I'm a Man" over the orgasmic moans of Led Zeppelin's "Whole Lotta Love" to make a powerfully erotic mix that anticipated by many years the formula of bass-drum beats and sex cries that is now one of the clichés of the disco idiom.

What this pioneering jock was doing was composing a hitherto nonexistent disco music out of prefabricated parts. What's more, he was forging the new music right in the heart of the discotheque, with the dancers freaking out in front of him and sending their waves back to his soul, exactly as the lindy dancers used to turn on the jazz musicians in the old swing bands. Not a high-powered show-biz jock, like Terry Noel, who wants to sweep up the audience and carry it off on his own trip, Francis was an energy mirror who caught the vibes coming off the floor and shot them back again, recharged by the powerful sounds of his big horns. Eventually, Francis taught other jocks his tricks and established his style of playing as the new standard.

Once Francis had become a star in his world, he began to receive the homage—or shall we say "lip service"?—that was his right. He was serviced constantly behind the altar by the fag hags, who were urged on to feats of Olympic endurance by the gay boys, who admired Francis for his talent while despairing of his hopelessly

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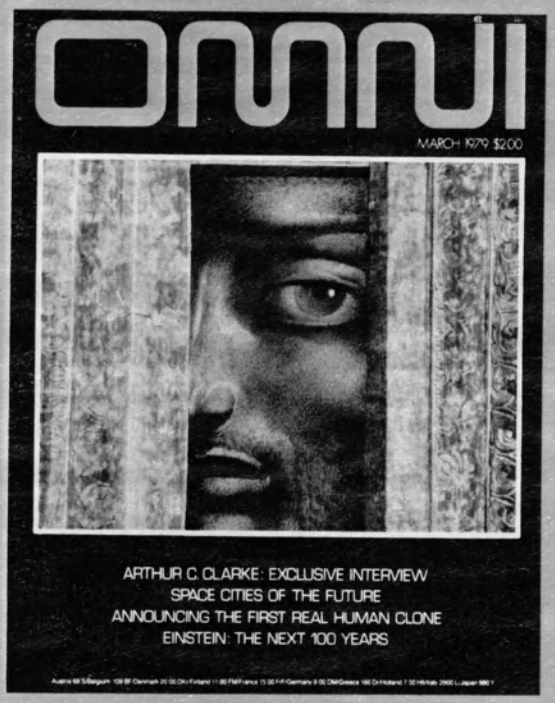
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Philistine sexual preferences. Francis's head count for this period is about 500 girls. (Who says that being a DJ is a thankless task?) He would never permit the ultimate sacrilege, balling on the altar, because this was where his precious turntables were poised. (Some things are sacred!) He admits, however, to having entertained the thought. "If God was going to strike anyone down," he reasoned then, "it would be the people who conceived of this club, not the guys who enjoyed it." With that comforting reflection, he endured three years of this madness.

At the height of his career, Francis shifted to another club. It turned out to be a very rough joint where hired hoodlums would beat up the dope dealers and then sell the drugs to the customers themselves. Francis decided to get out and open his own club in the Village. Then somebody put out a contract on him.

One night a man in a business suit stepped into the booth. He told Francis that he had an important message for him. He wanted to go outside to talk. Francis put a twenty-five-minute track on the turntable and followed the stranger upstairs. "When we got out in the street," Francis recalls, "he turned around and pulled a gun on me. He led me down the block to where a car was parked and shoved me inside. There was another guy at the wheel. They didn't say a word. We drove a few blocks and pulled into a dark alley. Then the guy with the gun told me to get out. He spun me around and pushed me back against the side of the car. While he held the gun on me, the other guy cocked up his elbow like a battering ram and smashed it into my face. I never felt such pain in my life. I was paralyzed. Next thing I knew, he did it again and again and again! Blood was pouring down my face, out of my nose and mouth. I felt I was going into shock. I begged them. I said: 'Kill me . . . please, kill me . . . I won't be good for nuthin' again!' They never said a word.

"Finally, when I was about half dead, they stopped beating on me. One guy pointed up the street and said, 'Start walkin' and keep walkin' and don't make no noise!' The moment I got out of their grip, I made a dash around a corner and headed up a wrong-way street. I lost them and then worked my way back to the club. I ran into the men's room to stop the blood. It was pouring out of me like a fountain. Before I could begin to clean myself up, in walked the cops."

Francis knew that talking could lead to something much worse than a maiming. He did not file a complaint. It took six months for the swelling of his flattened face to subside. Elaborate plastic surgery was required to put the pieces back together again. When the agony was over, Francis Grasso looked like a different man. But he went back to The Sanctuary and resumed his career. He's still one of the top jocks in New York City, working currently at the great transvestite circus disco, G. G. Barnum's.

The drugs and outrageous happenings of the early seventies made *disco* a dirty word in New York. They also persuaded a lot of people to stay home. One of these shut-ins was a sensitive young designer named David Mancuso, who has the bearded, intently staring face of a born zealot. Mancuso was fascinated by the potentialities of the disco ambience, but he realized that in order to make a disco function perfectly, you would have to run it like a party in your home. Mancuso's home was an old factory loft on lower Broadway near Bleecker Street. Setting to work to convert this space into a discotheque, Mancuso succeeded so brilliantly that soon the Loft was the most admired disco in New York.

As with any good DJ, Mancuso was searching for a new disco sound, and he found it in "Wild Safari" by Barabbas, an unknown Spanish band that had been discovered in Europe by one of his guests. The sound of Barabbas came looming before Mancuso's imagination like the chanting of a jungle tribe. The lead singer's strangled voice (copied faithfully later by Village People) would croak: "City!—everybody's runnin'. City!—everybody's lookin' " (only it sounded as if he had said, "everybody's fuckin' "). A far cry from rock or soul, the new disco sound was the erotic-hypnotic.

> DJ Francis Grasso would never permit the ultimate sacrilege, balling on the altar, because this was where his precious turntables were poised. Blowjobs, however, were another matter.

David Mancuso established the style of the modern discotheque. Instead of running like a giant juke box pouring out the hits of the day, the disco would offer its own music, especially selected or designed to send the dancer into a trance.

If a new age of dancing was to commence, however, it would require a new style of specially composed and recorded music that wouldn't snap off every three or four minutes just because that was the length of the standard forty-five. The first man to recognize and solve this problem was a recording wizard named Tom Moulton. "Actually, I've never worked in a club," says Tom Moulton. "I've always loved music, and for years I was a record salesman. I knew a lot of jocks and was close to their work. Then, in the early seventies, at a time when I was just finishing a brief career as a male model, somebody took me out one night to the Sandpiper on Fire Island. I was amazed at what was going on in that room. Such incredible excitement! All these white people getting off to my favorite style of music, black R & B. When I watched them closely, however, I could see something wrong. It would take most of the length of the record for the dancers to get into the groove. Then, just when they had worked up a tremendous head of steam, the record would end and they'd have to start in all over again. I thought to myself: 'There's gotta be a way to keep that momentum going.' I went home and started putting some of my favorite sides together on tape. I had only one turntable; so it took me forty hours just to make one hour of tape. But when I took it back to the club, it worked like a charm."

Moulton's homemade disco tapes set a new standard for mixing disco sides. They didn't supplant records, however; the innovation that finally solved the duration problem was another Moulton invention: the twelve-inch single. The first change in the format of recorded music since the introduction of the LP in 1947, the twelve-inch single was purely a product of happenstance. Moulton was complaining to his engineer one day that a record they were mixing just wasn't loud enough. In order to make it louder, they would have to increase the size of the grooves. If they spaced the grooves further apart, they couldn't get the whole song on a forty-five. Finally, the engineer said, "Look, you just want to make a few copies of this thing to give to the jocks, right? So let's forget about the forty-five. Let me cut it hot (that is, loud) and lay it out across an LP dub." No sooner did the custom-crafted disc start getting played in the clubs than the original record took off in the stores. When the industry realized what Moulton had done, one very innovative disco-oriented record company, Salsoul, decided to capitalize on the idea: it produced the first commercial disco mix on a twelve-inch forty-five and let the tune stretch out for five or six minutes. Soon "giant forty-fives" containing specially mixed disco songs that ran up to seventeen minutes at a stretch were popping up all over the place. Overnight the old line about "the beat goes on" had assumed an important new meaning.

Once the new disco mix was introduced during the mid-seventies, the DJs were suddenly overwhelmed by a flood of new records. Their problem wasn't finding the time to listen to all these sides but finding the cash to buy them. Until recently the record companies (which give away thousands of promotional copies to so-called reviewers who rarely review anything) were dead set against giving free records to jocks. The result was that guys who earned at best $200 a week were forced to spend $100 a week on new records. Then the companies finally realized that the jocks were performing a vital service to the industry. They were "breaking" new releases in the clubs and building new markets for material that never got air play. The jock who finally taught the companies this lesson is a lad with a golden touch named Bobby ("DJ") Guttadaro.

Bobby grew up in Bay Ridge, Brooklyn, the setting for *Saturday Night Fever*. He remembers Odyssey 2001 when it was still the Club 802, a typical local nightclub where he and his gang would go "Latin dancing." When Bobby was in his third year of pharmacy school at Long Island University, he went to his first discotheque, a place called the Zodiac on the East Side of Manhattan. Always a great music fan (even his baby pictures show him holding records), he was fascinated by the activity of the DJ, a black dude who was getting set to open a new club called The Sanctuary. He got friendly with the guy and was asked to take over the gig for a few nights. The work was difficult because at this time, in the late sixties, there was no such thing as a cuing system for disco DJs. "I had to find my place with a little penlight," Bobby recalls, "and then I had to put my ear down on the pickup to catch the needle chatter to know if the new record was actually playing." Somehow he made out and stayed at the club for a year and half, learning his trade.

A year later he went out to Fire Island for the first time and paid a visit to its most famous disco, the Ice Palace at Cherry Grove. This tacky, slant-beamed, Mylar-ceilinged show bar has done more for the development of disco probably than has any other club in the world. On the Labor Day weekend in 1971 that Bobby arrived, a hot argument broke out between the DJ and the club owner. The upshot was that the DJ walked off the job on the most important weekend of the season. Bobby was asked to take his place. Instantly, he recognized that he was home. "It was the best crowd I'd ever played for," he croons in his high-pitched Eddie Cantor voice. "They were there for one reason—to party! They put themselves completely in the hands of the DJ. They said, 'Do it to us!' They accepted everything that you put them through. They would go to seven or eight in the morning. When it was all over, I was a wreck, but they were in marvelous shape." Bobby spent the next four summers in that frenzied sauna, and in the summer of 1973 he became a star. A guy he knew at Twentieth Century Records gave him a test pressing of a new song by Barry White called "Love's Theme." It was that rare thing in the music business, a new sound. Instead of the usual soul belting or rock banging, it was lush and romantic. When Bobby spun the record at three in the morning, he got some strange stares from the floor, but most of the customers loved it.

They also went home and bought it, starting this unique record on its way to the top of the charts and launching a whole new trend in pop music. The record company executives were well aware how the record got its first play. When it was time to issue the customary gold record to the star, they issued another gold record to the jock. It was the first time a DJ was so honored. It also marked the beginning of a new era in which the companies acknowledged the importance of the DJs and started cooperating with them in various ways, especially by providing them with free copies of every new release.

Bobby DJ's subsequent career has been a steady stream of successes that has carried him from club to club, from Le Jardin to Infinity to New York, New York, and, finally, all the way out to Hol-ly-*woood*! There he not only put together the sound track for *Thank God It's Friday!* (the only successful element of the picture) but also mixed down three "monsters": the theme from *The Deep* and Donna Summer's recent hits "Last Dance" and "I Feel Love." Today Bobby is out of the clubs forever. As he says, "You can't be a DJ forever."

One of the places that some DJs are thinking of going on to is Europe, the birthplace of disco and recently the source of many important Euro-disco albums, including Donna Summer's big hits and the music of Alec Castandinos ("Love and Kisses"). The jock who is most intent on copping the title of Number-One International DJ is Tom Savarese. Tom is from a third-generation Bronx Italian family that was pretty upset when he abandoned his accounting course at Fordham University and made off into the night world to become a DJ. Last summer he demonstrated to them and to himself how his name has spread around the world when he accepted a very generous offer to work in a chic Adriatic resort called Milano Maritima.

> Never before in the history of public entertainment have so many paid so much for so little—and enjoyed themselves so immensely.

The first night in the club Tom got the welcome reserved for a star. When he stepped in the booth, however, he realized that these people were looking at him like a creature from outer space. "They were standing around me eight rows deep, just staring at my *hands!* It was like a hundred Siamese cats staring at you in the dark. Well, I took a Valium. Finally, I found someone who could tell me what was happening. He said I was God coming from America."

The Italians, Tom discovered, were right on top of the American scene. They had excellent equipment, but they didn't have much idea about what to do with it. When Tom displayed his technique, they were astonished. He showed the Italians the real art of spinning, and for the very first time in their clubs they heard the records as they were truly meant to be played.

Though Tom is pretty strict about playing the music as it is recorded, he likes to theatricalize an evening in a disco. He envisions the six-hour evening as a whole, dividing it into three two-hour acts. "I like to start while the crowd is still coming into the club—by playing a symphonic version of the Hallelujah Chorus or something very heavy from Wagner. The music goes roaring through the room, where the mirrored balls are glinting and sending little flecks of light across the floor. By the time the walls are changing from red to blue, I've got everybody whacked out of their minds. Then, suddenly, I hit them with their favorite record—and they're off on the journey to the end of the night!"

The latest generation of DJs may be the greatest. At least, that's the impression you get when you meet its most admired representative, Jim Burgess. Less than twenty years separates Jim from Slim Hyatt, the first American DJ; yet what a difference between Peter Duchin's black butler and this young prima donna! Jim's résumé reads like that of a candidate for the Metropolitan Opera: piano lessons at the age of four, conducting lessons with André Previn as a teenager, the composition of his first symphony at fifteen, its premiere under his baton at sixteen, commencing college in the same year. All this to spin records in a discotheque and be named number-one jock at the 1978 Disco Forum? The Age of Overpreparation, *n'est-ce pas*? Fast, fast, fast! As with any course that has been run before, the latest jocks get over the ground a whole lot quicker than their predecessors ever did.

The real question today, though, is, Where is disco heading? Most of the famous jocks are more sanguine about their own careers than they are about the future of the medium. Tom Moulton says that after mixing 1,700 records, he's tired. Tom Savarese says that the days of the DJ as star are really over, not beginning, because the whole trend is toward preprogramming and replacing the man with the machine. Bobby DJ says that "nobody can be a DJ forever." Jim Burgess evoked the most poignant image when, at a seminar of disco DJs, he replied to a question about the future by saying: "I can't picture myself thirty years from now standing in a booth, wearing Supp-Hose and spinning records. Being a DJ is a young man's job, and when you aren't young anymore, you had better move on to something else."

That was well said. For this is the critical moment for America's newest form of entertainment and America's newest type of entertainer. Thirty years have gone into the building of the current disco boom. One more year could see the whole business go over the hill and down into the oblivion of Muzak. If art is long and life is short, what is show biz? A fad, a folly, a brightly colored bubble about to burst? Disco and the *discaire* ought to know. Nobody in his right mind ever expected them to last this long or come this far.

Illustrations by Mick Haggerty and C. D. Taylor, photographs by Aaron Rapoport and Steve Smith, Neo-Plastics.

THE FUTURE OF SPECIAL EFFECTS

Unfulfilled film fantasies are created for *Penthouse* by seven masters of screen illusion.

BY JAMES DELSON

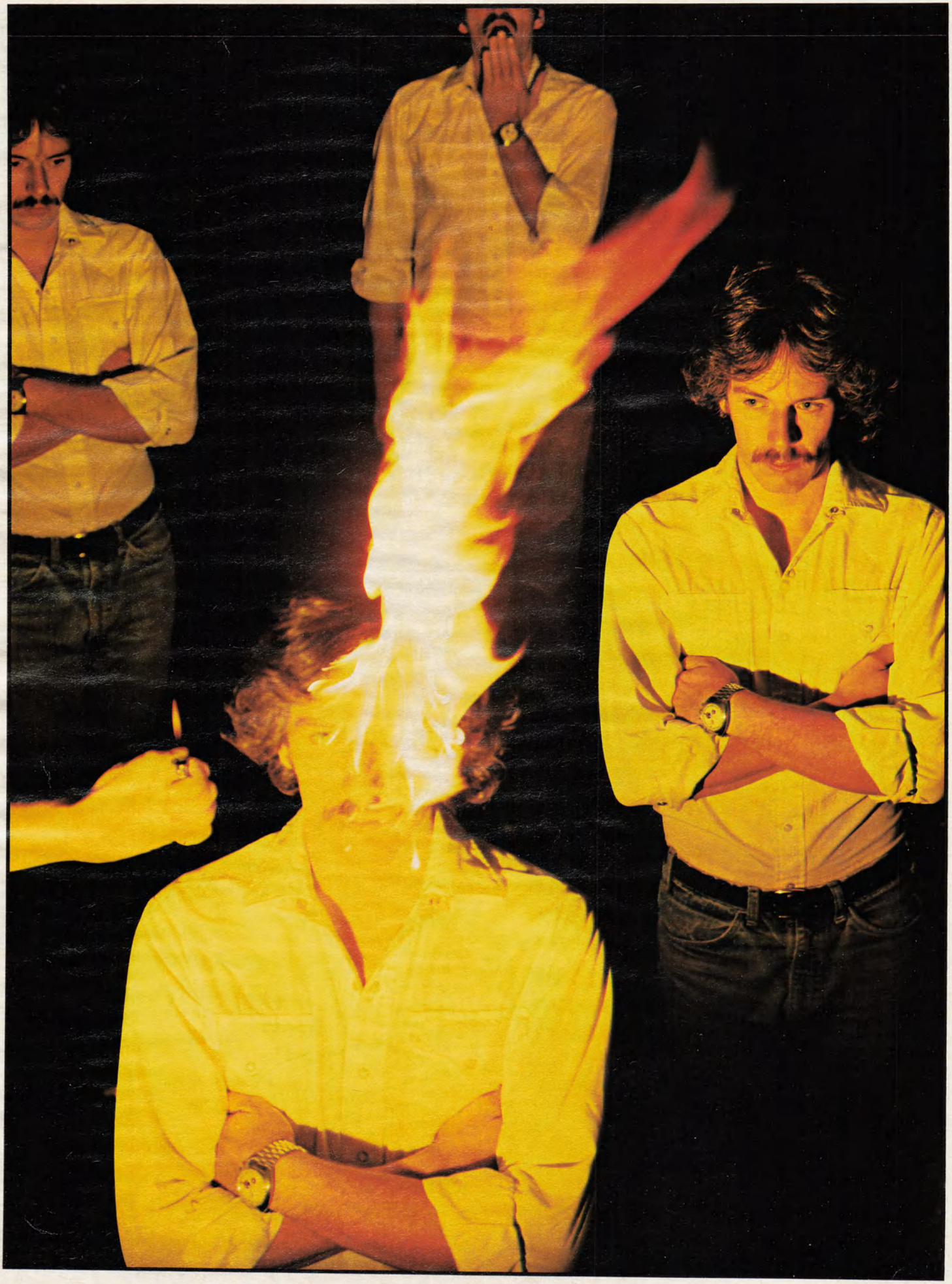
When the moon-sized Death Star blew up at the end of *Star Wars*, what you saw was a miniature model blown to smithereens. Christopher Reeve's flying exploits in *Superman* were the product of superimposition. And the flying saucers in *Close Encounters of the Third Kind* were all miniature models built, "flown," and "landed" by masters of the most rapidly expanding field in film: special effects.

With the success of these three films, special-effects experts are becoming as well known as directors have been for the past ten years. Today more money is being spent on special-effects sequences for films than ever before. The producers of *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*, *The Martian Chronicles*, *Star Wars II*, and dozens of other films have spent as much on special effects as on the rest of their budgets.

Penthouse asked several leading special-effects experts to predict the future they envisioned for special effects that are impossible to devise today but that, given the rapid pace of developing technology, could be attempted in ten years. Their fantasies were then visualized for *Penthouse* in the accompanying illustrations.

John Stears has been working in special effects for more than two decades. His James Bond projects include *From Russia with Love*, *Goldfinger*, *Thunderball*, *You Only Live Twice*, *On Her Majesty's Secret Service*, and *The Man with the Golden Gun*. His most recent work appears in virtually every major sequence of *Star Wars*. An Academy Award winner for his work on *Thunderball* and *Star Wars*, Stears is currently producing and acting as director of special effects on an adaptation of Ray Bradbury's *The Martian Chronicles* with producer Chuck Fries. Stears's special-effects fantasy reflects his desire to go beyond the screen and involve the movie audience in the *experience* of viewing a film. (*left*)

"I'd like to see completely three-dimensional viewing of films in theaters," he suggested. "True holograms that move so that one could see the film from all sides and angles, even walk around it to see what it looks like from the other side. It would be the most exciting thing since the first talking picture, because things will really come to life as a hologram rather than being one-dimensional. Mind you, it wouldn't be relax-



ing—you could have spacecraft flying through the audience, right there in front of you. You'd be *inside* the hologram, part of it. You wouldn't only be looking at the screen; it would be happening all around you.

"This couldn't be done for a few years, because the process will take a lot of mastery, and there would have to be virtually unlimited money to do it. But can you just imagine being in an auditorium and having the whole battle of Waterloo going on around you? Absolutely fantastic! They would probably build a circular auditorium, 360 degrees or something, and project back and forth from one side to the other and possibly the ceiling as well. One would have to sit down and work out the details very carefully, including a place in the theaters where people could get away from the experience if it was too much for them. Can you imagine the reactions there might have been if one could have seen the battle in *Star Wars* as a holographic projection? *That's* what I'm getting at."

Derek Meddings created the Golden Gate Bridge sequence for *Superman* and has been special-effects director on three James Bond films and will take up the post again in the eleventh of the United Artists series, *For Your Eyes Only*. His sometimes frustrating experiences with stunt people led to a unique fantasy.

"Lots of times when you've prepared a stunt," Meddings explained, "you know you've worked out every possible safeguard, but you still think to yourself, 'If he misses the ramp, he may smash himself up or get killed.' You stand there with your fingers in your mouth, biting the nails off. At times like that I've thought how fantastic it would be to create a computerized human figure that would walk and look like a man. (*left*)

"The concept could be based on the computerized cameras they used for *Star Wars* and *Close Encounters*. You take the android through the specific actions he must perform a number of times, adjusting his controls and videotaping each rehearsal. When you're satisfied, you watch the tape and select the best version for your needs. Of course, it's important that the android be able to respond to any unforeseen changes once it gets under way, to adjust its own program to anything that might come up in the course of the actions. Finally, you just press the button, and your android stuntman repeats the whole thing again for the camera, sacrificing his parts if necessary to make the effect look realistic. After the crash, explosion, or fall, you scrape up the salvageable pieces and make another android.

"My fantasy for a single, continuous shot is to have an android do an incredibly complex airplane stunt that no stuntman in the world could ever live through, much less walk away from. You take your android and fly him nearly through the actions of the scene, programming the last part so the plane will be flown into an obstruction, a building, or a bridge or something. The audience would *know* that it was all done in one continuous shot, because you'd start the shot with the android, dressed in the character's clothes, climbing into the plane and taking off in it. As the same shot was continued, the android would fly the plane through an incredibly complex series of maneuvers doing really hairy things. You've followed this plane from a helicopter as it flies in and out of trees and buildings, and then, finally, SMASH! It crashes into an obstruction and blows up in a ball of fire. The audience would be dumbstruck, because it wouldn't know that what it had seen was a robot. It *saw* someone take off, fly, and crash in one continuous shot; so there would be no chance of substituting a model or a dummy. It would be a situation where you've created a very realistic visual effect and didn't have to worry about anyone getting hurt."

Greg Jein dreams in Errol Flynn and J. R. R. Tolkien fantasy colors. For the past five years, he has applied his talents to such varied projects as the soft-core porno space opera *Flesh Gordon*; the legendary underground science-fiction spoof *Dark Star*, which was produced on a budget of $57,000; and Steven Spielberg's massive film *Close Encounters of the Third Kind*. Jein's construction of spaceships and miniature settings on the first two films led to his eighteen-month stint on *Encounters*, during which time he built eight miniature settings, the flying saucer that François Truffaut tries to touch at the Devil's Tower, and the awe-inspiring Mother Ship. Jein, who was nominated for an Academy Award for his work on *Encounters*, is currently at work as miniature supervisor on Spielberg's new film, *1941*.

"I was involved with the Magicam chroma-key blue-screen video-matting process for a couple of years," Jein began. "They have developed a video system whereby a number of actors and props are videotaped on a TV stage that has been completely painted blue. The process removes all blue from the picture so that the actors appear to be floating in space. At the same time, another camera is shooting a perfectly scaled miniature set. Through a special-effects generator, the image of the actors is then superimposed, or matted, over the other camera's shot of the miniature so that the actors appear to be standing in it. The result is a complete picture of the actors inside the miniature that looks full-sized—so real that the audience can't tell the difference. (*above*)

"At this point the process is workable only on videotape, and there's no sign that it will be usable for film in the next ten years. My fantasy, therefore, is to adapt the Magicam process for film so that it can be shown on theater screens. I'd make a film like Tolkien's *Lord of the Rings*, not as an animated film but as a full-scale superepic, with massive scenes that need more extras than anyone could possibly afford. I'd build a complete miniature set—maybe only fifteen feet long—of the overpowering castle that

dominates the last part of the story. Then, instead of hiring a huge army of extras to populate it, we could make do with a couple of thousand. We'd photograph the same extras over and over again, changing their costumes, having them do any number of different actions, and making them fit into the terrain, their shadows falling across the miniature trees, steps, and other objects on the tiny set. We'd shoot the same group of people a thousand times, then matte them into different places all over and around the miniature castle, each time making them appear in correct perspective. The audience would then see what *appeared* to be a realistic cast of millions in a totally believable environment."

Ray Harryhausen is considered by many film buffs and professionals to be the dean of special-effects artists. Harryhausen, who is presently at work with Charles Schneer on *Perseus and the Gorgon's Head* for Columbia Pictures, did the special-effects sequences in such fantasy films as *The Three Worlds of Gulliver*, *Sinbad's Golden Voyage*, *The Valley of Gwangi*, and *The First Men in the Moon*.

Using his own "Dynamation" process, he painstakingly manipulates plasticized or rubberized miniature models of everything from pterodactyls to figures from Greek mythology to dinosaurs, making them appear to move by shooting one frame of film for each minuscule movement of the models' bodies. In his most famous sequence, the episode in which three men fight against seven full-sized skeletons in *Jason and the Argonauts*, Harryhausen was able to shoot only thirteen frames a day, just a little more than half a second's screen time.

"I have always wanted to put Dante's *Inferno* on the screen. I see the visual concepts based on Gustave Doré's drawings, stylized to the point where it could be quite an impressive show. There would be people turned into trees, harpies flying through the woods of the Underworld, bat people, a minotaur, tormented souls pushing bags of gold up a hill, and other souls being attacked by serpents. It would be a real Harryhausen spectacle. (*above*)

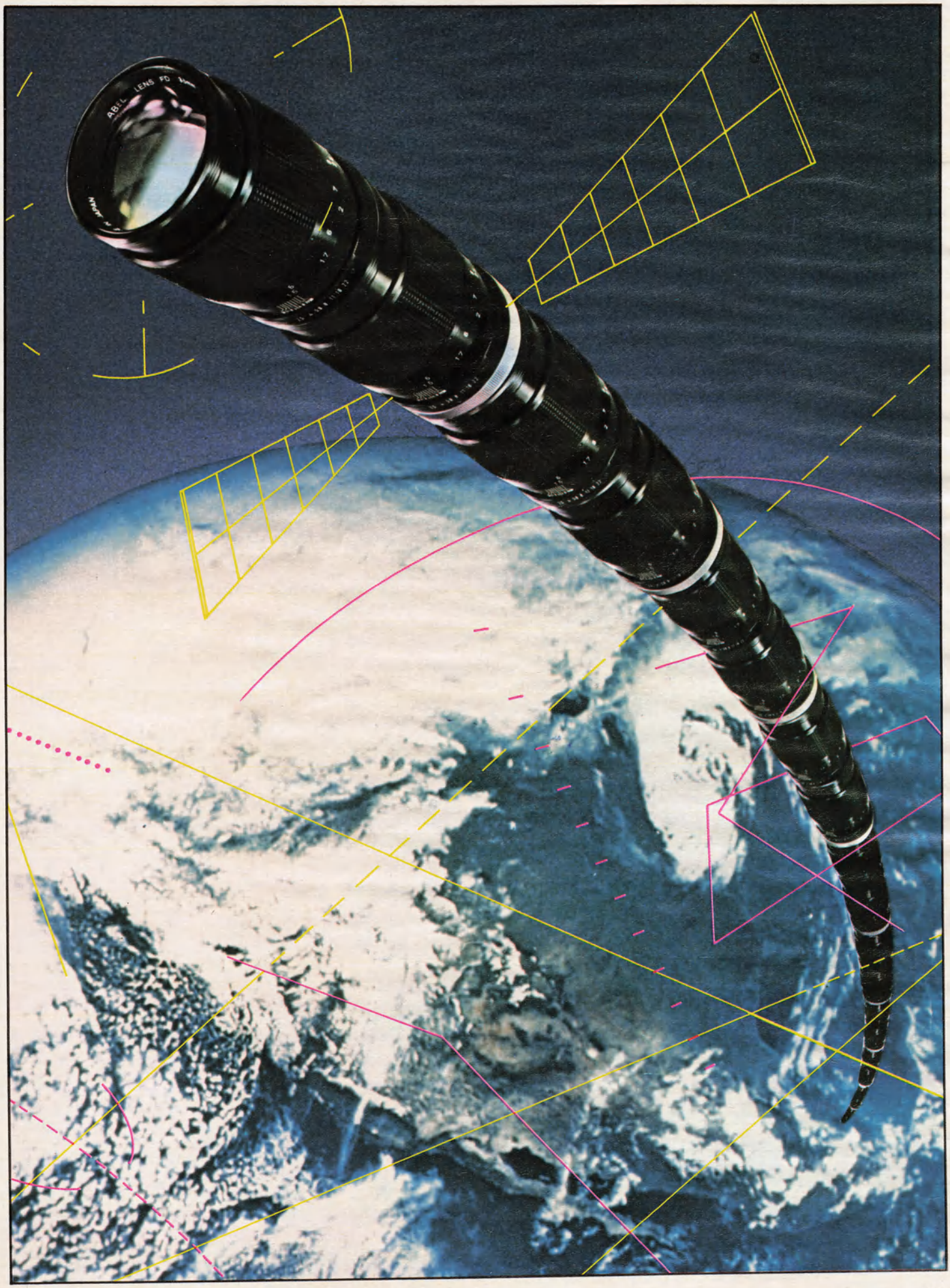
"The image I'd take to use would be from Doré's *Bible*, however. It's called "The Lustful" and shows thousands of tormented souls whirling up through a crevasse, with Virgil and Dante watching them. It would be an interesting sequence, but quite a special-effects problem with so many elements to tackle. Each of about 700 tormented souls would have to be individually animated for each frame of film as they drift up through the void. At the *Jason* pace, that would amount to about a tenth of a frame per day, a frame every two weeks for that particular sequence. Charlton Heston would be Dante if he liked the script, the film would probably cost, in present-day terms, about $25 million to make, and there would have to be a certain amount of nudity in it, because when you go to hell, you don't go with your clothes on."

Robert Abel and his associates, **Con Pederson** and **Richard Taylor**, have created the special effects for the upcoming *Star Trek: The Motion Picture*. Their other collaborative efforts have produced a breakthrough series of television commercials that have practically revolutionized the way products are presented to the American public. Foremost among these semisurrealistic ads are the 7-Up Uncola extravaganza, featuring a butterfly woman who floats on a sea of bubbles, and the Levi's jeans spot in which an eager dog-sized patch goes for a walk down a psychedelic street. Speaking for the trio, Robert Abel set the stage for their fantasy effect.

"When we started working in film, we knew that nobody could ever animate films better than Walt Disney artists, and nobody could create documentary work as well as David [*Roots*] Wolper does. We were great fans of surrealists like Magritte, Chagall, and Dali; so we created a style that borrowed the fantasy of Disney but took the reality you find re-created in Wolper's films.

"The fantasy film we have in mind is incredibly complex. We're talking here about well over one thousand scenes. Using 1978 technology, this could cost in excess of $100 million. Although the computer technology necessary to produce the film is available right now, without drastic modifications and improvements, it would take between ten and twenty years to shoot.

"A single shot will show the complexity of the film. (*right*) Imagine yourself in space, several hundred miles above the surface of the earth. You start to move toward the planet, which grows in size as you approach it. This is not an animated sequence, but the real thing, the planet earth below you. As you are getting closer, the continents begin to take shape, and soon you can clearly make out the Western Hemisphere. Closer still, your field of vision now is limited to the United States, and as you continue to descend, the western edge of the state of California becomes clearly delineated. Now you're over the California coastline, and below you lies the city of Los Angeles. But wait! It's not Los Angeles; it's a single shrub the *size* of Los Angeles. The shot itself is disorienting, because you have never *seen* a scale like that before. Now the shot continues, and you find yourself getting closer to the surface. There's a forest down there, and as you continue to descend, you can make out individual trees. There are people among the trees, and the camera comes to rest near them, having traveled down in one continuous shot from outer space to see these folks. These people act like us, they feel like us, they think like us, and they react like us; but they aren't us; they aren't quite what we know to be human beings. The reality of the voyage down to earth has anchored us into the reality of the situation, but the presence of these otherworldly people has altered that reality. The shot's incredibly difficult to do, but the reactions from the audience when it's over will be worth it."



REDNECK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 82

was "Gee, I wish I had my gun."

I argued with him, but that was a waste of time. Like most rednecks, rural or urban, he could see nothing of interest in the world of nature unless he was trying to shoot it or set a hook in its throat or trap it and skin it. After work that evening, I suggested to Calvin that we go into Nogales and pick up a couple of females. Human females. Calvin shrugged. "Ah hain't too interested in girls," he mumbled. Then he gave me a shy, sly, sidelong look: "But you oughta see mah gun collection."

Not that I'm against guns. I keep a few myself. The freeborn American's right to own, keep, and bear firearms is and must remain inviolate. Nor am I against hunting and fishing when the prey is abundant and the primary object of the pursuit is to put meat on the table—or in the skillet. But I do think that we should take it easy, out here in the West, on our dwindling deer population: the mountain lions—and the Indians—need those deer more than we do. To kill for pleasure, however, for *sport*, as they call it, seems to me contemptible, beneath the dignity of a man. We all did it when we were boys, of course. But eventually one grows up. Or hopes to grow up. It is need—hunger, necessity—that gives to the ancient art of hunting its dignity, grace, and moral seriousness. In our overdeveloped, overcrowded industrial society, most of those who call themselves hunters are not hunters at all but merely sportsmen, or not even sportsmen but merely gunners. You see them every fall, cruising up and down the forest roads in their two-ton trucks, looking for something to shoot, if only one another. Unfortunately, most of them are such poor shots that the annual sportsman harvest is unsatisfactory.

This thought leads me to that contemporary phenomenon, The Instant Redneck. The Natural Redneck lives in the country because he was born there and is too dumb to leave. The Instant Redneck comes from the city or the affluent suburbs, where his father has made a lot of money. Cushioned by a nice trust fund, the Instant Redneck migrates west, buys himself a hobby ranch, a pair of tight jeans, a snap-button shirt, one of those funny hats with the rolled brim like those the male models wear in cigarette ads, and a ninety-dollar pair of tooled leather boots with pointy toes (for kicking snakes in the ass) exactly like those you'll see on the feet of all the pretty young men walking their poodles in Greenwich Village. Now in full cowboy costume, he buys his first pickup truck, a huge, lumbering four-by-four tractorlike V-8 gas-hog of a *deus ex machina* fully loaded with roll bars, mag rims, lug tires, road lights, gun rack, spotlight, AM-FM cassette player, gyroscopic beer can holder, CB (Cretin Broadcasting) radio, and Tampax slot. He buys a gun for the gun rack, pops the top from his first can of Coors, and roars off in all directions to tear up the back country and blast away at the wildlife. A real man at last. The Instant Redneck.

But not interesting. Much too familiar a type. More problematic were those chaps surrounding me (on all sides) at the Ruins Bar in Glob, Ariz., on a hot summer afternoon in 1978. Two more cowboys had come in, accompanied by their heifers. All wearing the funny hats, the tight pants, and flowered shirts. You could tell the cowboys from the cowgirls by the wider hips. On the cowboys. The girls looked as if they couldn't calve a salamander. And then a cool blonde walked in, elegant as a sylph, and sat down at the bar, one stool away from me. She wore oversize, black sunglasses, opaque, inscrutable, and a T-shirt printed with the image of a full-size owl. Two BIG protruding eyes confronted me. I stared; the lady gave me a slight smile. I was about to move onto her adjoining stool when a burly fellow came between us, taking the seat, putting an arm about the girl and a large elbow on the bar.

I'm not going to get out of here alive, I thought again. Or did I say it aloud? The bartender was silent as he poured my fourth double-shot screwdriver. I was getting tired of all the orange juice but figured that I'd best stick to the regimen. Strict self-discipline: that's the secret of a full, healthy, productive life. I stared at the blonde, aware of the owl.

"You like my girl?" the large fellow said. He was Mexican, a Chicano, with a round, brown, solemn face, dark eyes, the shoulders of a fullback.

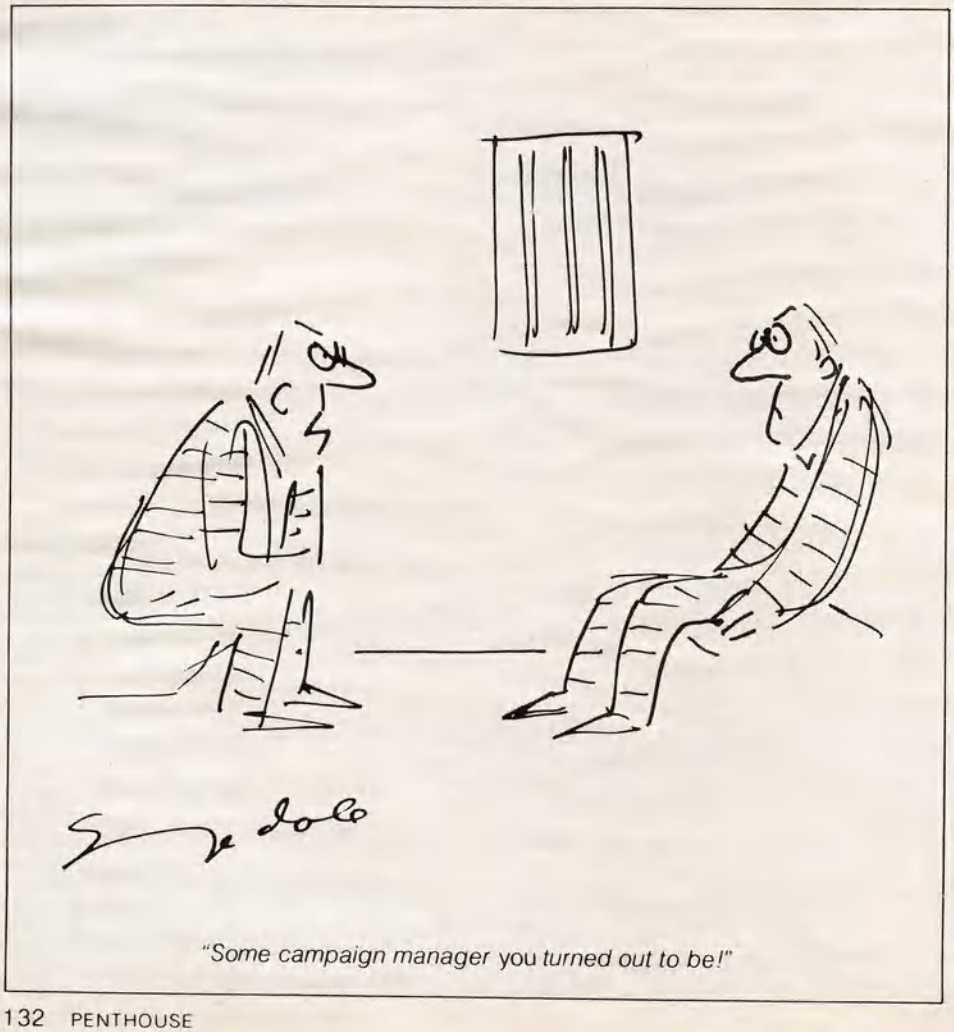
"Now, Tony . . . ," the girl began.

"You like her, eh?" The dark eyes were aimed at me—not at the man beyond.

I knew that he probably carried a knife, a switchblade. All *cholos* carry switchblades; everybody knows that. The trouble was that he was so big and ugly and mean that he wouldn't have needed a knife. I didn't even have my fingernail clippers with me. My only weapon was my superior intelligence. Which functions, however, only in retrospection. "I'm never getting out of here alive," I said, to myself, but aloud.

Tony smiled, laughed, gripped my shoulder with his enormous paw and said, "You're right, man. You're not getting out of here alive. Buy us a drink."

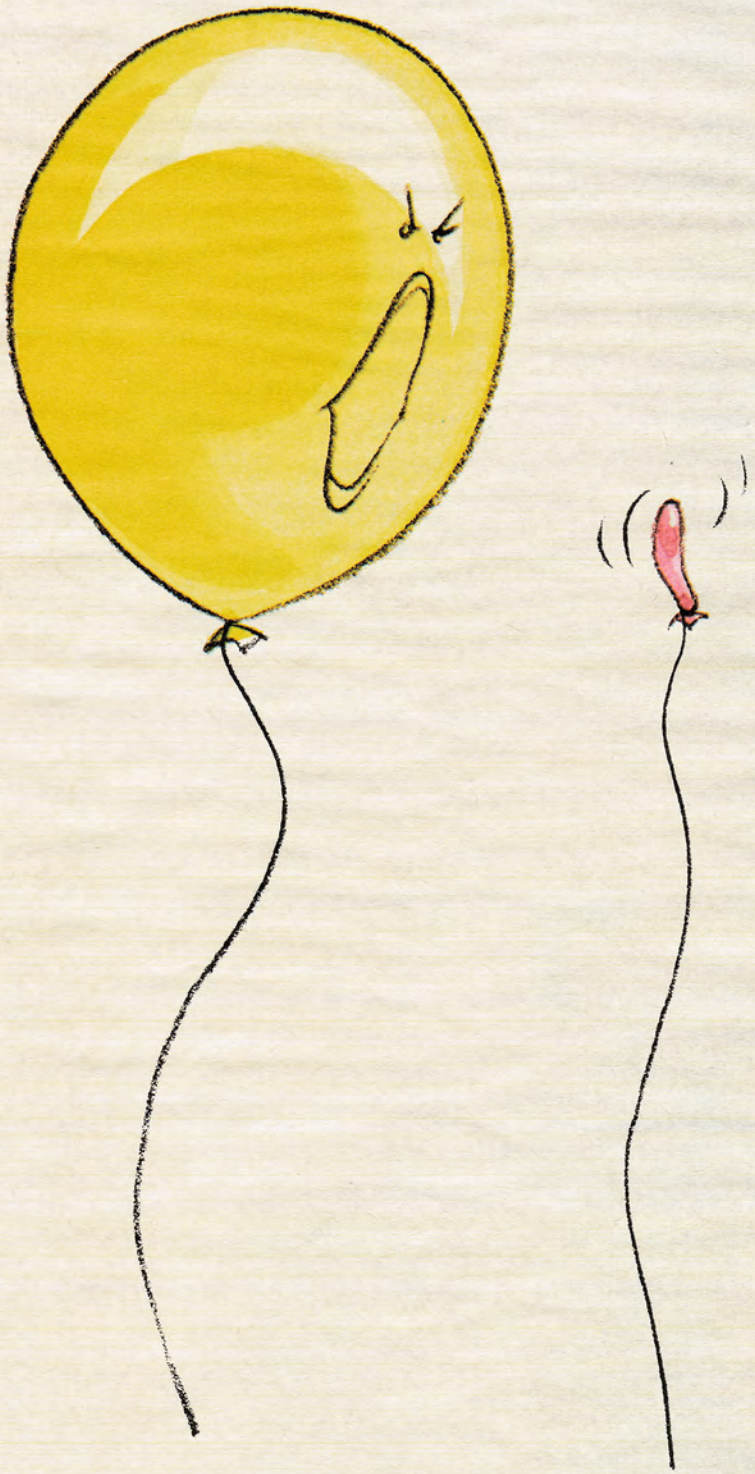
Under the volcano. I was glad to buy time by buying Tony and his blondie each a drink. He called me Grizzly Adams; I called him Pachuco. We discussed his occupation. He was an operating engineer, he said with pride—a Cat-skinner, a bulldozer wrangler. I asked him what was the best way to disable a bulldozer. "You mad at the company?" he asked. "That's right," I said. Antonio recommended pure shellac, two gallons, in the fuel tank, and a few handfuls of fine sand or emery powder in the crankcase. "But don't touch *my* machine," he added with a slow, smiling flash of teeth, squeezing my shoulder again. I could hear



"Some campaign manager you turned out to be!"

Balloonheads

BY ART CUMINGS



"In your case Harold, less does not happen to be more!"

the gristle squeak.

We discussed my trade. Fire tower lookout. Lightning on the tin roof. The smell of ozone. The sound of trees breathing. Ten days of solitaire, two days of Glob. "That'd drive me crazy," Antonio said. "What you do for love—screw chipmunks? You must be crazy as a bedbug, Griz." And to the bartender: "Bring old Grizzly Adams here another double O.J. Before I cut him up."

"Right," I agreed happily. Never argue with the man who's paying for the drinks. Growing ever more reckless, even suicidal, I kept leering at his girl. "Take off them big shades, honey," I said. "Lemme see the light of your eyes. *La luz de mi vida . . .* "

She smiled but shook her head. Probably had a black eye, thanks to her pet gorilla there. Maybe two of them. He looked like the type that would do it. She looked like the type that had it coming. The idea excited my sadistic fantasies. "I like your owl," I said, "too. Both of them." I was seeing double. Better get out of here. Fairly soon. For the first time I noticed the four young thugs in a nearby booth, watching me. Compadres. But not my compadres. *La Raza*, here and everywhere. *Viva la causa!* I heard myself shouting. Not a friendly face anywhere—except Tony himself, my Antonio, sitting here beside me.

He slapped me on the back "What cause you talkin' about, Griz?" His eyes were glowing now, reflecting perhaps the blood in my own; his grin looked bigger and fiercer than ever.

His slap made me spill part of my drink. I muttered three little Spanish words, five little syllables, that one should never utter, aloud, in the border states, unless one is prepared to die. I could see them floating on the smoke before us. The chatter came to a stop. The cowboys looked at me with pity. But not much pity. *Drunken hippie*, they were thinking. A dog's death. Kicked to pieces in a dusty ditch. And I was thinking (I think), *Well, what the hell. This is it. Never apologize, never explain. British Foreign Office.*

Antonio turned his glass in his big hands, looking solemn. "Griz," he said, "we better go outside for a few minutes."

Right, I agreed. I got up and looked for the front door.

"No," he said, "this way." One arm around my shoulders, he guided me out the back door. Into a sun-bleached alley, among the crumpled garbage cans.

Blinking and swaying, I turned to face him. The sunlight dazzled my eyes.

"Griz," he said, "you know what you said in there?" I said nothing. "You must be crazy, Griz." I was silent. Antonio said, "I'm not going to fight you, Griz. You're too drunk and ugly and too stupid. But don't come back in there. If I was you now, I'd go out in the desert for a while and crawl under a mesquite and get some sleep. That's what I'd do if I was you. But before you pass out, try to think about some things. If you got any brains left." He watched me; I watched the hard edge of a silver cloud move above the skyline of the backside and fire escapes of the Dominion Hotel. Here in Glob, Ariz., shithead capital of Gila County.

A door slammed. "Antonio," I said. Or meant to say. But he was gone. Never apologize. Never explain. I stepped carefully down the alley, leaned around the corner, and felt my way brick by brick back to my car. Some son of a bitch had snatched the flower off the hood. I got in and drove out of town, turned off the highway, and went up a steep dirt road that led between a pair of cactus-studded hills.

I stopped there and shut off the motor. I could hear the insane singing of the locusts in the desert heat. About 102 degrees in the shade. But there was no shade.

Towering clouds on the far horizon, shot with a flickering incandescence. Thunder. I counted the seconds. Twenty miles to the east. God a-growlin' at me again. I don't care. I ain't afeared of Him. Not with that big ole .357 magnum in the glove compartment here.

Ain't gettin' outa here alive? Ain't none of us a-gettin' outa here alive. That's the way it is, comrades, and that's the way it's meant to be. It's hard, but it's fair. Is that gun loaded? Of course it's loaded. What good is a gun that ain't loaded? Guns don't kill people; people kill people. Of course, people with guns kill *more* people. But that's only natural. It's hard. But it's fair. My God, but this car is hot.

I stumbled out and opened the flowerless hood. The engine was gone! Damned Nazi automobile. I took out my canvas cot, unfolded it, set it up in the shady side of the car. Why sleep on the ground if you don't have to? Only an idiot sleeps on the ground from choice. Little bugs crawl in your ears. A panicked pissant, scrambling over your eardrum, sounds like a horse marching through cornflakes. Horrible, undesirable, unnecessary sensation.

I lay down on the cot, placing my straw hat over my eyes. Who built this old road? Who knows? Why? Who found that big nugget down there? Forgotten now. I thought of my brother. I thought of Mr. Bundy, hunting his cactus-fed cows along the Utah line. Seventy years in the sun. Fear no more. Antonio . . . ? Somewhere in Missouri a truck driver named Hinton pulls into an all-night truck stop. Kidneys aching. Forget him. I thought of my old man, at seventy-eight, still going out to the woods every day to cut locust posts for the coal mines. Pit props for the miners, down there in the dark. Forget them. I thought of all those who do the world's work and are never paid enough and never will be and when they rise are beaten down and always lose in the end.

The clouds grumbled the east. God crept closer, mumbling. I raised the right fist and shook it at the Old Bastard and passed out.

Woke up in the dark, hours later. No stars out. A soft and misty rain was falling on my face.

"I met Morton's family tonight, Mother. His parents seem to like me, but his wife was a bit cool!"

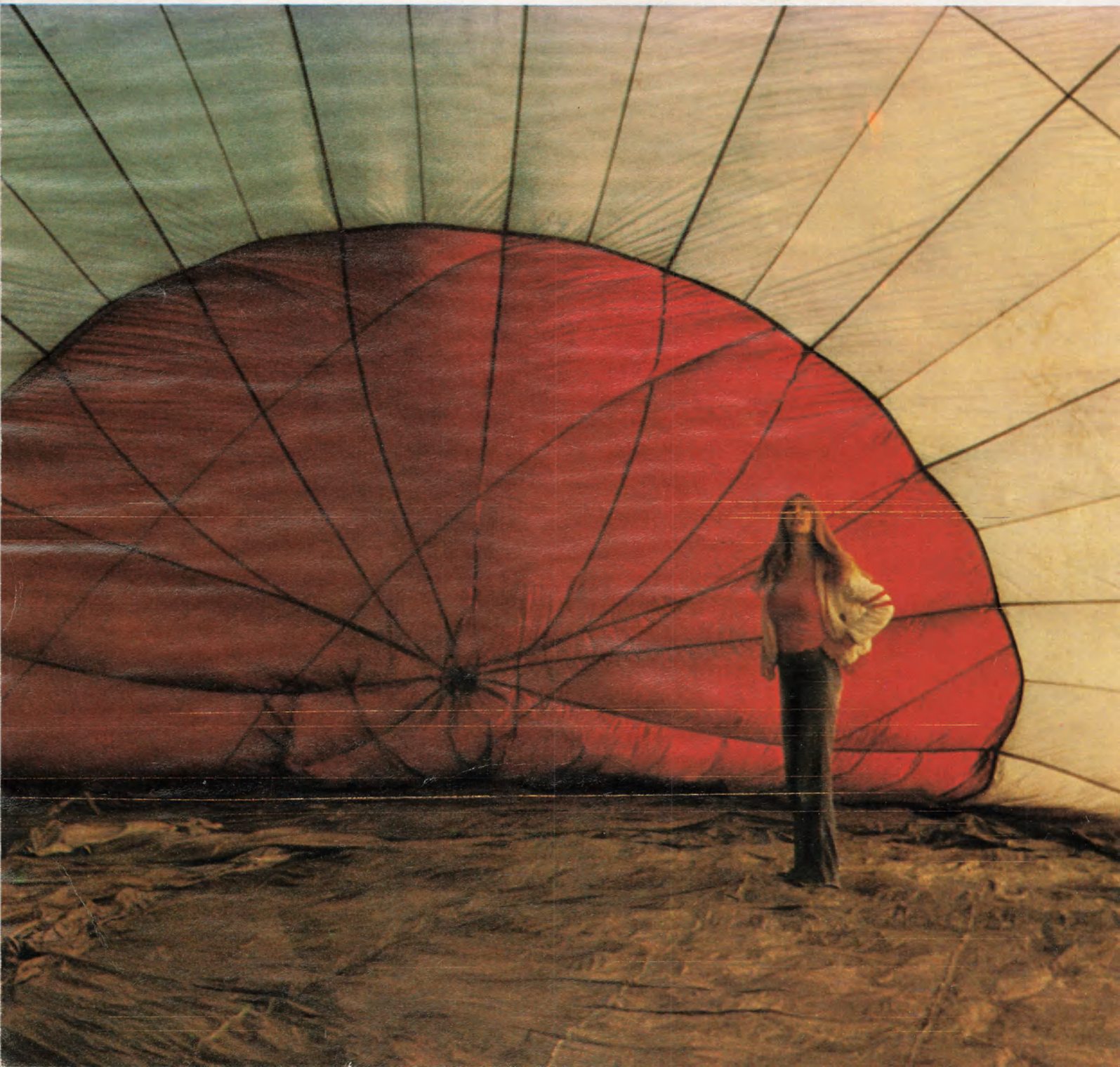
JEANNIE

"Sex in the great updoors, with your body floating inside and outside, is a sacred experience."

flying high

PHOTOGRAPHS BY JOHN COPELAND

"I don't like men who are full of hot air," says hazel-eyed, blonde-haired, full-bodied Jeannie Butler, grinning. "But I sure love balloons that are!" For years Jeannie's only upwardly mobile sport was backpacking in the foothills near her home in Santa Rosa, Calif. But several months ago she began seeing an engineer who flew hot-air balloons for a hobby. "When he asked me to go up, up, and away with him, I decided I'd had my feet firmly planted on the ground long enough!"



At the ripe old age of twenty, our 36-22-36-inch adventuress felt like Dorothy in *The Wizard of Oz*. And, she adds, "Sex in the great *up*doors, with your body floating on the inside *and* on the outside, is almost a sacred experience!"

"It isn't just being close to a man, either, that makes it so beautiful. I hate to sound so corny, but it's really that old 'one with nature' idea that makes the sex so intoxicating. I feel the same way about the beach where I jog every morning. It's simply exhilarating to be up when the moon is still in the sky and the sun is just appearing; I feel like I'm rising and shining with the new day."

Clothes and accessories courtesy of Grapevines, West Hollywood, Calif.; lingerie courtesy of 402 Shoes, West Hollywood, Calif., leather swimwear courtesy of John Spencer Originals, Hermosa Beach, Calif.

Hot-air balloons courtesy of Raven's Roost, Quartz Hill, Calif.; styling by Gigi.

Jeannie aims high in more practical areas as well. "I want to be a writer someday," she confides, "and since I knew my parents couldn't really afford to send me away to college, I earned a scholarship to U.C.L.A. I'm a positive thinker. So I tend to get positive reactions in return."

"When I got my first-semester grades and saw that I had three A's, I felt like I do when I'm up in the balloon with my lover: on cloud nine!" Next to her tale of love aloft as a sky pilot's partner, Jeannie's most memorable bedtime story was about the year she counseled at a nearby summer camp. "I was getting it on with one of the male counselors, and the top bunk we were on caved in, leaving us at a forty-five-degree angle to the ground. But it didn't bother my friend — he had an *incredible* sense of balance!"

"Sometimes I feel like that old thirties song "I Got Plenty of Nothin' " because I really enjoy free, natural things so much that I *feel* rich. You don't have to be particularly wealthy to build a driftwood fire with your lover on a beach and listen to the waves while you make a few of your own. Maybe someday I'll even write an erotic novel called *The Young Woman and the Sea*." Maybe, maybe . . .

Jeannie's attitude about appearing in *Penthouse* is typically adventurous. "I believe in allowing my body the freedom to explore every area of sensuality, no matter where it might take me," she says, giving us a look that makes us want to start packing. "Still, I never intend to depend on my looks entirely," she warns, "because I'm a bright girl, and a mind *is* a terrible thing to waste." We couldn't agree more, especially when it's wrapped in a heavenly body like Jeannie's.

STOP, THIEF!

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 67

Europe that within days an amazing thing happened in West Germany. Hermann Fredersdorf, the head of the German Tax Gatherers' Union, moved to head off a radical antitax movement by starting one himself. He and other tax collectors reasoned that their jobs would be safer if they directed and controlled the popular sentiment against taxes. Whether Fredersdorf is right in hoping that the public will support an antitax movement led by tax collectors, his attempt demonstrates the incredible fear of taxpayer revolt that Proposition 13 has engendered in politicians and bureaucrats everywhere. In Denmark Mogens Glistrup cited Proposition 13 as the inspiration for a renewed campaign "against income tax, against excessive bureaucracy, and against the proliferation of legislation." Glistrup, who heads the Progress party, the second largest in the Danish Parliament, says that tax rebellion in America "proves that common people can get together to solve these problems, which are essentially the same in all Western democracies."

While the whole world watches, millions of Americans are spontaneously rediscovering the meaning of our first successful taxpayer's revolt two centuries ago. They are rebelling against a government that costs too much and provides too little. The revolt was encouraged, as revolutionary sentiment always is, by "a long train of abuses" that rival those imposed by King George III when he created "a multitude of new offices" and "sent . . . swarms of officers to harass our people and eat out their substance."

The tax rebels today are honoring the substance of the first rebellion for independence, not with staged events, firecrackers, and parades, but with a new revolutionary struggle of their own. To succeed, they will have to overcome the vested opposition of almost every powerful group in society. Big business will oppose them. So will the giant trade union corporations. The news media have proved to be hostile. Educators won't help. They are largely dependent upon tax dollars for their salaries. So are the judges in the courts and the many men under arms who enforce the law. The entrenched bureaucracies and the powerful politicians will fight the tax revolution to the end. Whether it succeeds or fails, it can no longer be ignored. As of June 6, 1978, the tax policies of allegedly representative government will never again be the same.

On that day 4 million people participated in an act of rebellion. They voted for Proposition 13 (the Jarvis-Gann Amendment), which slashed their taxes by $7 billion. That single act is still reverberating around the world. As the staid British newspaper *The Economist* explained, there would henceforth be only three possibilities for democratic countries: (a) "an immediate and peaceful victory for the taxpayers' revolt; (b) a long, embittering public battle between entrenched, tax-spending government and the private man, manifesting itself eventually—say inside twenty years—in violence . . . ; or (c) a growth in the private guerrilla warfare of tax avoidance . . ." Whether *The Economist* exaggerates or not, the arithmetic of power has definitely been changed, not only in California but also everywhere people pay taxes. For the first time in modern memory ordinary citizens have turned politics upside down—by defeating the entire establishment complex of big government, the major banking institutions, labor unions, public utilities, giant educational enterprises, and the news media. What was supposed to be impossible has happened. *The people succeeded in reducing taxes.*

"It was," actress Elizabeth Ashley stated, "a declaration of war. That was its true significance. It was a sign that the middle class is fighting back."

To understand the situation better, consider what had happened in California prior to the June 6 vote. In the five preceding years, already-high property taxes had increased by 42.2 percent. Combined with the effects of soaring income, sales taxes, and mounting inflation, the real estate levies were simply too great for the average person to pay. Tax bills in some locales increased by hundreds, even thousands, of dollars each year. Overall, the average Californian was forced to pay about 3 percent of total value of his home to the government each year—with the prospects of paying still higher levies in the future.

> So weak and vulnerable is the high tax system that successful resistance by anyone anywhere has an electrifying worldwide impact.

Repeated calls for relief got no results from politicians. Instead of cutting taxes, they banked billions in surplus revenues while they debated new ways to spend money. Some estimates place the total tax surplus before Proposition 13 as high as $6.2 billion. When it became clear that the politicians would not act, a coalition of taxpayers, headed by Paul Gann and Howard Jarvis, took matters into their own hands by petitioning Proposition 13 onto the ballot as an amendment to the state constitution. More than 1,300,000 citizens joined in signing petitions to slash property taxes by 60 percent and prevent any increases in other taxes levied on Californians except by a two-thirds vote of the legislature.

Almost every elected official in both parties joined ranks in opposing Proposition 13. Gov. Jerry Brown, having almost no opposition in the Democratic primary, turned his reelection bid into a full-fledged campaign against the tax rebellion. Brown crisscrossed the state, speaking anywhere an audience could be gathered to denounce what he described as the "calamity" that would be brought upon the public if the tax reduction proposal were to pass.

Brown supported Proposition 8, the Behr Bill, a last-minute substitute for Proposition 13 that was authored by the California legislature. It, too, was supposed to reduce taxes but with a more limited scope. Its proponents, such as Governor Brown, called it a responsible alternative. The tax rebels did not see it that way. "It wouldn't do a thing," declared Paul Gann. "It would still allow tax increases almost as bad as we've been getting." Another tax revolt spokesman, Charles Crawford, warned that no one could be sure what Proposition 8 would do. "When they first wrote the thing, it was 30,000 words long. Then nobody could figure out what it meant. So they went back and amended it with 60,000 words in corrections."

Major newspapers, led by the *Los Angeles Times*, kept up an almost constant stream of editorials and news stories reflecting strong opposition to the tax reduction measure. The *Times* actually published figures purporting to show that taxpayers at every income level would somehow be financially better off if Proposition 13 was defeated. According to Crawford, a close look at the figures revealed how this conclusion was reached: "The *Times* had merely offset all tax reductions by assuming that lost revenues would be replaced by still higher taxes. Reports that income taxes would be increased by 150 percent were treated as fact." Scare stories also reported that sales taxes would be boosted to twelve cents on the dollar.

A possible reason for the *Times*'s strong stand against tax reduction was suggested by Crawford. "The *Times* is a major landholder in downtown Los Angeles. Prior to Proposition 13, it was profiting from redevelopment bonds that had substantially boosted property values for favored landholders at the expense of the taxpayer." Under Proposition 13, higher tax assessments on homeowners to redeem the development bonds were forbidden.

With lucrative debt collection practices in jeopardy, insurance companies, big banks, and other financial institutions put their considerable resources into the fight against tax reduction. A.W. Clausen, chairman of the Bank of America, led fundraising efforts that netted millions for advertisements against Proposition 13. Bank America Corporation itself contributed $25,000. California Federal Savings put up $10,000. And other major contributions came from TICOR Title Insurance Company, Lloyd's Bank of California, City National Bank, Redwood Bankcorp, and Co-

lumbia Savings and Loan.

One possible reason for the bankers' opposition was the fear that lower taxes might spare people from selling their homes. Every time high property taxes force an impoverished owner to sell, banks and other financial institutions have an opportunity to refinance the property at a higher price. With lower taxes, people can afford to live in their homes. Thus they are not forced to yield to other buyers—who must take out *larger* mortgages at a *higher* rate of interest. Wall Street analyst Lawrence Fuller of Drexel, Burnham, and Lambert says that the impact of lower taxes "will be negative on the earnings of the California bank-holding companies," partly because "the turnover of and financing of existing residential properties should decline markedly."

The prospect of tax reduction also stirred vigorous opposition from brokerage houses that have profited substantially from the marketing of state and local government bonds. The contribution list against Proposition 13 read like a Who's Who of brokerage houses and investment firms. Miller and Schroeder Municipals contributed $20,385. Other substantial contributors included Municorp of California, Paine Webber Jackson Curtis, Shearson Hayden Stone, L.F. Rothchild and Unterberg Towbin, E.F. Hutton, Dean Witter Reynolds, Blyth Eastman, Dillon and Company, The First Boston Corporation, Goldman Sachs and Company, Lazard Freres and Company, and Lehman Brothers, Kuhn Loeb, Inc. of New York. All told, thirty-four major brokerage firms contributed an average of more than $5,530 each to fight the Proposition 13 tax reduction.

Even big business interests that did not have a direct stake in California's housing and bond markets contributed staggering sums to oppose Proposition 13. Atlantic Richfield Corporation contributed $25,000. So did the Pacific Lighting Corporation, Pacific Mutual Life, and Southern California Edison Company. Standard Oil of California, the Southern Pacific Company, and Pacific Telephone each contributed $15,000. Other major contributors included Occidental Petroleum, Rockwell International, Lockheed of California, Hewlett-Packard Company, United States Steel, Kaiser Aluminum and Chemical Corporation, Hilton Hotels, the Coca-Cola Bottling Company of Los Angeles, Twentieth Century-Fox Corporation, and General Telephone Company.

Paul Gann believes that politicians blackmailed these company managements by threatening to increase taxes on business in the event that Proposition 13 passed. He says, "You know, a funny thing happened. We have an inventory tax in our state that taxes businesses on the goods they are not lucky enough to have sold. When Proposition 13 came along, the politicians repealed the inventory tax. That would have saved business in our state millions of dollars. But you know, they put a little catch in there. They said if Proposition 13 passes, the repeal of the inventory tax is null and void."

Whether or not Gann is correct in attributing the strong corporate opposition to Proposition 13 to the political blackmail of company managements, there is no doubt that big-business contributions went overwhelmingly to finance opposition to tax reduction. In fact, only two sizable corporations, Post International and Lassen Land Company, contributed more than $100 in support of Proposition 13. Another possible explanation, in addition to that suggested by Gann, was a simple desire by big business to maintain the status quo. It is a fact, long noted by some economists, that high taxes serve as a kind of subsidy to existing corporations. Prof. Colin Clark put it this way: "Many upholders of high taxation are sincere opponents of monopoly; but if taxation were lower and, especially, if undistributed profits were exempt from taxation, many businesses would spring up that would compete actively with the old established monopolies. As a matter of fact, present, excessive rates of taxation are one of the principle reasons for monopolies now being so strong."

> Proposition 13, said actress Elizabeth Ashley, "was a declaration of war. . . . It was a sign that the middle class is fighting back."

Not only businesses but also most other groups with a strong position in the status quo fought vigorously to oppose tax reduction. The California Teachers' Association and the State Board of Education were particularly active. Paul Gann said: "They tried their darndest to use our own children against us." In many locales teachers turned school sessions into broadsides against Proposition 13.

The California State Employees' Association, the California Supervisors Association, and the League of California Cities also joined in mounting a vigorous campaign against Proposition 13. Television ads from the protax forces played on every emotional fear of the electorate. For example, viewers were treated to scenes of elderly pensioners being brutally mugged by hoodlums. This, they were told, would be everyone's fate if Proposition 13 passed, because the police department would have to be dismissed because of a shortage of funds. Similarly, taxpayers were warned that their homes would burn down for lack of a fire department, garbage would pile up without the taxes which would pay for sanitation workers, and the streets in front of their homes would never be paved again. When even some government workers failed to take these alarms seriously, some municipalities decided to reinforce the point by issuing provisional pink slips to all civic employees, firing them in the event that Proposition 13 passed.

In the end, it did not matter. After intense exposure to the protax propaganda, the voters turned around and disobeyed their instructions. Paul Gann summed up the battle in amazement: "For the first time in 6,000 years of recorded history, Proposition 13 brought together capital, labor, management, education, and bureaucracy—all goose-stepping down life's highway together to defeat Proposition 13. And we still beat the hell out of them."

That was the beginning of the Second American Taxpayer's Revolt. It had an immediate impact upon politics. Almost every politician immediately sought to identify with tax revolt sentiment. President Carter announced from the White House that he supported Proposition 13, a position that he had never indicated *before* the voting on June 6. Gov. Jerry Brown, who had fought against tax reduction, made an abrupt about-face and began to portray himself as an ardent advocate of tax cutting. Among the few politicians who remained advocates of higher taxes and more government spending, Rep. Donald Fraser and Massachusetts Gov. Michael Dukakis were defeated by tax-cut candidates.

Clearly, the tax revolt is not confined to California. An NBC news poll, described by David Brinkley as "simply startling, stunning," showed that 37 percent of the American people say that they would refuse to pay taxes unless politicians move to slash government spending and cut the tax rates. In almost every state and community throughout the country, people are converting this deep tax revolt feeling into organized action. They are staging local tax revolts, petitioning tax-slashing initiatives to the ballot, and organizing to support constitutional amendments to limit the power of politicians to spend money. The new antitax sentiment is not focused merely on property levies; it is directed toward almost every kind of tax imaginable. Individuals and groups are turning their ire against federal income taxes, city income taxes, excise taxes, inheritance taxes, sales taxes, meal taxes, gasoline taxes, renter's taxes, import taxes, social-security payroll taxes, and, above all, the hidden inflation tax, which annually takes more than $1,000 from every American family.

Like the original tax rebels who instigated the American Revolution, today's middle-class revolutionaries are fed up with a government that they believe stands between them and the good life. Tax resister James Tobin puts it this way: "America was founded in a tax revolution. If the politicians don't wake up soon, we're going to have the same thing again."

THE WATER

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 96

Arthur waiting in a strange place, a strange bed. He had known that Crunch was tall—now he had abruptly seen, as Crunch bent through the doorway, how *long* he was. He had always liked Crunch's face. Now he had somehow memorized the high cheekbones, like those of an Indian, and how the long, narrow eyes slanted slightly upward and how one eyebrow was always faintly lifted—maybe that was why he almost always looked as though he was about to make fun of you. The nose was long and hooked *like an Indian? like a Jew?* and two small knobs of bone gleamed faintly on either side of the forehead, just below the hairline. The lips were heavy and full, seemed always ready to smile, or to open in a grin, showing the long, straight, white teeth. The neck and arms and shoulders were powerful. Arthur shifted and turned toward the window. The shade was still drawn, the curtains still closed. Crunch was older than Arthur, but Arthur suddenly saw that Crunch was very, very young. He wanted to take Crunch in his arms and protect him—from the dawn and the road and the cars and the trees outside.

They ate their hominy grits and bacon and eggs, held in their silence, surrounded by the noise. Arthur watched Crunch, laughing and joking and making noise; he watched himself, laughing and joking and making noise. He made sounds to the host and hostess of the rooming house, and to whoever else, the other roomers who were there. Peanut's color glowed like peanut butter and honey, and Red's broad, brown, speckled face made Arthur see, as though for the first time, his light brown chocolate eyes. Everything hurt, the napkins and the tablecloth hurt, the black coffee, as the lady poured it, hurt, his smile, when he looked up and said, *Thank you, ma'am*, hurt, the sunlight, relentlessly rising to send him on their way, filling the dining room, crashing in the kitchen among all the pots and pans, thundering in the voices, heard from far away and yet too near, of the cook and the servants—servants?—and the man scouring the pots, hurt, assaulted, began to devastate Arthur, and the telephone rang somewhere and someone said, *Excuse me a moment*, and someone else said, *I sure hope you boys enjoy yourselves down here*, and Webster said, *We better make a move*, and Red rose first, and Arthur's heart shook, and then Peanut wiped his lips with the white napkin and smiled, and it hurt, and someone else said, *Bam-bam, to Birmingham!* and laughter filled the room exactly like the sunlight, and it hurt. And all this time, Crunch had been seated two seats away, laughing and joking and making noise, not looking at him, and yet, and Arthur knew it, entirely concentrated on him, and it hurt. He wanted to run, run, wanted to be with Crunch, somewhere, forever, wanted Crunch to take him in his arms, he did not know what he wanted, the small of his back was wet with terror, *Is this my life?* My *life?* and, to compound this terror, his imagination, like a newly wiped blackboard, held nothing at all, no images at all. Crunch's smell was in his nostrils, the overwhelming image of the hair in his armpits, the basketball player's thighs and ankles, *deep like a river*, Arthur thought, insanely, his arms, his arms. Then, suddenly, silence dropped on him like a heavy cloud, he looked up, everyone was rising. There was Crunch, on his feet, laughing and joking and making noise, and there was, suddenly, the young lady who had driven all the way back here, this morning, in her father's automobile, to say good-bye to Crunch, and Crunch was holding her lightly in his arms, and it hurt, and Arthur wiped his lips with the white, abrasive, fiery napkin and rose, and, for the first time in his life, the act of rising to his feet made him tremble with anguish, and he shook hands with all the people, and he smiled and he smiled and he heard his voice falling all around his ears from about 27 million miles above his head; his feet, just the same, seemed to be on the ground—though his shoes, suddenly, were too tight, his ankles ached, his toenails seemed to bite into him, suddenly, like the claws of a crab, sweat dripped down inside his clothes, from his armpits, from the back of his neck, from all his secret places, and down the inside of his thighs; and Crunch, as though he had known all this all along, looked up, abruptly, looked him directly in his eyes, and said, with a smile that no one else could see—and Arthur saw this; it helped him to move; he had, in truth, been paralyzed—*Come on, little fellow, bam-bam, to Birmingham!* He had one arm around the young lady. With the other arm, he reached out and pulled Arthur to him, he introduced them to each other, Arthur smiled and said the Lord alone knows what, and it hurt, it hurt, it hurt.

> Deep, deep within him, an absolutely new trembling begins. He does not know if this is happiness, no words are in his mind, but he has never been so high and lifted up before.

They hurried to their room, to pack. They did not have much to pack. Arthur was wet; he was trembling. Crunch locked the door behind them and stood against the door.

Arthur stood in the center of the room. Crunch watched him.

"What's the matter?"

"Nothing."

He picked up his suitcase and tried to begin to pack. But he was young, and he started to cry.

For a second more, Crunch watched him.

"What you crying about?"

"Nothing!"

But he looked up at Crunch, with tears spilling down his face; he turned away and fell on the bed.

Crunch fell on the bed on top of Arthur and turned Arthur to face him and held him in his arms. Crunch wrapped himself around him, arms and legs, held Arthur more tightly than he had ever been held, and kissed him, first like a brother and then like a lover.

He leaned up, and Arthur opened his eyes.

"What you got to cry about?"

Arthur simply stared at Crunch. He wanted Crunch never to leave him, never to take his arms away.

"Come on, little fellow. We only got a minute. They be knocking on the door in a minute."

Arthur said, terrified, and, at the same time, suddenly at peace, holding on to Crunch, "I'm in love."

Crunch said, gravely, after a moment, "That's why you was crying?"

Arthur nodded.

"I don't understand. Who you in love with? The young lady? With the automobile?"

Arthur found that he was able to laugh.

"No."

Crunch laughed, too, his belly rumbling against Arthur's belly—in silence: as though their bellies were one.

"With who, then?"

Arthur caught his breath. He watched Crunch's eyes.

"With you. I'm in love. With you."

And he caught his breath again. He watched Crunch. Doors began opening down the hall.

"Well—what did I tell you, last night?"

Crunch smiled; then Arthur smiled.

Crunch shook him, lightly.

"Come on—what did I say?"

"You said—you and me."

"What else did I say?"

"You said you loved me."

"And you don't believe me?"

"I believe you. I . . . just got scared."

"Why?"

"I've never been in love before," Arthur said, so helplessly that Crunch kissed him again, laughed, kissed him again, and laughed, and stood up.

"Throw them rags in your bag, little fellow, before they come knocking on this door. Come on, now."

Arthur rose and returned to his suitcase.

"I never thought," said Arthur, "that a man could be in love with a man."

Crunch laughed, unlocked, and opened the door.

"I never thought about it, neither, love. But I'm sure thinking about it now." He

winked, and his whole face changed, holding a kind of mocking, friendly, unabashed desire. "Tell you one thing, you sure ain't got nothing to cry about." He said, to Webster, who suddenly appeared in the doorway, "Ready, man, two seconds is all we need." Webster disappeared.

They both closed their suitcases, and Crunch said, in that downhome country-boy preacher's voice, a voice that Arthur was beginning to feel had been meant for his ears alone because it gave him such delight, "We going to be together." He looked down the hall, which was empty; everyone was waiting for them on the porch.

For a second they stood in the doorway, and then Crunch touched Arthur's face, lightly. "Come on." He closed their door behind them. They started toward the voices on the porch. Crunch laughed, low in his throat; he whispered, "You think, just because I'm bigger than you, that I can't be in love?"

Birmingham. Peanut, Red, and Crunch at a local poolroom. Arthur alone in his room. He lay there for a long time, numb, as empty as the listening silence, stunned. He lay on his back. The air did not move. He did not move. The sun would not move, the earth, the stars, the moon, the planets, whatever held it all together, the big wheel and the little wheel, and the boulder of his sorrow, which had dropped on him and pinned him to this bed—nothing would move, until he saw Crunch. He fell asleep.

Crunch shook him, gently. The room was half dark, not dark yet. Crunch sat on the edge of the bed, looking at him carefully, with that eyebrow raised, half smiling, half frowning.

"You feel better?"

Arthur stared, saying nothing; then he smiled.

"You're back."

"Of course I'm back. You feel better?"

Arthur moved and put his head in Crunch's lap, holding on to him and staring up at him.

The room grew darker. They were alone. Crunch leaned down and kissed him. Arthur held on to Crunch with all his strength, with all his tears, tears he had not yet begun to shed. Crunch leaned up.

"Let me lock the door," he whispered.

Arthur sat up and watched Crunch lock the door.

He did it very elaborately and then turned, grinning, with one finger to his lips.

"We all alone, now, little fellow. Ain't nobody on this floor but us. And it's Saturday night, anyway, *everybody's* out." He grinned, and then his face changed, and he stood at the door, looking at Arthur.

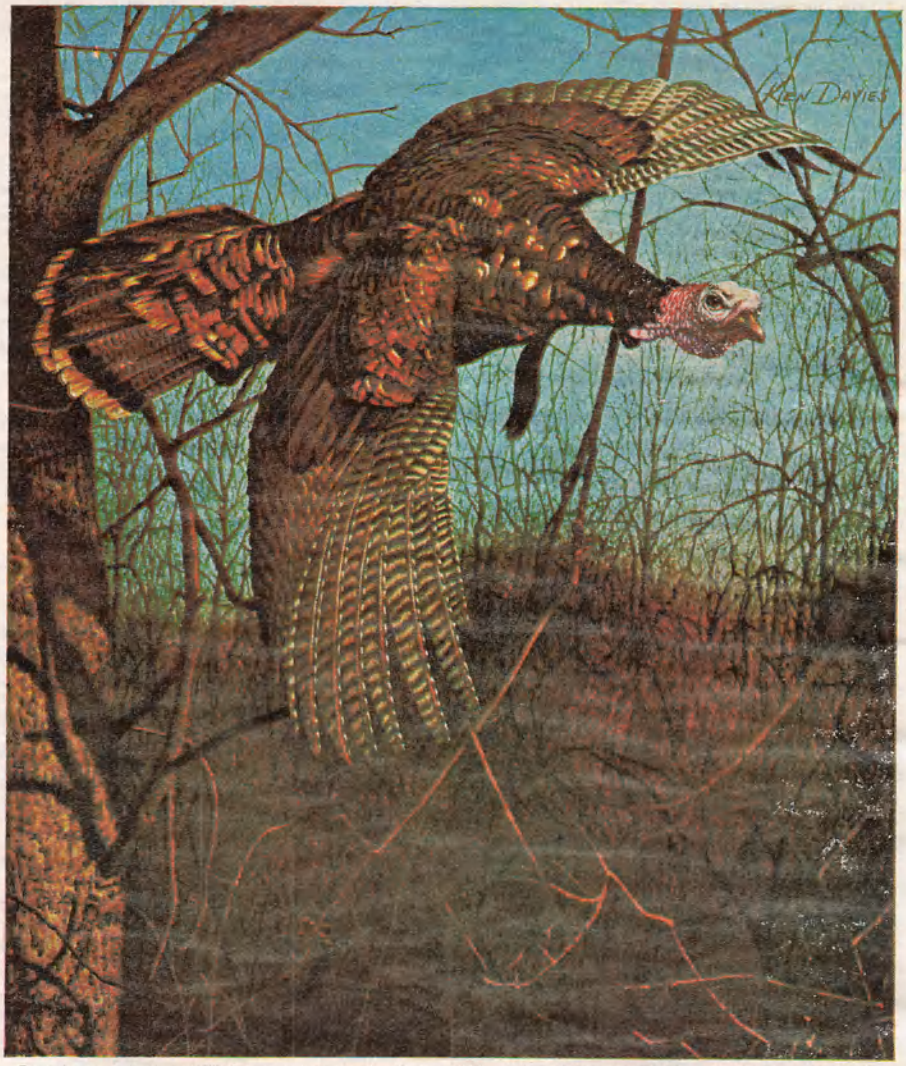
"Where's Peanut and Red?"

Arthur was whispering, and Crunch whispered, "I left them in the poolroom. They found some friends."

"They coming back?"

"I told them I was taking you someplace."

He sat down on the bed again and started taking off his shoes. He looked over at Arthur. "Did I do right?"



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"Sure," Arthur said very softly.

"Get under the covers."

Arthur watched as Crunch stripped. Crunch was whistling, low in his throat: and it came to Arthur, with great astonishment, that Crunch was whistling because he was happy—was happy to be here, with Arthur. Arthur watched, as Crunch unbuttoned his shirt, watched the long, dark fingers against the buttons, and the cloth, watched the cloth fly across the room, to land on the other bed, watched as he unbuckled his belt, dropped his trousers, raising one knee, then the other, sitting on the bed again to pull the trousers past the big feet, then folding the trousers, and rising, to place them on the other bed, pulling off his undershirt, kicking off his shorts, his whole, long, black self padding to the small sink, where he looked, briefly, into the mirror, ran cold water, gargled, his dark body glowing in the darkening room, a miracle of spinal column, neck to buttocks, shoulders and shoulder blades, elbows, wrists, thighs, ankles, a miracle of bone and blood and muscle and flesh and music. Arthur was still wearing his undershirt and his shorts. He hated being naked in front of anyone. Nakedness was a confession, a vow. Arthur was frightened; then, he wasn't frightened, but he found that he could not move. He could not take off his undershirt. He could not take off his shorts. Crunch turned, and Arthur, in a kind of peaceful terror, watched as the face and the eyes in that face and the neck and the chest and the nipples on the chest and the ribs and the long, flat belly and the belly button and the jungle of hair spinning upward from the long, dark, heavy, swinging sex approached, and Crunch got under the covers and took Arthur in his arms.

Crunch sighed, a weary, trusting sigh, and put his hands under Arthur's undershirt and pulled it over Arthur's head, and, suddenly, they both laughed, a whispering laugh. Crunch dropped the undershirt on the floor.

"That's called progress," Crunch whispered, "and, now," he said, "let's see what we can do down yonder."

He put his hands at Arthur's waist, pulled the shorts down, got them past one foot, Arthur's prick rose.

Crunch stroked it and grinned. "That's enough progress, for now," he said, but he put his rigid sex against Arthur's, and, then, they simply lay there, holding on to each other, unable to make another move. They really did not know where another move might carry them. Arthur was afraid in one way, and Crunch in another. It was also as though they had expended so much energy to arrive at this moment that they had to fall out and catch their breath; this moment was almost enough. But it was only a moment: the train was boarded, the engine ready to roll. They held on to each other. This might be their beginning; it might be the beginning of the end. The train was boarded, the engine pulsing, great doors were slamming shut behind them, the train would soon be moving, a journey had begun. They might lose each other on this journey; nothing could be hidden on this journey. They might look at each other, miles from now, when the train stopped at some unimaginable place, and wish never to see each other again. They might be ashamed, they might be debased, and they might be forever lost.

Arthur was less frightened than Crunch. He simply held on to Crunch and stroked him and kissed him, for, in the center of his mind's eye was Crunch gone, Crunch forever gone, and, now that he had found him, his mind became as still and empty as the winter sky at the thought of losing him. He held this blankness as far inside him as he held his tears—for something told him that Crunch could not bear his tears, could not bear anybody's tears. Tears were a weapon you could use against Crunch.

And Crunch—ah, Crunch. He held Arthur, falling in love—falling in love with the little fellow. Crunch was older than Arthur, lonelier than Arthur, knew more about himself than Arthur knew. He had never been on this train, true; but he had been landed in some desolate places. He held him closer, falling in love, his prick stiffening, his need rising, his hope rising, the train began to move. Arthur held him closer, and Crunch moved closer, becoming more naked, praying that Arthur would receive

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his body in all its nakedness.

His long self covered Arthur, his tongue licked Arthur's nipples, his armpits, his belly button. He did not dare go further; yet, shaking, he raised himself to Arthur's lips. He took Arthur's sex in his fist.

"Do me like I do you," he whispered. "Little fellow, come on, this is just the beginning," and Arthur, with a kind of miraculous understanding, kissed Crunch's nipples, slid down to kiss his sex, moved up to his lips again. As he felt Crunch pulsing, he pulsed with Crunch, coaxed the pulsing vein at the underside of the organ as Crunch coaxed his, scarcely breathing. Crunch groaned, *little fellow*, groaned again, they seemed to hang for a second in a splintered, blinding air, then Crunch's sperm shot out against Arthur's belly, Arthur's shot against his. It was as though each were coming through the other's sex.

They lay in each other's arms.

Crunch looked into his Arthur's eyes.

"Hi."

"Hi, yourself."

Their breathing slowed. Neither wanted to move.

"You think we making progress?"

"I'm with you."

They laughed, holding on to each other, wet with each other.

Crunch asked, shyly, "Do you still love me?"

"Maybe we should make some more progress."

Crunch shook with laughter, silently, and Arthur shook with joy, watching him.

"Right now?"

"Whenever you ready."

"Oh, come on!"

"That's what I said."

"You—you something."

"I love you. I'd do anything for you."

Crunch watched him.

"For true?"

"For true."

Crunch held him tighter.

"I want to make love with you—every way possible. I don't care what happens—as long as I can hold you." He watched Arthur's eyes, but he was beginning to feel at peace.

"You want to make progress. *I'll* make progress. We'll make progress together."

"You and me, then?"

"You and me."

The room was dark. They heard the night outside. They did not want to leave each other's arms.

Crunch asked, "You hungry?"

"No, not now."

"You want to wash up?"

"No. Not yet."

"What you want to do, then?"

"Maybe sleep a little—next to you."

"Okay."

They curled into each other spoon fashion, Arthur cradled by Crunch.

They did not sleep long. Arthur woke up and peed in the sink, as quietly as possible. He ran the water as quietly as possible. He lifted the shade and looked out of the window. It was night; he guessed it to be around nine or ten o'clock. There were not as many people in the street as there would have been on a Saturday night, in Harlem. Most of the people were already inside some place, or they were on their way, and their voices and their music, muffled, filled the air, filled the room. He dropped the shade.

Crunch lay as he had left him. One arm was at his side; one arm lay stretched where Arthur had been. His breathing was deep and slow; yet Arthur sensed that Crunch was not entirely lost in sleep. Arthur crawled back into bed, pulling the covers back up. The moment he crawled into bed, Crunch, still sleeping, pulled Arthur into his arms.

And yet Crunch lay as one helpless. Arthur was incited by this helplessness, the willing helplessness of the body in his arms. He kissed Crunch, who moaned but did not stir. He ran his hands up and down the long body. He seemed to discover the mystery of geography, of space and time, the lightning flash of tension between one—moment?—one breath and the next breath. The breathing in, the breathing out. The miracle of air, entering, and the chest rose; the miracle of air transformed into the miracle of breath, coming out, into your face, mixed with Pepsi-Cola, hamburgers, mustard, whatever was in the bowels; and the chest fell. He lay in this urgency for a while, terrified and happy.

He held Crunch closer, running his fingers up and down the barely tactile complex telegraph system of the spine. His hands dared to discover Crunch's beautiful buttocks, his ass, his behind. He stroked the gift between his legs, which held the present and the future. Their sex became rigid. Crunch growled, turned on his back, still holding Arthur.

Arthur moved, in Crunch's arms, belly to belly. Pepsi-Cola, mustard and onions and hamburgers and Crunch's rising prick. Crunch moaned. Arthur knew something that he did not know he knew—he did not know that he knew that Crunch waited for Arthur's lips at his neck. Arthur's tongue at the nipples of his chest. Pepsi-Cola, mustard, hamburgers, ice cream, surrendered to funkier, unknown odors. Crunch moaned, again surrendering, surrendering, as Arthur's tongue descended down Crunch's long black self, down to the raging penis. He licked the underside of the penis, feeling it leap, and he licked the balls. He was setting Crunch free—he was giving Crunch what he, somehow, knew that Crunch longed for and feared to give him. He took the penis into his mouth; it moved, with the ease of satin, past his lips, into his throat. For a moment, he was terrified: what now? For the organ was hard and huge and throbbing. Crunch's hands came down, but lightly, on Arthur's head; he began to thrust upward, but carefully, into Arthur's mouth.

Arthur understood Crunch's terror—the

"A mighty corrupt little country you've got here, son. Here's 150 cozeiros for the girl, 50 cozeiros for you, 25 cozeiros for the hotel manager, 10 cozeiros for the police chief, 10 cozeiros for the prime minister, 5 cozeiros for the ambassador to the United Nations."

terror of someone in the water, being carried away from the shore—and this terror, which was his own terror, soon caused him to gasp, to attempt to pull away, at the same time that he held on. His awareness of Crunch's terror helped him to overcome his own. He had never done this before. In the same way that he knew how Crunch feared to be despised—by Arthur—he knew, too, that he, now, feared to be despised, by Crunch. *Cocksucker*.

Well. It was Crunch's cock, and so he sucked it with all the love that was in him, and a moment came when he felt that love being trusted and returned. A moment came when he felt Crunch pass from a kind of terrified bewilderment into joy. A friendly, a joyful movement, began. *So high, you can't get over him*.

Sweat from Arthur's forehead fell onto Crunch's belly.

So low—and Crunch gasped as Arthur's mouth left his prick standing in the cold, cold air, as Arthur's tongue licked his sacred balls—*you can't get under him*. Arthur rose, again, to Crunch's lips. *So high. You can't get around him*. It was as though, with this kiss, they were forever bound together. Crunch moaned, in an absolute agony, and Arthur went down again.

"Little fellow. Baby. Love."

You must come in at the door.

He held the prick in his mouth again, sensing, awaiting the eruption. He, and he alone, had dragged it up from the depths of his lover.

"Oh. Little fellow."

Then, shaking like an earthquake, "Oh, my love. Oh, love." Birmingham was still. The world was still. Nothing moved in the heavens. "Oh. Love."

Curious, the taste, as it came, leaping, to the surface: of Crunch's prick, of Arthur's tongue, into Arthur's mouth and throat. He was frightened but triumphant. He wanted to sing. The taste was volcanic. This taste, the aftertaste, this anguish, and this joy had changed all tastes forever. The bottom of his throat was sore; his lips were weary. Every time he swallowed, from here on, he would think of Crunch, and this thought made him smile as, slowly, now, and in a peculiar joy and panic, he allowed Crunch to pull him up, upward, into his arms.

He dared to look into Crunch's eyes. Crunch's eyes were wet and deep, *deep like a river*, and Arthur found that he was smiling *when peace like a river*.

Arthur asked Crunch, "All right? Do you feel all right?"

Crunch put Arthur's head on his chest and ran one long hand up and down Arthur's body.

"You're the most beautiful thing ever happened to me, baby," he said. "That's how I feel." Then, "Thank you, Arthur."

"For what?" Arthur asked—teasing, bewildered, triumphant—and safe in Crunch's arms.

"For loving me," Crunch said.

After a moment, he pulled up the covers. They went to sleep, spoon fashion, Arthur cradling Crunch. O+H

PEOPLE WHO ENJOY JACK DANIEL'S, generally like Herb Fanning and his signs.

Herb runs a little store here in Lynchburg. And it's full of old things reproduced from Mr. Jack Daniel's day. For instance, there's a bar sign that also tells the temperature; a wall plaque designed around the 1904 World's Fair; and some old-time posters, mirrors and serving trays. If you'd like to own any of these items, just jot Herb a note at The Lynchburg Hardware Store. He'll send you full particulars.

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BRUTE FORCE

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 121

teristics of their bikes while incorporating new engine types, shaft drives, triple-disc brakes, electronic ignition systems, mag wheels, tubeless tires, full instrumentation, and other goodies.

The motorcycles discussed in this article are not for beginners, who would be much better off starting with bikes in the 400-to-600CC range. These new monster bikes are for advanced or expert riders, whose reflexes have been conditioned to handle the weight (from 500 to 700 pounds) and the enormous power available at the flick of a wrist. Any one of the bikes mentioned here can easily outaccelerate any production car in the world, including such exotic cars as the Porsche Turbo Carrera and Lamborghini Countach. These machines have power-to-weight ratios hovering in the range of five to seven pounds per horsepower; operating one is like driving an 800-horsepower station wagon.

KAWASAKI

Kawasaki's "Z" Model, first of the monster bikes, is available in three models for 1979. The standard model is now designated the KZ 1000 MK II. Its 1015CC DOHC (double-overhead-cam) four-cylinder engine delivers 93 horsepower. The top speed is more than 130 mph, and twelve-second standing quarter-miles are on tap. Disc brakes front and rear handle the stopping action. The KZ 1000 LTD, a chopperish version of the standard model, featuring extended forks, sixteen-inch rear tire, stepped seat, swept-back handlebars, and triple-perforated disc brakes, has become a big seller. New this year is the KZ 1000 ST model, which incorporates shaft drive and leading axle forks.

By the time that this article is published, Kawasaki will have introduced the KZ 1300, a 120-horsepower, six-cylinder DOHC water-cooled, shaft-driven sports-and-touring bike weighing 650 pounds. It will undoubtedly encroach upon the big Harley's milieu.

YAMAHA

Yamaha's entry in the big-bike sweepstakes is the brutish XS Eleven. Close to 100 horsepower is available from its 1100CC four-cylinder engine. Transistor-controlled ignition, shaft drive, cast alloy wheels, comfortable saddle, and cushy suspension have made the lightning-fast "Eleven" extremely popular as a high-speed touring bike. The "Eleven" is also available in the "Special" model with pull-back handlebars, extended forks, stepped seat, megaphone exhaust pipes, and wide-profile rear tire.

HONDA

The only production bike in the world faster than the Yamaha Eleven is Honda's incredible CBX. Designed from the ground up around its six-cylinder, twenty-four-valve, DOHC 1047CC engine, the 103-horsepower CBX accelerates in a smooth rush of power that must be experienced to be believed. Running the standing quarter-mile in just over eleven seconds, the CBX tops out at 140 mph. An optional CBX "Grand Prix" kit features low handlebars and rear-set foot pegs. Special "V"-rated high-speed tires are also available.

SUZUKI

Just a hair behind the Yamaha Eleven and Honda CBX in straight-line performance is Suzuki's top-of-the-line GS 1000. Powered by a 1000CC four-cylinder DOHC engine, the GS 1000 runs sub-twelve-second quarter-miles and is capable of reaching well over 130 mph. Its sizzling performance notwithstanding, the big Suzuki's forte is handling. A rigid frame, five-way adjustable rear shock absorbers, and air-assisted forks make its mountain road handling qualities evocative of much lighter British sports bikes of a decade ago. The deluxe "E" version of the GS 1000 features triple-disc brakes, mag style wheels, special high-speed tires, stepped saddle, self-canceling turn signals, and a special paint job.

> These new monster bikes are for advanced riders, whose reflexes can handle the enormous power available at the flick of a wrist.

BMW

BMW motorcycles are often referred to as the Rolls-Royces of the motorcycle world. That is certainly an appropriate label (for quality as well as price) for the R100RS, the flagship of the BMW fleet. Powered by a 1000CC overhead valve and flat opposed twin engine with shaft drive, the R100RS sports a full race-type fairing, mag wheels, adjustable shocks, triple-disc brakes, full instrumentation (including a volt meter and quartz clock with a sweep second hand), built-in cable lock, and complete tool kit. Gemlike detailing, space capsule design, high reliability and resale value make the big "Beemer" a highly desired machine even at twice the price of some of its competitors.

DUCATI and MOTO GUZZI

Italy produces the best-handling big bikes in the world—period. Ducatis and Moto Guzzis may not be so fast as some of the Japanese cannons mentioned above, but they're definitely in a league of their own on winding mountain roads.

The "Dukes" are powered by 864CC "V" twins with desmodromic valve actuation that eliminates valve springs and valve float at high rpms. Long wheelbases, low centers of gravity, Ceriani forks, and Marzocchi shock absorbers combine to give the "Dukes" their superb handling. The standard model is the GTS, which is equipped with wire wheels, single front disc, and normal valve actuation. The top of the Ducati line is the 900 SD "Darmah," with desmodromic valves, gold magnesium wheels, and triple-vented disc brakes.

The Moto Guzzi SP is one of the world's most beautiful bikes. Shaft driven by a 949CC overhead valve "V" twin, the gemlike SP wears a semirace fairing with built-in spoilers that hold the front end firmly on the ground at high speeds. It is also the only make that uses interconnected brakes, whereby a portion of the rear-wheel braking force is bled off into one of the two front discs for even more stopping power; the second front disc is controlled in the conventional manner. Fast and stable, the SP is a finely wrought compromise between touring and sports bikes.

HARLEY-DAVIDSON

No article on big bikes would be complete without mention of the much-loved and maligned Harley-Davidsons. Powered by big, overhead-valve "V" twins, the Harleys come in three sizes. At the head of the line is the limited-edition FLH Classic Electra Glide, tipping the scales at 722 pounds. The Classic and its slightly more Spartan brother, the FLH 80 Electra Glide, are powered by 1340CC versions of the basic "V" twin. Bricklike dependability, deeply cushioned saddles, and plenty of storage space make for long, effortless hours on the open road. A slightly less powerful version, the FLH 1200, is also available.

The 1000CC Harley Sportster has become an American classic in past years and is now available in three versions: the XLH with electric starter; the XLCH with kick start; and the new XLS Deluxe version with lower stepped saddle, special trim, and slightly longer wheelbase.

In between the Sportsters and the big Electra Glides are three 1200CC stretched Sportster-like models designated "Low Rider," "Super Glide," and "Fat Bob," all variations on the same theme with different tanks, seats, and trim.

Stage four of the big bike race is just about to begin. In the works at different manufacturers are "V4," "V6," and "V8" engines. The fabled Norton marque of Great Britain is to be reborn with a rotary engine. Suspension systems are being refined à la the Suzuki GS 1000. A bewildering new array of 500, 650, 750, 850, and 900CC machines are available. It's a bike nut's dream come true. Plunk down your money, squeeze on your new hundred-dollar helmet, and watch out for the smokeys.

OUR LADY OF CARNAL DESIRE

Possessed and driven by an insane desire, King Phoenix and his daughter Smyrna conceived a forbidden child, Adonis, who would become the boy-lover of Aphrodite, goddess of love.

BY BERNARD EVSLIN

Phoenix ruled a seagoing people who named their country Phoenicia in his honor. It occupied that blood-soaked strip of land that fronts the Mediterranean and has changed hands a thousand times since and is now called Lebanon.

The king had a daughter named Smyrna. She was maddeningly beautiful, with long, tapering legs; alert, succulent, hand-sized breasts; and huge, dark eyes. When she passed, the young men used to kneel in the dust and howl like dogs. Indeed, animals attended her. She cast a thick pollen of desire where she went. Goats broke their tethers and gamboled after her. Near the castle, in hedge and alley, on wall and fence, the eyes of tomcats jelled in a bestiality of light; their weird voices burned the night, crying murder and amour. And the people began to worship her, saying that she was more beautiful than Aphrodite herself, the goddess of carnal love.

One day her father called her to him and said: "You are young for marriage, I know. Still, you are ripe enough to be sending all my young men out of their minds. If I don't marry you off soon, there won't be a man of military age in the kingdom with wit enough to pull his sword out of his scabbard."

"But, father, I don't want to be married. I'm happy here with you."

"Thank you, child, but that has nothing to do with it."

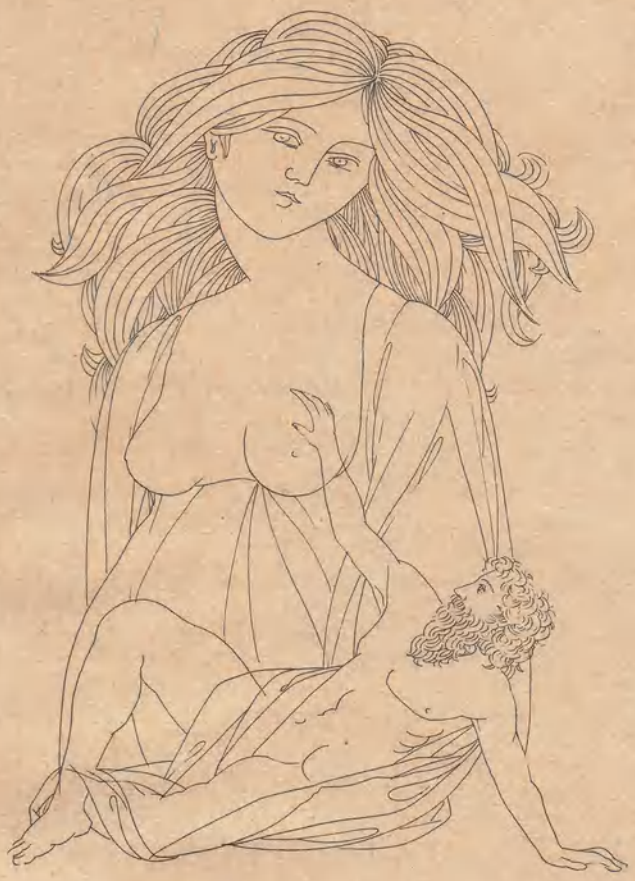
"Oh, father, truly I have seen no one I could wed. If I am as beautiful as Aphrodite, as people say, shall I not wait for a suitor splendid as a god?"

Phoenix glared at her from under his tangled, white eyebrows. "I don't know any better way to remain unmarried," he said. "Gods are not always available for matrimony. You may have to settle for something human."

Smyrna knelt and kissed her father's foot—for that was the custom in Phoenicia—and departed. But this conversation was to prove fatal. Her boastful words were blown swiftly by rumorous winds to the court of Aphrodite.

Now Aphrodite, of course, is the most jealous

From the forthcoming novel, *Aphrodite*.



of all the gods and goddesses—who are notorious for jealousy. When she heard the words of Smyrna, she hissed with fury, like a swan pelted with gravel, and resolved on a terrible punishment.

"So . . . ," she said to herself. "This Smyrna person presumes to set herself up as my rival, does she? A monstrous passion may teach the little slut some humility. Yes-s-s . . . I will inspire her with a truly disastrous preference."

She dispatched Ignes upon this task. He was a suave, red-hot imp, a master of special yens. He flew to the court of Phoenix, entered the castle, and found Smyrna's bedchamber. Thereupon he disguised himself as her lapdog, a shaggy, cuddlesome little beast with sad, prune eyes and affectionate manners, which she allowed to burrow under the sheets at night.

Smyrna woke from a dream of blood. She was frightened. Her hands searched for the dog. She cuddled the woolly little animal to her breast—felt him licking her. And she was shocked to find her nipples hardening at the touch of the hot little tongue. She felt a strange shuddering heat start in her breasts and spread through her body.

She tried to call the old woman, her nurse, but her voice came out in a wild, moaning, nymphic cry, unrecognizable. Then, in the hallway, she heard the clank of metal and the familiar calm, ironical voice of her father instructing a sentry.

She listened, panting. She drank the voice like cool water. The coolness washed over her, laving her heat. She stumbled to the bed, moaning with pleasure, and lay down and fell asleep.

Lying there, her dusky body flaming on the white sheets, Smyrna dreamed of her father. When she knelt to him and kissed his foot, he reached with his sword and laid its blade across her back. Then, delicately wielding the sword, he stroked each of her swollen, aching breasts, traced a path down her belly and between her legs to her groin, then let its dripping point kiss the raw lips of her vulva.

When she awoke, the nurse was bending over her—a tiny, squinched-up woman with a face like a walnut, hands like suede, and an odd, clucking voice, like that of an ancient hen.

"What ails you, child? Why do you sleep in this wanton fashion? What happened to your nightgown? You look as though you'd been ravished."

"I have been ravished—by a dream. A terrible dream. It holds me still. I cannot wake. I cannot sleep."

"You're all flushed." The nurse touched her cheek. "Why, you're burning up, child. You have a fever."

"Yes . . . "

"I shall send for the herbalist."

"I want my father."

"He is impatient of illness."

"I want my father. I want to crawl into his bed as I did when I was a little girl and had a bad dream. He'd take me in his arms, and I'd snuggle up against his great chest and sleep there, safe, without dreaming."

The old woman recoiled in horror. "No!" she cried.

"Yes! Yes! Into his arms, cold as iron. Help me. Now, nurse, now!"

"Madness . . . ," murmured the nurse. "True lunacy!"

"Stop your squeaking and muttering, old woman, and help me. Do you hear?"

"Rave on, princess. But incest is considered a crime, and the gods punish it with torment and death."

With shocking strength, Smyrna seized her nurse and hurled her onto the bed. Then she knelt on the bed and held the old woman's shoulders, shaking her.

"You say you were young once. Prove it! Help me!"

The girl's cry fell upon the old woman's memory like spring rain. "All right, all right," she said softly. "Don't argue with me, child. Save it for him. I want to help you."

"Then do so."

"Here then is what you must do. Tomorrow tell your father that you accede to his wishes and that you wish him to choose a husband for you. For if you would rule a man, you must begin with submission—any man, but especially a king. Then, tomorrow night, while dining, impose a festive mood. Insist on acting as his cupbearer. Prepare his cup yourself and keep the wine unwatered. Make him drink heavily to celebrate your betrothal. Then, afterward, as he sleeps drunkenly, you will appear to him. And I—I shall spend my time until then, sewing."

"Sewing? Sewing what?"

"Never mind. It is part of the plan."

The next night, after the sounds of revelry had died, Smyrna came to her chamber, where she found her nurse sewing.

"It has all gone according to plan," Smyrna told her. "He was tender and attentive to me all day. And tonight I was his cupbearer and kept his wine undiluted—a rare, strong Attic wine."

The nurse nodded, arose from her stool, and shook out the garment she had been working on.

"Do you see what it is? I copied it from one of your little court gowns. Remember? Such Barley Queen styles were the rage then for little girls. Off with your clothes—see how it fits."

It had a full, bell-shaped skirt, very short. Smyrna's long, dusky legs came out of it like snakes out of a basket. Its bodice was cut away in two scoops to leave the breasts naked. It was made of the incredibly fine-textured Egyptian linen called byssus, woven by slaves who had been blinded to make their fingers more nimble. A soft, glowing pink it was, delicate as rose petals. Smyrna looked at herself in the tall mirror, wonder-struck.

"Truly, the young men are right," said the nurse. "You are more beautiful than Aphrodite herself."

"Rise," said the princess. "Rise, faithful old nurse. Wrap my cloak about me and go before me to clear the halls."

All this was heard by Aphrodite, who was kneeling low over the castle to watch her plan unfold. "I'll take care of you, too, old bones," she muttered. "But that can wait."

She reached out with her long arm and caught a moonbeam and sent it dartling through the window slit of the king's chamber. The finger of light touched his head and made him dream.

He was sitting on a cliff overhanging a great purple gout of sea, shading himself under a twisted olive tree with exposed, clawlike roots. Sitting near him was Eros, Aphrodite's son, the archer of love, who was dipping his arrows into a pot full of bubbling blackness.

Eros smiled and said: "I have come to scratch you with my arrow, Phoenix. I am preparing a special venom for your majesty, a most potent one. Here, smell! Do you recognize it?"

He flailed his hand, sending the smoke toward the king.

"Tell me, man, do you recognize it?"

"It smells of oranges and swamps," muttered the king. "It is heavy with the maddening incense of Midsummer Eve, when the Nymph of the Furrow tears the genitals from the sacred Seedboy and waters the ploughed field with his blood to bless the crop. It smells of—Smyrna."

"Exactly," said Eros. He dipped his arrow into the pot, shook a clinging drop off the sharp head, and reached out gently, scratching Phoenix on the face.

The king awoke. There was a dim figure standing near his bed. Still half-asleep, mazed by his dream, he uttered a hoarse, choking yell, leaped from his bed, and seized the intruder by the throat. But he could not awaken. He shook his head dazedly. The fragrance was stronger than ever. He blinked. It was Smyrna he was holding. He turned her face into the lance of moonlight.

"Do not hurt me, Father."

"What do you want?"

"I'm frightened. I had a terrible dream. Let me into your bed."

"What are you doing?" he growled.

"I want to come into your bed for a bit—as I did when I was a little girl."

"You are no longer a little girl."

She swayed closer to him. "Father, when I am married, I shall have my husband's bed in which to shelter myself from bad dreams. Now I have no one but you."

He pulled his hand away and backed off. But his fingers still burned as if he had thrust them into a fire. He heard himself breathing in hoarse, panting gasps. She came toward him. Her white body seemed to cleave the darkness, seemed to close upon him without motion in a ruthless, magical pressure.

"Listen," he whispered. "This is not happening. You are still asleep, still dreaming. I have dreamed, too, tonight—not without terror. Go back to your chamber now and finish your dream."

"The hallways are too dark; my bed is too large. I must finish it here."

"Not here . . . "

She was close to him again, touching him. Her breath touched his face. His vision had cleared now, and he saw for the first time how she was dressed. Without volition, his hand raised itself; he fingered the pink-white petals of her dress.

"O my lord, tonight I have decided to be a little girl again. See how I am dressed? Remember this gown? Look . . . Look through the windows; there is something to see now. But I am the same; my heart is the same. I love you just as much."

He fell into a great chair. She sprang into his lap. Dreamily, he stroked her hair. Dreamily, he spoke. "Do you know that Eros—do you know that he dips his arrow into your scent? That your scent is the sweet venom of love?"

"Take me into your bed, Father. I shall lie quite still in your arms. We shall both sleep."

"Sleep, shall we? You won't frisk in my arms, will you, little mare?"

She had wound her hand in his beard now and was stroking her breasts with the locks.

"Be careful, child . . . "

"Suppose I have grown; does that mean we are sundered? Shall increase mean loss?"

"What are you doing, little rose? Why are you opening your petals?"

"To call you with my fragrance. It is the business of a rose."

"With so old a bee?"

"A king bee."

"Bee and rose. Stallion and mare. Yes, a good mare. Sweet, tapering ivory haunches. So you've come to take your master for a ride? A *night*-mare. Sweet night-mare. Ho-ho . . . "

He stood, lifting her in his arms, pressing her half-naked body so tightly against his that her breasts were bruised by his lean, hairy chest. She wrapped her legs about his waist and whispered in bliss: "Remember how you used to carry me to bed when I was little?"

Father and daughter were clenched now on the royal bed under the fat, white moon, which was panting like a voyeur at his hole, sweating bloody light. The weird light pressed on them. Their mouths were glued; their legs were twined. The king's ecstasy was acrobatic. He loosened his legs, hoisted hers. He raised his head and held her breasts tight and jounced on his knees, driving his belly and hips against the bolsters of her magnificently resilient buttocks—almost withdrawing each time he rocked back, then plunging in hard, feeling the muscles bunch, riding back, driving in, using her legs and his as reciprocal springs, feeling himself grow enormous enough to split her from crotch to throat, as her breath rose to a keen and her face drank light, and her voice sank to a little, running moan, her breath catching, tearing free, rising to a howl. He thought of withdrawing then, but her hands curled in a brutal, climactic clutch and smashed down on his thighs, sending gusts of dark flame through him, burning away the last scruple, dissolving it in a burning jet of seed.

Now all sound was her voice.

"My god, my lover, my father, my tyrant, my slave, I want to eat your body and drink your fluids. How can I bear to leave you for a husband? I can't bear it! What shall I do? Who will tell me things? Who will fuck me and instruct me? Who will let me use myself? Don't send me away. I love you. Keep me with you forever. Please, please!"

All this time Aphrodite was riding a shaft of moonlight, hovering

beyond the royal bedchamber, seeing everything and hearing everything and taking care to remember everything—so that she could bear witness before the high council of the gods if she should be called upon to justify the course of her vengeance. For the gods, too, are sometimes held accountable if their vendettas become costly enough to deny other gods their fair share of victims.

Now a drought fell upon the land. Apollo drove his flaming chariot low over Mount Lebanon, melting the snow but checking his sun steeds, holding them in the same meadow of sky over the mountain till the melting snow was snuffed into the bright air and no streams tumbled to water the plain. The rivers dried. Grass withered. Crops were scorched. No trees blossomed. Everything fell to dust.

"There is a curse upon the land!" cried the priests. "O king, question the oracle. He will inform you which of the gods has been offended and is venting his ire. Go to the oracle, sire, or we must all perish."

The king sent for an oracle, who said: "Incest has been committed, O king. Your regal eye will surely spy out the guilty. But swiftly, sire—before a child be born of this monstrous union."

"What must I do?" groaned the king. "Kill the infant?"

"Kill the mother."

"What? Kill the mother?"

"If you would appease this high and pestilential wrath and dispel the drought and save your people, you must kill the incestuous woman, whoever she may be."

"May I not kill the father instead? Will that not satisfy the offended god?"

"No, you must kill the mother. The father must live. For that is the cream of the mighty jest: his punishment will be survival."

That night he told Smyrna what the oracle had decreed. He saw her huge eyes darkening with terror, a terror that he had put there with his own words, he who had always allayed her fears. He watched his daughter being clawed by panic because of the unique pleasure they had bestowed upon each other, and he felt his entire view of the world curdling forever. He saw now that acts of passionate tenderness invite disaster, that nightmare is always the penalty for dreams.

She turned her eyes away. He could have endured it if she had broken down and sobbed, but when he saw her trying to fight back her fear, when he heard the calmness of her voice, then the king felt himself being disemboweled.

"Then must I die, Father?"

"So the oracle decrees. But I will ignore the decree. I will defy the gods. What can they do to me that is worse than what they now propose?"

"No, Father, it cannot be. A pestilence has come upon the land, summoned by our impious love. You must obey the oracle—kill me and lift the curse."

"I shall accompany you on this last journey, my dear."

"You are not free to die, not yet. You are king and have no heir. And I am ready. I have had all that can come. But do it in the morning, dear Father—right after I wake, so that I may have the night to remember."

He looked at her. Her hair was tangled, her belly was swollen. He knelt before her, the bearded king, and kissed the great lump of her belly, bent lower and kissed her dusty foot. He raised his head and looked at her with pain-frenzied eyes.

"The gods admire waste," he said. "What they cannot bear is keeping things in a family. They cannot abide that I should thriftily be made father and grandfather at one stroke. This is the offense."

"Come to bed, Father. We must make this night last until dawn."

By and by, when the king had fallen asleep, Smyrna crept from the bed. She felt her time coming. Strings of pain were being plucked and loosened inside her. The child was ready to be born, and she wished to bear it before she was killed. She crept out of the room and out of the castle—into the wood—and hid herself in a hollow myrrh tree, where she labored.

Phoenix had a dream. He dreamed that he was chopping down a myrrh tree. Blood flowed instead of sap. The fragrance of Smyrna arose. When he awoke, it was dawn. Smyrna was gone. He knew what he had to do. He took an ax from the wall and strode out of the castle, allowing no spearman to follow him. He strode alone through the corpse-littered streets, beyond the castle wall, to a wood. He went straight to the hollow myrrh tree and smelled the heavy, dark fragrance. He raised his ax.

At the first blow of the ax, a gull mewed like a baby, and the wind howled in the branches like the voice of Smyrna in pain and then crooned like her voice in love. The frenzied king raised his ax and sank its blade into the wood, chopped and then chopped again as the tears scalded his face, and he whispered broken curses against the unthrifty gods. He knew that when the trunk was split and he saw the body of his daughter mangled by the ax, he would cut his throat with the same blade.

But Demeter, goddess of the harvest, lady of the groves, was the kindest of all those who dwelt on Olympus. She pitied Phoenix in his grief and laid a gentle magic upon the tree so that the girl became absorbed into it, flesh, bone, and spirit, and her blood became its sap—like that of a dryad when she dies. And the king chopped down the tree, but all he knew of his daughter was her windy voice in the boughs and the red, aromatic sap and her fragrance beating about him for the last time.

That morning the priests praying on the scorched slope of the mountain felt a cool wind rising. Saw the brassy sun cloaked by dark clouds. Heard the leaves rattle sharply in a clean, strong wind. Felt rain on their faces. And they knew that the curse had been lifted.

And Eros, picking his way through the wood, found the old man splattered with blood. He was trampling through the copse, whinnying with laughter. In his arms he held a baby. Not wrinkled and red and bald as babies are—but with a delicate ivory-and-rose complexion, a fluff of dark hair on his head, and eyes dark and blue as the evening sea. Eros gently took the baby. The crazed old man went whinnying and dancing off toward the mountain.

Then Eros flew to Olympus and laid the babe on Aphrodite's knee.

"Here you are, Mother," he said. Here is the child of brag and reprisal and incest. The child of sacrilege and vengeance. Here he is—the most beautiful baby ever born since this cinder of an earth first cooled."

As he straightened up, one of the arrows in his quiver accidentally scratched his mother's shoulder. He saw her bend low over the baby, saw her blush the mighty, dusky blush of the goddess aroused. She seized the quiver with a wild strength and snapped it off at its straps. She drew out a handful of darts, spat on their points, and one by one rubbed their sticky juice off on her breasts, which she had bared like a nursing mother. She carefully worked the potent love gum into her nipples, cupped the baby in her hands, and lifted him to her breasts to be suckled.

She shook her great mane of yellow hair like a lioness and chuckled deeply, crooning:

"Yes, my babe, my lover-babe, my little lord, my Adonis, most beautiful baby ever born. To be the most beautiful boy, the most beautiful youth, the most beautiful young man. To be my baby, my lover, the perfect young lover, goddess-raised. Born out of an unimaginable lust, compounded of youth's brag, divine rebuke, and regal desire. Kissed by an executioner father in a condemned mother's womb, now receiving this dark magic of a kiss on your unborn head. Suckled by the goddess of love, who has buttered her breasts with love's own bane so that you suck it in like milk. My boy, my babe, my lover—bred by love, trained by love, polished by love for love. In you, Adonis, wrath is justified. Lust is ennobled. O little pet . . . look at him smile. Look how he clutches at the breast. Apt little lover. Why didn't I think of you before?"

Eros left his mother's bower, very thoughtful, to cut himself new arrows and brew fresh venom. He was a wise godling and knew that he had just attended the birth of a mighty legend. O

PSYCHOGRAPHIC
SELF-EXAMINATION SERIES

IS CHIVALRY DEAD?
TEST YOUR CAPACITY FOR SELF-SACRIFICE

BY FRANK DONEGAN

Twenty-five questions to tell if you're a hero or a zero.

PSYCHOGRAPH

ARE YOU SELF-SACRIFICING?

At some time in your life you've probably admired one or more of the following gentlemen: Jesus Christ, John Wayne, Buddha, Batman and Robin, Gary Cooper, Mighty Mouse, St. Francis of Assisi, David Ben-Gurion, Clark Kent, Sergeant Preston of the Yukon, Mahatma Gandhi, and the guy who was the last of the Mohicans.

What attracts us to people like this is their total selflessness. They are heroic figures who are always ready to sacrifice their own best interests for the good of someone else.

William James, the great philosopher and psychologist, said that self-sacrificing men attract us because we believe "the world to be essentially a theater for heroism." But at the same time, heroes intimidate us. Their exploits leave us wondering whether or not we can measure up to their own high standards.

If you've ever had doubts about your own capacity for heroics, this psychograph may help resolve them. The questions examine factors known to correlate with self-sacrificing behavior. A single quiz like this can't determine whether or not you're a heroic figure, and a high score doesn't mean that you'll throw yourself on top of the next live hand grenade that rolls across your path. What this quiz will do is give you an idea of whether you are more likely to choose selflessness or selfishness when the crunch comes.

Although philosophers have speculated about the nature of heroism for millennia, social scientists have only recently begun investigating the causes of self-sacrifice. While many of their conclusions are tentative, these studies have produced some fascinating data. For example, psychologists have probed the backgrounds, motivations, and personalities of people who have proved themselves heroic; they have established profiles of the average kidney donor, of civil-rights workers who were active in the South during the days when being a civil-rights worker meant that you stood a good chance of getting blown up, and of people who risked their own lives helping Jews escape from Nazi Germany. We've based our questions on the findings of studies like these.

The questions may seem to focus on relatively mundane areas of daily life. (We don't ask whether or not *you* would rescue someone from a Nazi death camp, because no one can know how he would act in such terrifying circumstances until he is faced with them.) But if your answers are honest, they will reveal information about your beliefs, upbringing, and past actions that, in turn, may indicate how likely you are to act the hero when the chance arises. Try not to ponder too long over the questions. Your first impulse is likely to be the most accurate.

1. Would you say that, as a child, you were
   (a) a fairly outgoing and gregarious kid who had little trouble making friends
   (b) relatively shy and quiet

2. Imagine yourself in the following situation: It's Christmastime. One of those Santa Claus types who collect for charity is standing outside a store. You see him and decide you will donate some of the spare change in your pocket. You reach into your pocket and find that you have no change, only dollar bills.
   Do you:
   (a) pass by and give nothing
   (b) spring for at least a buck

3. Have you ever *anonymously* contributed a substantial amount of money (substantial, that is, in relation to your income) to charity?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

4. Would you say that your outlook on life is basically hedonistic?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

5. Do you give blood regularly when the opportunity presents itself? (This question presupposes, of course, that you—like most people—are physically capable of donating blood. If you have tried to donate but have been turned down for medical reasons, check yes.)
   (a) yes
   (b) no

6. Would you say that at least one of your parents practiced what he or she preached? In other words, do you feel that at least one of them was a morally strong person?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

7. Do you like life to be:
   (a) relatively stable and predictable
   (b) relatively unpredictable, with unexpected changes

8. Did you have at least one older sister when you were growing up?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

9. Do you often have doubts about your value as a person?
   (a) yes
   (b) no

10. Do you:
    (a) have trouble "reading" other people and gauging their thoughts
    (b) usually find it fairly easy to understand other people and empathize with any emotional problems they may be having

11. Have you ever approached a stranger who was obviously lost or in some sort of difficulty and offered aid *without being asked?*
    (a) yes
    (b) no

12. Do you feel that the world in general is out to screw you?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

13. When you make a decision, do you:
    (a) usually feel that it will turn out to be right
    (b) often feel that it will turn out to be wrong

14. Do you usually remember the dates of birthdays and anniversaries of people who are close to you?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

15. Do you feel that people can generally be divided into two classes: the weak and the strong?
    (a) yes
    (b) no

16. Generally speaking, do you prefer novels, stories, and movies whose plots center on:
    (a) action and adventure
    (b) what people think and feel

17. Do you often use derogatory terms, such as "nigger," "kike," "honkie," or "wop," to describe people whose background differs from yours?
(a) yes
(b) no

18. Which of the following statements best characterizes the relationship you've had with your parents since you've become an adult?
(a) Our relationship is generally cool. We have little contact. I rarely (or never) visit them. When I do see them, it is only on the special occasions when I *have* to be there.
(b) We all get along fairly well. I feel warmly toward them and enjoy visiting them. If I can't see them regularly, I keep in touch by writing or phoning frequently.

19. Do you enjoy having heavy responsibilities at home and at work?
(a) yes
(b) no

20. Envision this hypothetical situation: You and your best friend have been arrested for political "crimes." You are both held incommunicado; so neither of you has any way of knowing what the other is saying to the authorities. No physical or mental torture is used on either of you. You are presented with these possibilities. If both of you end up confessing to the crime, each of you will receive a ten-year prison sentence. If it turns out that only one of you has confessed while the other has remained silent, the one who has turned state's evidence will go free while the one who has refused to talk will get twenty years. If neither confesses, you will both receive two years on a trumped-up technicality. Given these options, would you:
(a) confess (your risk factor in this case would be ten years if your partner has also confessed or zero years if he or she has remained silent)
(b) refuse to confess (your risk factor is twenty years if your partner has confessed and two years if he or she has also remained silent)

21. Do you feel that voting or other political activity can really make any difference these days?
(a) yes
(b) no

22. In a recreational sport like tennis, would you prefer to
(a) play more poorly than you usually do but still win
(b) play well but still lose

23. Do you suspect that deep down you're really not such a nice person?
(a) yes
(b) no

24. If a woman you are close to enjoys a special type of sexual stimulation that doesn't turn you on, will you still oblige her?
(a) yes
(b) no

25. Do you feel:
(a) there's a right way and a wrong way to solve just about every problem
(b) there are several different approaches that are often equally effective in solving problems

ANSWERS

Judging by the available data, we can expect that the self-sacrificing man would be most likely to choose the following answers:

1. b	6. a	11. a	16. b	21. a
2. b	7. b	12. b	17. b	22. b
3. a	8. a	13. a	18. b	23. b
4. b	9. b	14. a	19. a	24. a
5. a	10. b	15. b	20. b	25. b

Give yourself four points for each of your answers that agrees with those above.

SCORING

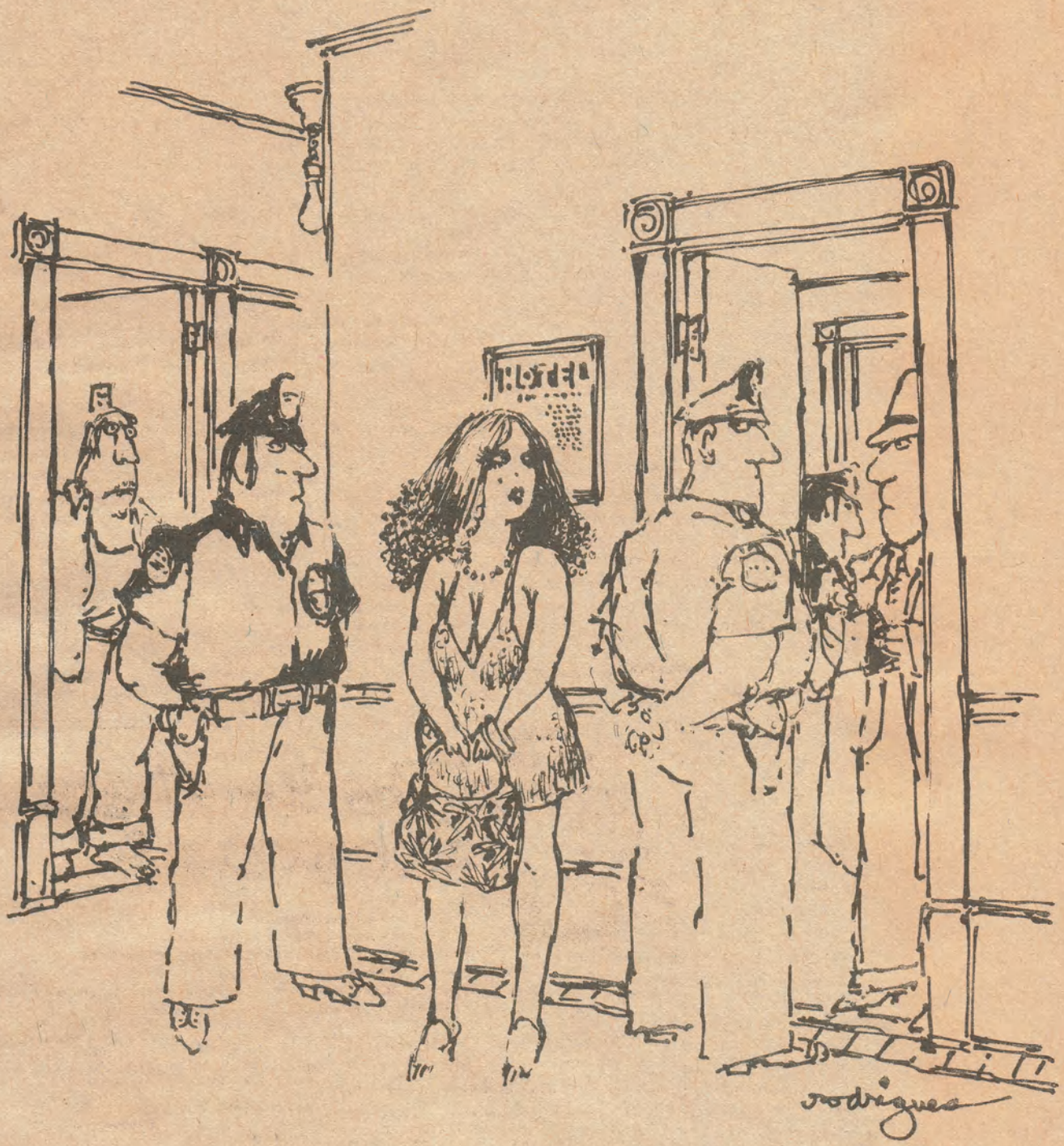
If you scored 84–100 points:
Welcome to the rarified upper reaches of humanity. You seem to be a refreshing exception to the rampant "me-first-ism" that is so in vogue these days. You seem to be less self-centered than most people. Consequently, you find it easy to set aside your own desires when you feel that someone else needs your aid. Yet at the same time you're not likely to be a mere simpering martyr, because you also appear to have a high estimate of your own worth. This trait indicates not only that you will sacrifice yourself when you feel that there's a genuine need but also that you are not driven by a compulsive need to call attention to your "goodness."

68–80 points:
While you may not be a male Florence Nightingale, you seem to be a fairly selfless person. You may be more realistic than higher scorers about assessing how much a self-sacrificing act is going to cost you, but there's still a good chance that you'll go through with it, even if that cost is relatively high. Subconsciously, you probably define a substantial portion of humanity as "we" rather than as "they." Since you view most people as part of an integrated, organic whole, you find it easy to help out when you're needed.

48–64 points:
This is an average range. Sometimes you'll help, and other times you'll turn your back—which makes you like most other people. Circumstances have a lot to do with whether or not you'll opt for heroics. Indeed, some psychologists feel that circumstances, rather than individual personality traits or cultural background, are almost wholly responsible for determining when a man will behave selflessly. (For example, it has been found that most of us behave more heroically immediately after we've seen someone else doing good and when we're alone instead of with others.) It's not that you never act in a self-sacrificing manner; it's just that you're selective about when and for whom you'll sacrifice.

20–44 points:
You don't have to worry about being nominated for sainthood. You are apt to have a strong authoritarian streak; this rigidity makes you focus on the differences, rather than on the similarities, between people. You are less inclined to help people, since you seem to classify most of them as "they," not as "we." (It has been found that all of us are more likely to help those with whom we feel some sort of bond, no matter how slight.) If it makes you feel any better, you can take comfort in the fact that some psychoanalysts feel that self-sacrificing people are actually closet narcissists who must continually convince themselves that they're the most virtuous people around.

0–16 points:
Next to you, Ivan the Terrible would qualify as a philanthropist. Anyone foolish enough to seek your help would probably spend a considerable amount of time retrieving the various parts of his anatomy from wherever you might have scattered them.



"No he didn't. He didn't die a happy man.
We were arguing about what I would charge and he got all upset and keeled over!"

INTERVIEW

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 88

cause he didn't want me in that position. So even if I had wanted to be violent, I wasn't allowed to be.

Penthouse: What else was forbidden in Jonestown?

Jones: Other than physical violence and stealing, you couldn't make fun of someone's physical being—if somebody was overweight or stuttered.

Penthouse: Wasn't there a "box" in Jonestown in which people would be punished by being deprived of light, food, and water?

Jones: It was like a cubicle. It was under the ground. There was no light. But a doctor would come around every day and check vital signs.

Penthouse: How long would a person be put into that vault?

Jones: Sometimes only a day. I don't know—it was kind of ambiguous to everybody. It was one thing that Dad would collaborate on with only a couple of people. Tom Grubbs developed this. He's dead, and maybe I'm trying to save a dead man from a lot of disgrace, but I honestly feel that he thought it was a humane way of getting through to people. Really, there *are* people that are amoral. He had worked with handicapped children in a special school for ten or twelve years. That's why his opinion regarding sensory deprivation was accepted and tried. This all has been exaggerated.

Penthouse: Drugs were also used, weren't they, for alleged disciplinary or rehabilitative purposes? There was a lot of Thorazine in Jonestown. What was it used for?

Jones: I couldn't really say, except to give you this one example. There was a woman named Barbara Walker who had a thing for me. She'd tell me she loved me, and when I told her she really didn't, she'd attack me—she'd fight everybody off and just go crazy. So they'd get her and give her Thorazine. But my mother came to me and said, "This can't be done. You just cannot be giving people drugs anytime you feel like it." So Mom would have talks with Barbara and arrange for her to go back to work. I believe there were other times drugs would be used, but I'm not going to say that I knew it.

Penthouse: Was your mother close to your father during these last years in Guyana?

Jones: Not at all. Eleven years ago he started going out on her. And he came back and told her about it, which I thought was cruel. So for these eleven years my father and I didn't get along.

Penthouse: Why did she stay with him?

Jones: Because of what we believed in. That's the same reason I stayed. She continued doing what she did because she saw that the idea of living cooperatively, of helping people, was far more important than whatever her romance had or could have been. This may sound like bunk, but she was one of the greatest women I've ever known. You see, the difference between Mom and Dad was that Dad just sat back and gave orders but Mom was always there, with the people. Everybody loved her. Dad had the authority, and she had respect.

Penthouse: But she would sometimes countermand his orders.

Jones: Oh, he went crazy. He couldn't handle it. Like, if I was in trouble, Dad would make Mom jump on me and yell at me, because he didn't want her and me getting . . . because he was kind of scared of me. And Mom would always stand up to him.

God, I wish Mom was here! I mean, for more than one reason. I wish she were alive, and I also wish she could recount some of the conversations we had. I want at least to let you have the proper kind of picture of her. She was tireless. She wasn't a strong woman physically, but she took anybody on. If she felt something was wrong, she'd go right up and tell them.

Penthouse: What was the relationship like between you, your father, and his adopted sons?

Jones: When he was with me, he talked about his adopted sons. When he was with them, he talked about me.

Penthouse: What do you mean?

Jones: That was his whole strategy. The way he kept everybody loyal to him was to keep everybody uptight about everybody else.

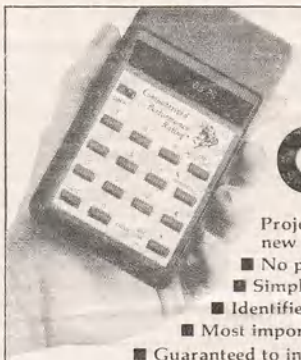
Penthouse: So, basically, he was trying to divide and conquer his own sons?

Jones: Right—divide and conquer everybody.

Penthouse: You say that your mother stayed with your father "because of what we believed in." Could you explain this a bit more, beyond the idea of "helping people"? Wasn't the Peoples Temple a socialistic organization?

Jones: Well, Dad never came right out and said, "We're Marxist; we're Socialist." When people first came, they were mostly very religious. And the Bible—if you look at it—in a lot of ways teaches socialism. It teaches you to share what you have and give it to those who have need.

But my Dad didn't like the Bible. He claimed to use it for toilet paper. So he would talk about integration, equality, freedom, and we'd talk about what was going on internationally, current events. But most people can't quote Marx or Lenin, because their writings are above most people's heads. So my father would use Marx like a lot of Christians use the Bible: he took out what he wanted and quoted what he wanted, and he misconstrued it all to meet his ends. Jonestown was portrayed as the greatest thing you could do for socialism—and it's the worst thing that's ever been done for socialism. But I'm still a Socialist, and I still believe that what I was living for was right. And what scares me is that Jim Jones is going to be used to discredit everything I've lived for.



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Penthouse: Did you know anything about your father's plans to move the Peoples Temple to the Soviet Union?

Jones: Well, as he got more paranoid about things happening here, in terms of incidents with different Guyanese officials, other alternatives—like going back to the States or to some African nation or maybe to the Soviet Union—were discussed.

Penthouse: Were you aware that two officials from the Russian Mission here, two KGB agents, had private meetings with your father?

Jones: Yes, they had meetings with Dad and two secretaries. I didn't know anything about them except that one was named Timofeyev. He came once with a doctor to advise us on medical care.

Penthouse: Did your father seriously plan to take the community to Russia?

Jones: He didn't think that Guyana could resist the conspiracy that he saw directed against him from the United States. He felt that the Soviet Union could resist it. You can't understand everything Dad did. Like, when a bad article would come out on us, he didn't ignore it. He'd come out with absurd stuff . . . accusations, with nothing to back them up.

Penthouse: Do *you* think the press was unfair?

Jones: Well, yes, in the sense that I want to draw a line, and nobody's drawn a line between Jim Jones and what I believe in and what a lot of people there believed in. The press is using him, and they're discrediting everything we've lived for and everything we've built. That's what's irritating about the whole thing. It's not you guys' fault—you have to report it as you see it and as people say it. But I'm angry that it happened, that he did it, because I knew that this was what would happen. I knew the bad was going to be seen, that the hard times were going to be recounted. That's why measures were taken to stop people from leaving.

In the early days of Jonestown, persons who elected to leave were allowed to leave. But when they left, they went to the press, and there was no balance in the sense of "These are some things we don't like in Jonestown, and these are some other things that are happening." So Jim Jones became extremely uptight and paranoid, because he was given an extremely bad press.

You know, there are many men in the United States who have been beaten in prison. And I've seen friends of mine being beaten on the street by cops. But these are considered disciplinary and reforming actions. And I'm sure they won't be mentioned until the U.S. is blown up.

Penthouse: Don't you see Jonestown as a kind of concentration camp?

Jones: No. I'm not saying it wasn't, but *concentration camp* is a heavy term. The way I felt about it—and you can believe this or not, if you want to—was that a lot of us, especially young guys, were willing to live under those conditions, because we saw ourselves as pioneers. You can work in the States and get a check, enough to live on. But at Jonestown, you could say, "Hey, I put every nail in that cottage!" And there was a lot of pride in that.

But at the same time—it's true—there were people who weren't happy with the conditions. And there were people who weren't proud of what they were doing, and people who wanted to live a more comfortable life. And I don't think they felt that they could say it, and I don't think they felt they could leave. So in that way they were restricted.

Penthouse: You've said that your father was a Fascist.

Jones: I don't really know the definition of "Fascist." I think he was a dictator—I'll say that. And I've started hating my father. All I can say is I looked at a picture of him, after crying over all the other pictures, and he just didn't seem punished enough. This may sound terrible to you, and I hate to say "hate" about anybody, but—yes, I guess I hated him. It's as if somebody—even if you loved him at one time or knew him well at one time—walked in and shot your whole family. You'd hate him.

Penthouse: You were in Georgetown with other members of the basketball team when you learned about what was happening at Jonestown over the radio. What were your first reactions?

Jones: Everybody broke down. It was terrible. First, we knew that Sharon Amos and her children were dead upstairs; so we knew something was going on. And there'd been all those drills. It came to mind that it all could happen. It didn't take too much deduction to figure it out. We knew Ryan's flight was delayed, and I thought that somebody had probably wanted to leave and that Dad couldn't handle it and just freaked out. And I was scared.

Everybody I loved was out in Jonestown, you know? You think the worst, and you just want to stop it, if you could stop it. Like when you're a little kid on a roller coaster. Most likely, you know it's not going to crash, but you worry about it until it's over with. So, after Sharon, we got some kind of report that people were blocking the gate and wouldn't let anyone into Jonestown. So we thought there must be somebody still there.

Then we heard that over 300 people were dead. Okay. That's 600 people remaining—there's some hope. Then we heard 400 dead . . .

So the possible survivor numbers became less and less, and we'd always grab for something. If we had sat back and simply said, "Everybody's gone," I think I would have fallen apart. I was begging them to take me out there—maybe I could talk to somebody. I felt like it was still in my power. But I was just sitting there, and they wouldn't let me go anywhere. I was in shock. We were all just astounded.

Penthouse: Do you think you could have stopped it?

Jones: Yes. Of course, I can't say for sure, but I don't think it would have gotten to the

Doctor discovers method of regaining lost hair.

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Scientists nation-wide are raving about a special treatment of Biotin, the H vitamin, and absolutely fantastic test results that have been attained by a city doctor using Biotin as the reactivating agent in the revival of dormant hair roots!

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Each hair on your head grows for an average of four years; then it enters into a dormant, or rest, stage before a new hair coming from beneath the scalp in the same root channel pushes it out. The balding/thinning problem develops when the new hairs force the old ones out, but fail to continue to grow themselves.

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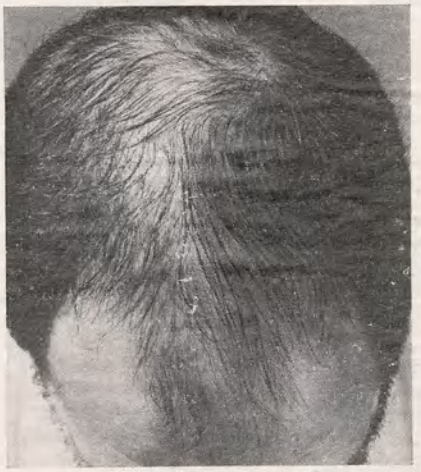
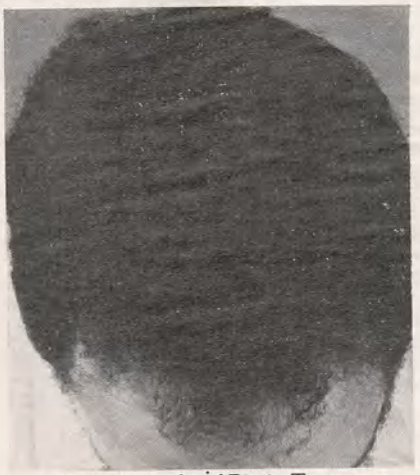


Before Biotin Treatment.

After 10 weeks of Biotin Treatment.



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Biotin Solution combats the testosterone build-up and the hair's normal cycle of growth has a chance to return. If your hair is only "sleeping," Biotin Solution will wake it up, and you'll be on your way to the most fabulous head of hair you can possibly have!

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The average person's hair loss (male and female) is between 50 and 100 hairs per day. That's not really very many. Are you losing more than that? Are you finding hairs on your pillow? On your suitcoat? Are too many hairs coming out in the wash? You had better get Biotin Solution to work on the problem right away!

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STATIC GRAVITY

SPACE INDUSTRY

LOCH NESS

ENERGY

INDUSTRIALIZATION OF SPACE—In a follow-up to "Ticket to Space," G. Harry Stine explores the implications of making space work for Earth. "We are on the verge of a new industrial revolution," writes Stine, "and it's all waiting for us out *there*." Commercial interests have already booked time on shuttle flights. Corporate drawing boards are turning out plans for private communications satellites, orbital pharmaceuticals labs, even a space-jewelry market. It is the greatest remaining challenge of the twentieth century—one that can be laid out in business fashion.

INTERVIEW/DAVID LEVY—In 1968, David Levy, international master and reigning chess champion of Scotland, bet a number of scientists working in artificial intelligence that he would not be beaten by a computer in a chess match within the next ten years. The stakes were 1,000 English pounds, and last September in Toronto, Levy faced off with a computer and put his money on the line. Levy won the match—by the skin of his teeth, some say—but feels he won't hold the title for long. In the next *Omni*, join Levy in the fascinating world of computer chess and learn of the *Omni*/Levy prize—$5,000 to the first computer program that can beat Levy.

STATIC GRAVITY—For the first time, *Omni* reveals the long-neglected work of Professor I. F. Tidmarsh, who decades ago propounded his theory of static gravity, which holds that you can artificially generate gravity just as you can electricity. Any object moving across a gravitational field, said Tidmarsh in 1927, acquires a charge of staticons and thus escapes the effect of gravity. This explains why a running man "feels lighter" and thereby travels faster than a walking man (both of whom move infinitely faster than a man who is standing still). Frankly, we at *Omni* have found no mention of Professor Tidmarsh anywhere in the archives of science. Writer Christopher Priest explains why: Since World War I there has been a sinister cover-up of static gravity by an unnamed superpower, and this warlike nation has been developing staticon-projection devices, devices that may be bombarding our cities with antigravity waves even as you read this!

RETURN TO LOCH NESS—As one of the great mysteries of all time, the Loch Ness monster has been pursued by everything from biopsy harpoons to yellow submarines, from kayaks mounted with machine guns to one-man autogyros. Those were the good old days. Now the loch and whatever monsters may be hidden there are to be pursued by a skin-diving archaeologist and a subtle machine called TAD, for Target Alarm Detector. John Chesterman and Michael Marten file a full report.

ENERGY SCAM—True or false: In the next twenty years, we face the worst energy crunch this country has ever seen. If you answered "true," then you've been reading the papers or watching the news a bit too much. The answer actually is "false," and next month noted science-fiction writer Frederik Pohl explains why.

point of suicide being discussed.

Penthouse: Was there any thought of suicide here in Georgetown?

Jones: Some people were so messed up . . . I was worried. When they'd go into a bathroom by themselves, I'd say, "Just don't do anything stupid, okay?" And they'd say, "Don't worry; I wouldn't do that to you." But I'll tell you, I'm not going to say that I didn't feel like it at one time. There was nothing left.

Penthouse: There are many Peoples Temple survivors who are terrified that your father had a so-called hit squad formed that would return to the U.S. in the event of his death and kill them. Is that a wild rumor?

Jones: No, it's not a wild rumor, and I'll tell you how it got started. Dad talked about it all the time. He made people believe that if they were to do anything against us, they would be "taken care of" eventually.

But I'm certainly not a part of any hit squad—I wouldn't have called the police after Sharon's death if I were. I had time enough to get out. But I do understand people's fear. Anyway, the FBI is going to be on our ass for the rest of our lives.

Penthouse: After the investigations are over, what will you be doing?

Jones: I think the only purpose left for me is to go wherever I can and talk to whomever I can to get the right story out. Because there were 914 very beautiful people out there. Some of them were among the best people in the world. But there's no future for the Peoples Temple.

Penthouse: Supposedly, the Peoples Temple has millions of dollars in worldwide assets. If you had control of any of that money, what would you do with it?

Jones: I don't believe it's that much. But any money I get—and if I can, I'll arrange that it won't even go through my hands—will go to survivors and families of the dead. Everybody's entitled to part of it. I won't take a thing. I'm young, and I can get a job. I'm not too proud to scrape by. But the money should go to those who need it. There are a lot of seniors [old people] left whose families are all of a sudden burdened with having to support another person. That's where I want the money to go.

Penthouse: How do you think people in the U.S. will react to you after you return?

Jones: I don't think they'll accept me. It will be very difficult. But I'm going to stand up for what I believe. I have to. I think it would be wrong to sell everything out, just like that. It would be phony. I think I have an obligation to set things straight about what the people of Jonestown really believed and what Jonestown was really like.

Penthouse: In a positive way?

Jones: Right. I mean, the negative will be pointed out, too, but not totally exaggerated. Both sides will be pointed out. Everything has its negatives and its positives.

Penthouse: Is there a future for places like Jonestown?

Jones: I don't know anymore. I have no way of knowing. I think this has given anything like what we were trying to build a hell of a setback. ○+■

Golden Lights

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Only 8 mg. tar.

Taste so good you won't believe they're lower in tar than all these brands:

20	13	17	12	11	17	16	16
MG. TAR 1.3 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.9 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.0 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 0.8 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.4 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.	MG. TAR 1.1 MG. NIC.

Source of all 'tar' and nicotine disclosures in this ad is either FTC Report May 1978 or FTC Method. **Of All Brands Sold:** Lowest tar: 0.5 mg. 'tar,' 0.05 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette, FTC Report May 1978. **Golden Lights: Kings Regular and Menthol**— 8 mg. 'tar,' 0.7 mg. nicotine av. per cigarette by FTC Method.

Warning: The Surgeon General Has Determined That Cigarette Smoking Is Dangerous to Your Health.

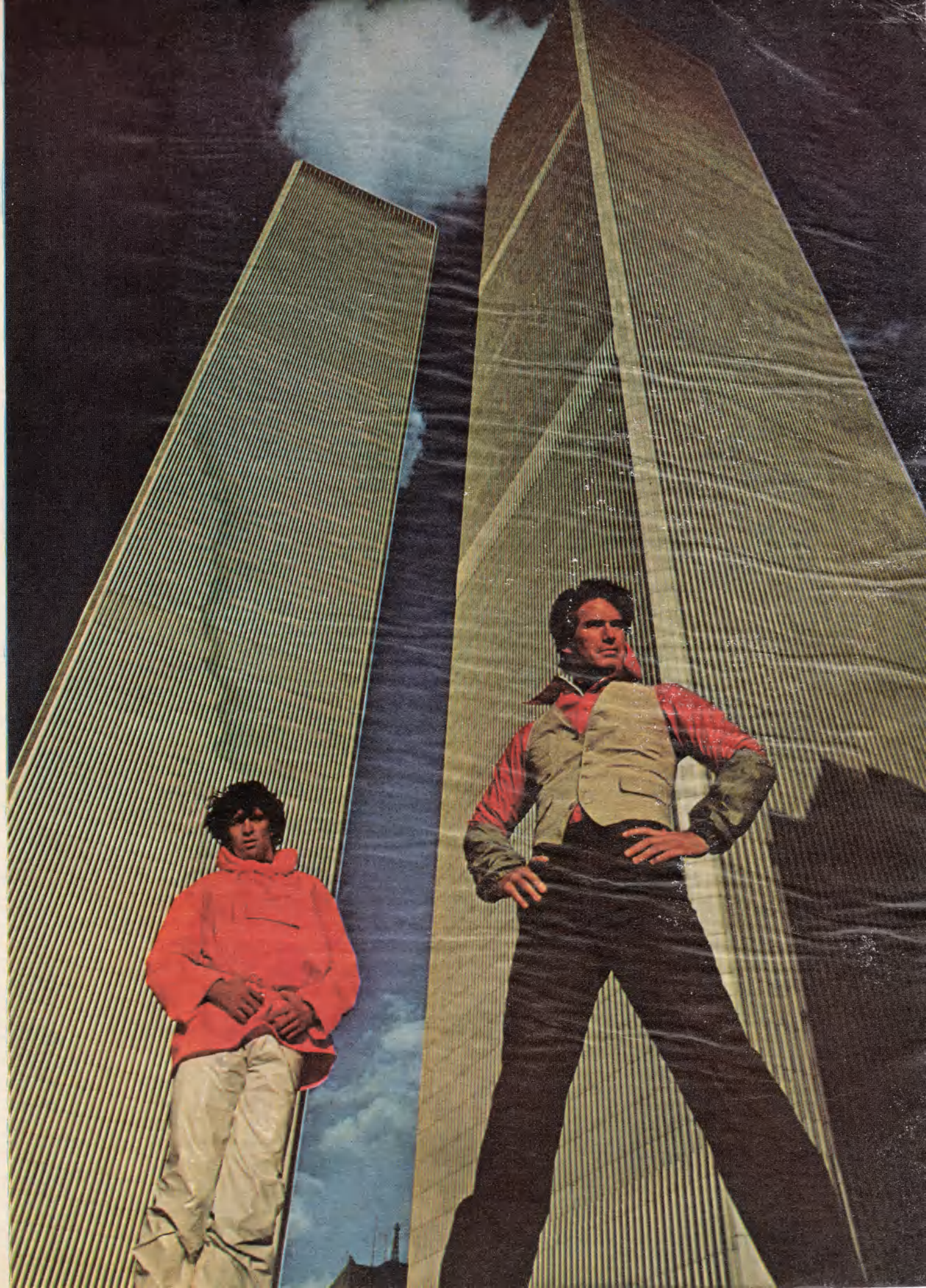
You can sing in the rain
in these colorful new slicks.

WHEN APRIL SHOWERS COME ALONG

FASHION BY ED EMMERLING/PHOTOGRAPHS BY SILANO

Rain seems to dampen the fashion spirit of even normally imaginative dressers. Luckily, designers this spring have finally expanded the options for the rainy-day man who wants to look a little less drab than the weather. There are both a shorter, colorful military look for day and a longer and shinier dressy look for evening. The casual, sporty look is characterized by rubberized cotton and slick-nylon parachuting cloth, while the nighttime raincoats tend toward either a quilted cotton fabric or an oversized slicker style that fits over another coat for added warmth. Another new development in foul-weather gear is the context: informal windbreaker fashions once confined to rugged outdoor sports are now acceptable for genteel city sports like chasing after a cab. The new spring designs on the following pages prove foul-weather gear can be as refreshing and unpredictable as the weather itself.

(this page) The oversize red-slicker shell raincoat ($85) is by Al B. Arden for Forward Gear. The all-cotton parachute cloth is used for a "his" and "hers" double-breasted wrap oversize trench style featuring a snap closure, oversize pockets, and optional shoulder pads for maximum fashion. It can be worn by itself or fitted easily over another coat. The black-leather jeans are $180 by Maurice Sasson. (opposite) Dual-purpose active styles that can gear up for foul weather on land or on sea. (left) The fluorescent orange pullover windbreaker of Dupont dacron ($55) is by David Leong for George G. Graham Galleries. A cylinder hood, big-zippered chest pocket, and wrap belt give a functional as well as a fashionable look. The white, polyurethane-coated nylon "wind trousers" ($25), also by David Leong, are for really foul weather. They pull on to an elasticized waist and cuffs. (right) The best combination for foul play consists of a red, zippered wind shirt of nylon parachute cloth, featuring a fly-front closure ($37.50), by Jean Casanave. The four-pocketed and all-rubberized waterproof-cotton vest ($65) is by J. E. Barlow. The (PVC) polyurethane vinyl-coated rubber arm sleeves are great protectors ($10 for the pair). All of the above are available at George G. Graham Galleries. The olive-drab military cotton straight leg pants ($110) by Bill Kaiserman/Rafael. Their special feature is stitched-down double knee patches. The look of rainwear today is slick, clean, and decisive. These are sports-inspired clothes featuring a frankly bold use of color and an audacious mix of fabrics. Coming from the sports world of running and jumping, they are made for maximum mobility and function.



(left) The longer coats in a military movement. The long, all-cotton, quilted-for-warmth coat has zippered closure and pockets ($165) and is elasticized at the waist and cuffs. Worn with it are all-cotton pleated pants with two side D-ring tabs ($71). Both coat and pants are by Lee Wright for Monti. The black-cotton shirt is by Creighton, the bright one-inch tie ($7) is by Camouflage. (right) The cotton-and-nylon, waterproof, button-through rain shell coat ($160) is by Joe Collins for Camouflage. The leather belt accents its military look ($33) and is by Sam Brown for Camouflage. The one-inch tie is at Camouflage. The coat can be worn both in warmer weather or as a shell over another coat in cooler temperatures. The black-leather pants ($180) are by Maurice Sasson.

(left) The short military jackets can be worn in both very good and very foul weather. The olive-drab bush jacket of all-nylon parachute cloth ($265), by Bill Kaiserman/Rafael, has many functional details: epaulets, bellows pockets, elasticized waist, and fly-front closure. The olive drab, cotton, straight-leg military pants ($110) are also by Bill Kaiserman/Rafael. Black cotton shirt by Calvin Klein. (right) The gold-toned rain jacket, by Beged-Or, is in cotton-polyester and is waterproofed with polyurethane treatment ($145). Fashionably multi-pocketed and sash-belted, this jacket is for rain or shine. Black cotton shirt by Creighton; one-inch tie by Camouflage. Both sunglasses are by Foster-Grant; both men's shoes are by Streetcars.

For information on where to buy merchandise featured here, see Fashion Finder on page 186

WORKING HARD

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 116

all got our morals, but that's dirty pool.

"Okay. I know that if I do my job well, people aren't born who otherwise might have been, and maybe I've helped prevent another Einstein or Lincoln or Bing Crosby. But statistically I've wiped out a whole lot more rapists, killers, suicides, and enough new welfare babies to fill Detroit. Look, I'm a middle-aged widow whose whole life is her kids. So I'm no birth-control red-hot. But don't tread on me, either."

THE AD WRITER

At age twenty, he's advertising director for Libertine House, which sells sex aids, accessories, and paraphernalia by mail. "They give me a doodad, and I give it a name and write ads for it that we run in the stroke mags. You know—*The Vibratron! The most electrifying erotic device since The Demon Seed!* She'll speak in tongues!' Yada yada." He's slender, almost scrawny, wears a WASP natural, John Denver glasses, a coke spoon on a gold neck chain, and a *Queen* T-shirt. He's written two porno paperback books but hopes to become a legitimate novelist.

"My friends call me a sexist, and my relatives call me a pervert. It's always the poor sap in the middle who gets hosed. And speaking of getting hosed, friends, have we got an item for you . . . (Laughs, groans.) Let's face it. I sell dildos to the impotent. It's like writing campaign speeches.

"People say, 'Shit, that's not advertising; that's just hustling people by appealing to their erotic fantasies.' Well? What do you think *advertising* is? *Everything's* a sex aid when it comes time to sell it. The basic message of most advertising is: using this will make you sexier. So, hey, if *I'm* a bullshit fantasy manipulator for claiming that French ticklers and butt plugs will boost your sex life, then what're the big agency boys who make the same claim for cigarettes, beer, and hair spray? Fuck, the Mustang campaign all but called it a cure for impotence.

"And don't hassle me over names like 'Powr-Peckr' and 'Deep Threat' until you've talked to whoever cooked up Cheez Whiz and Maxi Lash. Advertising isn't aimed at your head but your crotch. At least the shit *I* peddle belongs there.

"Oh, I guess I'd rather be writing big-league television commercials, but the saving grace to this crap is that I don't have to take it seriously. Crap is crap; there's no 'good' or 'bad.' So why worry about quality? But the poor bastards writing copy for Charmin or Pristeen actually have to *believe* in what they're doing, have to maintain some sense of significance and creativity, no matter how imbecilic the results. Excellent dough, but you wind up telling yourself more lies than the State Department, just to keep up an illusion of self-respect.

"Ad agencies are full of great novelists trapped in the bodies of hacks. Nine in ten copywriters see themselves as *Cat's Cradle* talents doing *Big Mac* material, and it wigs them out. Most of them are, were, or will be writing a Great American Novel on the side. Here, at least, I can write my fuck books in the open. I whacked out *Terrorist Groupie* and most of *Cherry Bomb* right at my desk.

"I make my own hours, write porn on company time—what's to lose? I'm beneath reproach. How much lower can I go on the literary ladder? Menus? Chinese cookie fortunes? And they got to take what they can get here. The average life-span in this gig is about forty-eight hours, mostly a succession of dirty old men, washed-up creative directors who'd take their pay in product. So why run a tight ship when you're sailing down a sewer?

"Also, I really don't have the right *attitude* for straight, main-line, salable writing. I'd probably be miserable and neurotic if I had to take writing seriously. Like they say, the grass is always greener over Erma Bombeck. But look at the grunge you have to write to score: bullshit espionage dramas, epic family sagas, Gothic occult hoodoo, period-romance snot-wipe, sex-and-money soap operas, self-help manuals. Gimme a break!

America rewards talent for its marketability and has decided that I'm more valu-

EVEN THE COLOUR OF THE LABEL SEPARATES CUTTY SARK FROM THE REST.

In a world of Scotches with red, white and black labels, the bold yellow employed by Cutty Sark stands alone. As does the Scots Whisky it represents.

THE ORIGINAL CUTTY SARK LABEL WAS DESIGNED BY FRANCIS BERRY AND SCOTTISH ARTIST JAMES MCBEY.

To make good Scotch, the whiskies comprising the blend are aged then blended together. To make Cutty Sark the whiskies are aged, blended together and then returned to cask to "marry" for up to a year and a half longer. And only then bottled. This contributes to Cutty Sark's unusually well-rounded taste.

One sip and you will discover that Cutty Sark, like its label, is truly an original.

"CUTTY SARK," "CUTTY," THE CUTTY SARK LABEL AND THE CLIPPER SHIP DESIGN ARE REGISTERED TRADEMARKS OF BERRY BROS. & RUDD LTD., LONDON, ENGLAND. 86 PROOF BLENDED SCOTCH WHISKY DISTILLED AND BOTTLED IN SCOTLAND. IMPORTED BY THE BUCKINGHAM CORPORATION, NEW YORK, N.Y.

able peddling sexual Vegematics than creating legitimate literature. (Shrugs, spits.) Who am I to argue?"

THE SEX-SHOP CASHIER

She's twenty-three but could easily pass for seventeen. Blonde, blue-eyed, and frustratingly attractive, she works as a cashier for *Sleazure World*, a sort of sexual 7-11 Store selling erotic literature, devices, costumes, power options, *ad fantasiam*. Her goal is to become a beautician, but finances have forced her to leave beauty college after one semester. She's been here for six months, hopes to save enough to reenroll, but must also contend with a fiancé who wants her to abandon both her job *and* career to be "your basic suck-fuck-and-dust housewife."

"I see 'em all here —wallflowers, loners, rejects, crazies, neurotics, closet weirdos —everything from the dregs to the upper crust. They're mainly regulars. It's like McDonalds —some drop in for the hell of it, but most of 'em really have a taste for the stuff.

"Some of 'em like it when you know their name. I guess it makes things less sneaky. But others would shit if they thought I knew their names. I get some heavy-duty dudes in here —doctors, bankers, politicians — and there's no rule about confidentiality in this business. I could write a *book*: a federal judge who special-orders duck suits, an alderman who's into diapers; it makes you wish you worked in Washington!

"And you can't tell by appearances. There's dudes who live in homes like museums and think the Republican party is too radical, and they load up on stuff that makes Roman Polanski look like Donny Osmond. It's true —the mild-mannered are the kinkiest. Show me people who look like they'd take umbrellas to the beach, and I'll show you who buys our SS uniforms, cattle prods, and orthopedic slings.

"Oh, they're real chummy at the register, but run into 'em on the street, and they look right through you. You got to be discreet. I've gotten twenty-dollar tips from big shots I 'didn't see' earlier that afternoon, ahem.

"I got hired for my looks. I'm mainly here to create hard-ons, y'know. It's like if Safeway pumped Thai smoke into the store while people shopped, to give them the munchies. Only I give 'em the crotchies. It's the same idea —impulse purchases —but using different impulses. I'm here to look good, give the customers ideas, and keep my mouth shut so they'll spend money. (Laughs.) It's your basic American boy-girl relationship. Or like Roy, my old man, says, 'a prick-tease by another name.'

"But I'm not deceiving anybody. I wear my engagement ring; I don't come on to them. Roy hates that I work the slime-shift, from 8:00 to 4:00 A.M. But those are *his* hours at the Clorox plant, and I feel safer in a crowded, lit-up store than alone in a dark apartment. He wants me to quit. Great. I can sit home and get bored or raped or pregnant.

"At least now I'm *doing* something. Plus, how else do I get back into beauty school? On his salary? (Laughs, rolls eyes.) Also, I keep in practice by moonlighting —or daylighting, I guess —as a cosmetician for the local hookers. Don't tell Roy, but there's nights I've made more on tips and whores than he gets as a flush operator.

"The thing is any guy who comes here for his kicks obviously isn't getting 'em at home. And who's the handiest female in the place? Who gets paid to be bait? (Laughs.) Remember, you're dealing not just with the horny but with the weird. Really, though, there's no threat. Either the hookers are hanging out —so who needs me? —or the cops are. So who needs trouble? But if anybody gets edgy, there's always a customer or two that can't wait to play *hero* and save the damsel.

"I hear more sick lines than Dear Abby, but you can't take offense or get ticked and tell the creep if he wants a vibrator pounded up his ass he should go hire a carpenter. Start getting complaints —we call it 'cunt mail' —and you're gone. Oh, some of 'em hit on you with winks, leers, old-hack double entendres, and come-ons, but there's standard put-downs for each of 'em.

"Like, they'll go, 'If I don't see what I want, should I just *ask*?' You say, 'If you don't see it, I don't sell it.' Or, 'What time do you get

off?' You say, 'Whenever my husband *gets* me off.' But not nasty. Even when you're cutting some poor creep to ribbons, you got to smile. Like flashers. A guy whips open his raincoat, you tell him, 'It looks like a cock, only smaller.' And smile. Brutal, huh? But you don't get any return performances.

"You have to keep it strictly business. Not just sex-wise but when they try to make you their confessor or shrink or fantasy mother, et cetera. 'Cause *you* can't give 'em what they need.

"I don't tell most people my job. It's not that I'm ashamed, but they react like you're either a tart or a hustler. Who needs that? I tell 'em I'm in retail sales. (Laughs.) It's like saying you're in show business when you clean up after the elephants in the circus. But at least I'm not selling golden showers to mamas' boys and exchange students for fifteen dollars a spray.

"My boss, Mr. Anastasio, says we render a public service. Roy says it's more of a *pubic* service. (Laughs.) Anyway, I don't know about the service, but whatever these poor dudes are, they're definitely the public. So maybe he's right."

THE VD CLINIC CASEWORKER

She's twenty-five, has a B.A. in psychology from Syracuse. She wants to be a psychiatric social worker. Failing that thus far, she works as a VD counselor in a New York clinic. On her office wall, next to her degree, are two signs. "*As Long As You Have Crabs, You're Never Alone*," says one. "*To Avoid VD, Just Use Your Head!*" says the other.

"Most of *my* cases could use their heads only as bookends. If you're opposed to sex education, relax. Most poor, urban Americans still think *vagina* is a state. Hit them with *hygienic* and *prophylaxis*, and they'll think they've wandered into France. Just tell them they've got bugs in their rig—'It's the clap, pal.' That's the VD clinic's magic word. Whatever they have, say clap. Just once I told a lady she had herpes. She flipped. 'Herbie's *what*? I never even balled any Herbie!' (Laughs.)

"VD counseling is like pissing upwind. But what can you do—ride through town crying, 'The spirochetes are coming'? I used to say, 'Douche with vinegar.' So one lady figures if plain vinegar's good, a bottle of Thousand Island should be dynamite. She's back in a week with everything but mold. Now I say, 'Don't overdouche it.' Clinic humor. For this I took the college boards.

"Just stick to the basics: try to pee right after sex, men especially; women should use foam to ward off herpes, but it tastes like airplane glue, which also wards off men. Beyond that, how do you 'counsel' total strangers? Which is just how they *want* it. I know their ugly secret; God forbid I should learn any more about them. Like, are they hard-luck first offenders or walking groins? Did they get it at a gay bar or after a PTA meeting? Are they promiscuous, and where do they draw the line—at transients? Cripples? Mammals?

"You've heard of infected throats and rectums? Try *eyes*. I had a one-eyed hooker come in with a dose she got from winking guys off! (Hoots.) What an image! What a Christmas card!

"Actually, we don't even wait for the test results. We *assume* you've got it. Nobody comes in out of idle curiosity, but because their poison oak would've cleared up by now or they're pissing chunky style. Sick, shmick, we treat you 'cause you're *here*. We get about as many voluntary returns as Attica—if we don't nail you now, in two weeks you're the Johnny Appleseed of VD. A healthy strain of clap can cross the South Bronx faster than a cab.

"The first law is 'Don't get romantically involved with the clientele.' (Laughs.) Seriously, you wanta talk occupational hazards? What would you rather do for a living—tame pumas with a whip and stool or break the news to married couples that one of them has been fucking around and has given the other a souvenir thereof?

"And then the stonewalling—the total outrage and absolute denials on both sides; I call it the phenomenon of 'immaculate clapception.' If you're lucky, they go home and kill each other. If you aren't, they don't wait that long. And if God has really decided to get cute with you, one of them will scream, 'Okay, we'll let *her* decide!' This job should never be done above the third floor.

"We even get groups! Bowling teams, sororities, *neighborhoods*—the open marriage has done wonders for penicillin sales. All these square, Dick-and-Jane types are suddenly *carriers*. You wouldn't believe the accusations, the screaming fits. The bottom line is to avoid violence. Be *very* diplomatic. 'Which of you has turned the rest of you into sexual lepers?' doesn't make it. Lie to them; blame it on toilet seats. Let 'em kill each other back at the commune.

"Rubbers are the aspirin of this business. We hand them out like business cards; we've got big bowls of them in the waiting rooms. Seriously. I keep my pockets filled. I'm known as the Rubber Lady. It becomes automatic, even invades your personal life. At parties if somebody bitches about a migraine or cramps, I smile and say, 'The best medicines are cleanliness and caution,' and hand him a rubber.

"I even give them out at Halloween. The parents raise hell, but the clap rate on our block is down 22 percent, and the muggers tip their hats when I go out. (Laughs.) And they're not even *good* rubbers.

"Why didn't I listen to my dad and be a dental technician, where it's just, 'Brush after every meal' and 'See you in six months?' Here it's 'You shouldn't fuck things you find lying in the subway,' and 'See you when the moss returns.' I ask myself: Did I really take a seminar from R. D. Laing so that I could show fat neurotics where the foam goes?"

"Your money or an enema."

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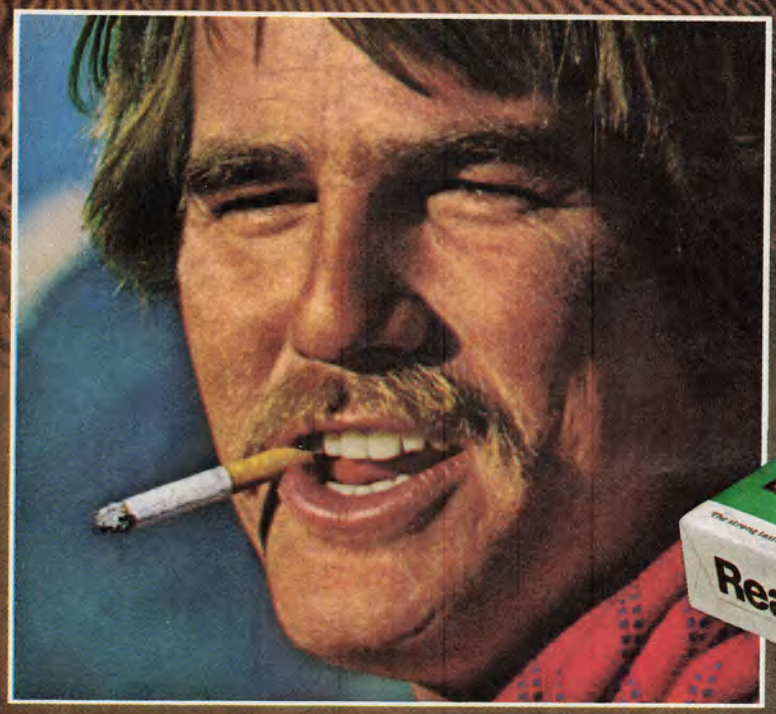

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IN THE APRIL FORUM ON YOUR NEWSSTAND NOW

LUNAR SEXUALITY

Everyone knows that a full moon makes some people act a little crazy. But did you know that scientific evidence suggests that the moon affects sexuality—especially that of women—in the best possible way? Mary Byrnes reports that "a full moon is the most potent aphrodisiac of all."

PROSTITUTION

The current prostitution laws show American society at its most hypocritical. Although women are rounded up in droves, their johns get off scot-free. In a recent New York street sweep a college professor was brutally nabbed walking home to her apartment. Richard Milner explains why sex for pay shouldn't be a crime.

DISCOMANIA

When you're hot, you're hot—and nothing is hotter right now than the disco phenomenon. Its goddesses are Grace Jones and Donna Summer, and the sacred temple is New York's Studio 54, the shrine where all disco fanatics worship. Rose Hartman provides *Forum* readers with an insider's explanation of disco madness.

FIRST SWING

If you want to go to a swing party but your wife doesn't, you've got a problem. Rob Stevans had just that problem but solved it by taking along his wife's best friend—at his wife's suggestion. It was an uncommon solution to a not-so-uncommon dilemma.

SAN FRANCISCO

It has the nation's largest gay population—estimates range up to 25 percent—and they are *not* in the closet anymore. What really happens to our culture when the gay subculture becomes a force to be reckoned with? David Sheff examines San Francisco in order to find out.

FEEDBACK

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 40

me and see for yourself how many of our people live—the people who are trying to stay off welfare and live on what they make. If, however, employers continue to lower the picking prices because they can find illegal aliens who are willing to work for next to nothing, by the time you get here you may not find any of us left in the fields.

We need a difference between what people can get on welfare and what they can earn working. You simply cannot offer someone less for working than you do for not working and expect him to continue working.

We would like to see our political leaders and publishers start putting pressure on Congress to come up with good wages for our people instead of for these damn "gimme" programs. We don't want them! Give us the conditions and wages that other industries in this country receive: some decent housing to rent that is comparable to our wages; places to park our trailers and campers when we go to areas for short-term jobs; some safety standards, which are presently nonexistent; toilets in the fields and places to take a bath after a day's work. Is all this so much to ask? All we are asking is to be treated as the rest of the people in *America* are treated!

Nick Thimmesch, you are mistaken when you say that this issue is racial. We are behind the Mexican-American, but the *American* citizen should have first opportunity at a job in his country and at a wage that will enable him to survive.

If your boss came in to you and told you that he was cutting your wages, what would you do, Mr. Thimmesch?—*Ray G. Chillson, President, Migrant Workers of America, Othello, Wash.*

The psychiatric holocaust

By the time I finished reading Dr. Peter R. Breggin's article "The Psychiatric Holocaust" (January 1979), I was totally furious! To think that my tax dollars are helping to support a man—Gov. Jay Rockefeller of West Virginia—whose family helped support the execution of about 300,000 mental patients in the 1940s is enough to make me want to withhold my money! It seems to me that any further involvement by a Rockefeller in a government position is an open contradiction to the Constitution of the United States.—*S.M., Fairmont, W. Va.*

Dr. Peter Breggin's article "The Psychiatric Holocaust" fascinated me even more than the television presentation of "Holocaust." The most amazing thing about the Nazi slaughter was not the methods used or the fact that the Nazis carried out these "experiments" without a trace of guilt, but that the German people knew what went on behind the walls of Treblinka, Auschwitz, Belsen, Buchenwald, and Dachau but made no move to do anything to stop it.

It is articles like this one that keep me reading *Penthouse*.—*M. Shenk, Carlisle, Pa.*

Defending the "liberated" Arab

I resent the hostile tone of Jaime Mardis's article "Sex and the Liberated Arab" (January 1979) and the way he describes Arab visits to Europe. For example: "The *invaders* were promised . . . in the current *invasion*," "The big Arab *assault* wave on European pleasure capitals," "Until the great oil *swindle* . . . ," and " . . . bankrolled by the first OPEC price hikes, the Arab influx by 1976 had reached *invasion proportions*."

I do not understand why some Americans feel threatened by Arab visits to Europe and can't see Saudi princes for what they are: international playboys, who, like American playboys before them, have discovered that money can buy pleasure. Only in this case, these Saudi fools are too generous. Spending so much money on women who would perform the same services for a fraction of the cost is harmful to the Saudis' reputation. Sure, the women love it, but some envious Western males have convinced themselves that the princes pay this much, not because Arabs are traditionally generous, but because they must pay that much. Let's face it, Saudi princes are doing Europe and England a favor by spending all their money there.

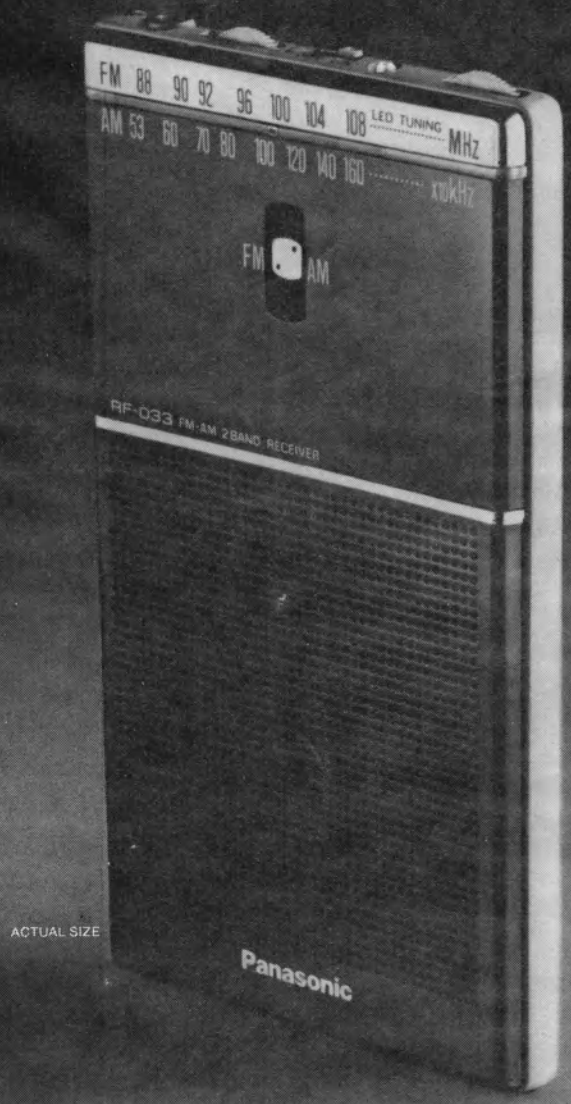
The article was sloppily researched and contains inaccuracies and generalities about Arabs, who happen to make up twenty-two different countries having very different social and sexual customs. Mardis cites a so-called Islamic scholar, who states that a wife calls her husband *Ya Sidi*—"my master." That is completely false, and Mardis must have gotten it out of *The Arabian Nights*. I should know—I have lived in the Arab world for thirty-seven years.

Two other minor but important points. The author, using "Fatima" as an example, seems to suggest that Arab men are cruel to women in order to make them "feel." Nonsense! Arab men as a group cannot be described except as "Yvette" described them at the beginning of the article: ". . . when you come down to it, Arab princes are just like any other men."—*Name and address withheld*

I am writing in response to Jaime Mardis's article "Sex and the Liberated Arab." I get very annoyed when I see the Arabs portrayed as mindless, unfeeling men, interested in only one thing—sex at *any* price!

I met an Arab when he was a student in the United States, and he fell in love with me. It was a beautiful time in my life, filled with laughter, tenderness, love, and—yes—bodyguards and drama.

My Arab was a deeply sensitive man, acutely aware of the effects of his money on others. Many times he felt betrayed and used for his money. He told me of times when he and other boys at the college would go out on the town, and at the end of the evening the others would pretend to



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have "forgotten" their money and expect him to pay.

I first met him at a bar nearby the campus. On our first date, he told me that he had two bodyguards. I went home and told my roommate that he certainly had an original line! Little did I know!

After several months he gave me a diamond bracelet and explained to me that it was customary to give women such things. I asked him where he would like me to wear it—to the supermarket or the laundromat?—and refused to take it.

One night, while his bodyguards were trying to score points with the waitresses in a restaurant, we slipped out, and by the time they discovered we were missing we were long gone! They called the police, notified the embassy and the president of the college, and we were the object of an APB. We were to share many a laugh over that one.

Yes, I am blonde. I used to tease him that he loved me only because I was blonde, and I threatened to dye my hair brown. One night he came to my door, and I grabbed my roommate's brown wig and put it on. When he saw me, his face fell to the ground. He stroked the wig, only to have it fall askew. His face lit up, and he grabbed a handful of my hair and yanked it, just to make sure that it was mine.

There were many other funny, tender moments. He said he fell in love with me because I could make him laugh and forget who he was and what was expected from him in his life. He also realized that his wealth meant nothing to me. In the end, it was something his wealth could not buy that set us apart. But I shall always treasure the memories of the time we spent together.

To Jaime Mardis, I say this: the way to an Arab's heart is *not* through his pocketbook. I know.—*Name and address withheld*

"Bitter Harvest"

Bravo for your September and November 1978 article "Bitter Harvest" (parts I and II), by David Harris! It really hit home. I only hope that our "lustful" Jimmy reads this. The way the government is treating farmers, you would think that they were doing us some big favor by letting us work our asses off for nothing. How do we get our point across? We want to feed America and the world at reasonable prices and make a living comparable to our labor. Don't forget: we don't get time and a half for overtime, triple time for holidays, weekends off, or paid vacations. We pay our own insurance, if we have any, and nobody cosigns our loans. And remember: agriculture is the only essential industry. Just try to live without us.—*M. Sabovitch, Bakersfield, Calif.*

Poster art

In my humble opinion, Bob Guccione created a fine work of art with the Pet-of-the-Year poster in the January 1979 issue. I think that your photography is superb—Dominique Mauré has a friendly, honest, and open pose that is well suited to her bounteous natural endowments, charm, and beauty. Thank you for sharing your perceptiveness and artistic ability with me.—*J. K., Los Angeles, Calif.*

Correction

The photograph of Fidel Castro accompanying the December 1978 Castro interview should have been credited as follows: LeroyWoodson/Woodfin Camp Associates.

MOANS & GROANS

During the past few years that I have been reading your magazine, I have enjoyed your articles and pictorials. However, I see a few things that really disturb me.

From the very beginning of President Carter's term in office, you have waged what I consider to be a vendetta against him. I would be one of the first to criticize our leader on any poor decisions, and I strongly feel that everyone has that right. But your "campaign" is becoming an experience in foul play. I cannot believe that President Carter at his worst can be any worse than our past three presidents. You never resist a dig, even if it is only in your "Wicked Wanda" cartoon. Without my wanting to sound like a Carter campaign worker, he has not had any tape-recording problems and has not involved us in any bushfire wars, unlike Johnson, Nixon, and Ford. I strongly feel that you have never given President Carter the benefit of the doubt.

I feel that a popular magazine like yours can be a very effective weapon, either for a good cause or a bad one—and along with this effectiveness comes a responsibility.—*Name and address withheld*

Penthouse *has never said that President Carter is any worse than our past three presidents, but considering their records, that's not saying very much. We agree that we have a responsibility and believe that we are fulfilling that responsibility by examining and reporting on the decisions of all people, in or out of government, that affect our lives.*

In your January 1979 issue, Robert Hofler reviewed the 1979 calendars in the "Scenes" section of "View from the Top." He said, "The girls in the Dallas Cowboys Cheerleaders calendar look like a bunch of rejects from a touring company of "The Best Little Whorehouse in Texas." I want to tell you that nobody asked Hofler or anybody else for his thoughts on the subject, and saying things like that can get people in a lot of hot water. I think that Robert Hofler should make a public apology. If you don't have anything nice to say about these girls, don't say anything at all!—*K. D., Wade, Tex.*

You seem to have missed the point—Mr. Hofler was reviewing the calendar, not the girls. Perhaps the photographs in the calendar do not do justice to the Cowboys' girls.

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EXCALIBUR—A FITZGERALD FANTASY ON WHEELS

By Wade Hoyt

Brooks Stevens is a designer who worked for Willys, Kaiser, and Studebaker. He was responsible for the still popular Jeepster and Studebaker Hawk GT, but he is best known for a series of flamboyant sports cars called Excaliburs (not to be confused with the present Excalibur). Although their styling was strictly Hollywood and their running gear outré (Kaiser chassis with Willys or supercharged Jaguar six-cylinder engines), his Excaliburs set impressive records in early Sports Car Club of America road racing.

It was only natural that Studebaker came to Stevens late in 1963 with a request for a "modern classic" exhibition car. He designed a cycle-fendered roadster reminiscent of the 1929 Mercedes Benz SSK (which was fitting, because Studebaker dealers were selling Mercedes in America at that time).

Brooks's son Steve and a mechanic built the car in eight weeks, using aluminum bodywork, a Studebaker Lark chassis, and a supercharged Avanti R2 engine. Unfortunately, Studebaker went bankrupt while Steve was transporting the show car to what should have been its debut in the '64 New York auto show. Being fast on his feet, young Stevens wangled exhibit space for the car and found people thrusting blank checks at him. The prototype was exhibited at the Chicago and Los Angeles shows that year, and a single ad in the *Wall Street Journal* brought in 300 inquiries and over a dozen firm orders.

Having backed into the automobile business, Steve and his brother David set up shop in Milwaukee. Molds were made to duplicate the original aluminum bodywork in fiberglass, which lends itself better to limited-production runs. Corvette running gear was substituted for the Studebaker parts. All of this was bolted to a massive frame welded up from quarter-inch-thick two-by-four rectangular steel tubing.

At first glance, the current Series III Excalibur seems big, long, and powerful. But at 175 inches long, the four-seat phaeton is nearly a foot shorter than a Corvette, or about the same length as a Dodge Omni or AMC Pacer. Although it's about 800 pounds heavier than a 'Vette, the Excalibur uses a 454-cubic-inch V-8 that is over 100 cubes bigger than anything you can get in a Corvette nowadays. Excalibur buys the engines from Chevy's truck division. This behemoth chuffs out 215 horsepower at a relaxed 4,000 rpm and 350 ft lbs of torque at 2,400 rpm; that's 20 hp and 65 ft lbs more urge than the standard 'Vette engine, and it's enough to move even this overweight, nonstreamlined device smartly away from everyday traffic.

It's obvious from the specifications sheet that the Excalibur is aimed at the luxury car buyer rather than the sports car buff. Standard equipment includes air conditioning, automatic transmission, AM/FM stereo radio with tape deck, tilt-and-telescoping steering wheel, leather seats, removable hardtop, dual air horns, driving lights, self-leveling rear suspension, and four-wheel disc brakes.

Most of the moving parts—suspension, brakes, steering engine, transmission—are supplied by Chevrolet, so that service is as near as one of the nation's 6,000 Chevy dealers. This is fortunate for the Excalibur owner, because there are only a half-dozen Excalibur dealers coast to coast, located near the big money in New York, Florida, Chicago, Milwaukee, Houston, and Reno. (See box at end of this article for names and addresses of Excalibur dealerships.)

Driving the car affords a curious blend of modern and classic impressions. With the top up, you must penetrate a slot in the side curtains to reach the fiddly door latch. Arrayed across the flat, leather-covered dash are enough instruments to fly a small airplane. Peering through the tiny gun-slit windshield and past the three miniature wiper blades, you sight along an incredibly long, louvered hood. Beyond the stainless-steel exhaust pipes, chromium headlight housings distort the passing scenes in such a way as to evoke memories of Grandma's parlor reflected in a Christmas ornament. The only jarring notes are the air-conditioner outlets, automatic-transmission shifter, and standard-issue GM pedals winking at you from deep in the footwell.

The motorboat rumble of the exhaust is just right, the side curtains flap, and the fabric top goes *whump, whump, whump* in

Photographs by Douglas Kirkland

CONTINUED ON PAGE 214

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New York, N.Y. 10019 (212) 582-7750

XAVIERA

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 46

ing sight to see my hair quickly disappear under his agile hands. I felt like a newborn baby after he powdered my newly shaven crotch. And not only does it look good, but also having been shaven helps me to achieve some unexpected orgasms. I can achieve a good climax just by rubbing my legs together!

Unfortunately, I know many women who never even bother to look at their vaginas with a mirror. They never want to touch themselves "down there" except to wash or to insert a Tampax. How unfortunate that these women don't love their bodies a bit more! My mother was such a woman. Of course, she was very shocked when she first discovered that I had run a brothel in New York City. Then she read my book *The Happy Hooker*, not just once but over and over again in order to understand her daughter. Once she got over the initial shock, she told me, "Why has nobody written a book like this before? Why wasn't a book like this written years ago, when your father and I were first married? Then I could have better understood your father's 'kinky' ideas on sex."

It so happens that my mother was a beautiful young woman with long legs and a talent for dancing. I vividly remember how my father used to urge her to dance the cancan. Being of French descent, my mother would willingly oblige. How excited my father would get when she used to throw her long, beautiful legs up into the air, revealing a lacy, black pair of panties! No wonder their sex life was so fine, as she told me many years later. However, there were certain things she would not perform with my father, and after reading my books she now says that she regrets her refusals to oblige him.

You don't have to feel guilty about having animallike sex. Taking pictures, watching porno movies, and participating in orgies are all part of a full sex life. Try them. If you don't like what you're doing, then stop and move on to something else. But give it all a chance—at least once or twice.

A TINY TALE

I'm eighteen years old and flat-chested. My husband, Art, wants me to have a threesome with one of my girl friends, but I'm very self-conscious about my bust. I'm afraid that if he were to have sex with a woman with big tits, I would be left out. I told him that the only way he could sleep with another woman was if I slept with another man at the same time. Art has me feeling so ugly and deformed that I don't think I could get another man into bed with me if I paid him. Anyway, that is what my husband leads me to believe. He says my breasts look like "two zits on a freckled fritter."

I can hardly stand to have sex anymore, because I'm so ashamed of my body. What can I do? Can a small-busted woman be sexy and desirable?—F.S.

Many men actually prefer small-breasted women, and it's no secret that most high-fashion designers design their clothes for extremely slim women.

If you really must have big knockers, try seeing a doctor. He can suggest the best method of surgically enlarging your bust. And while you're there, see about getting your husband a new head to go with your new breasts.

A CLEANSING EXPERIENCE

Recently, I met this terrific guy whom I've fallen in love with. We've enjoyed fantastic sex, and I love pleasing him. I'm twenty-two years old, was blessed with pretty good looks, and am really looking forward to the sex-filled years ahead of me!

After meeting Tim at a party, we went back to his place for some wine. Our conversation eventually led to sex and then to fantasies. After telling him I love just about every aspect of sex, he told me that what he loved was seeing a beautiful woman soaked to the skin in something really sexy. He thought I might find him strange, but I said it sounded like fun! (I'd been in a wet T-shirt contest once before and remembered how turned on I'd gotten.) I had Tim fill his tub, and when I thought it was about full, I ran into the bathroom. The tub was the size of a small swimming pool, and Tim was sitting on the edge, waiting anxiously. I placed one leg into the warm water. It felt wonderful, and I even kept my high heels on. The water felt even better as I slid into the tub, purposely letting the water lift my skirt to reveal my sheer panties. I felt very sensual and sexy watching the fabric of my thin blouse and skirt floating gracefully in the water.

Tim seemed so excited that he almost fell climbing in to grab my breasts. I felt I was still decently clothed; yet I was showing all I had to offer. His cock looked like a periscope as I finally slid it out of his jeans and immediately mounted him. I pulled my panties to one side and filled myself with his huge erection. His cock pumped harder and harder, and we both exploded in a powerful orgasm that made me seem to melt into the warm water. Within minutes we were screwing again, my clothes floating gracefully in time to our rhythm. Reluctantly, I removed my wet things, and we retired, exhausted, to his bed.

I really enjoy fulfilling Tim's fantasy and find that I'm enjoying it as much as he is. With Tim's encouragement, I've entered a couple of wet T-shirt and nightgown contests. I still enjoy other aspects of sex but look forward to our watery lovemaking. After getting use of a friend's private pool for the weekend, Tim told me to think of something to surprise him with. I put on a lacy bra and panties, complete with garter and stockings. I could almost hear poor Tim's heart pounding as we donned diver's masks for an underwater swim. Needless to say, we were in the pool for quite a while.

I was wondering if you've ever heard of or have tried the wet clothes approach. At least it's good, clean fun.—T.M.

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Sophia Loren became famous overnight when she appeared in a wet T-shirt in *Boy on a Dolphin*, and the same trick didn't hurt Jacqueline Bisset in *The Deep*. Obviously, the water-soaked cloth brings to mind certain body juices, juices of an erotic nature. Also, water makes the cloth cling caressingly to the body. And oh how tempting it is to tear off that wet material! It's like an itch that can't quite be scratched away.

I hope your letter will arouse some new lovemaking ideas in the heads (and minds) of my readers. It's probably the cleanest fetish I can think of.

PARK BENCH PARTY

I am married to the most beautiful woman in the world, and we are as happy now as we were when we met seventeen years ago. We were pretty liberated in our sex life the first few years but slowed down as we got older. Still, at thirty-seven, Annette doesn't look over thirty, and she is just as sexy as ever.

Two years ago we visited the small town where I spent my younger years, and I showed Annette around, particularly the little dense, wooded park, crisscrossed by paths. The benches in the brush were still there, and I told her how I used to make love to my girl friends there. I didn't know anyone there now, and in the evening we went to the town's dance hall to see the rural life up close.

I went out to get a beer; and when I returned, Annette was dancing with a young, handsome lad. She danced several dances with him while I danced with other girls. Finally, Annette came over to me, giggling. She said the young man, Eric, was asking and begging to walk her to the hotel. Annette suggested that I try to pick up a girl and that we split apart for the evening for some fun. I agreed.

We both left around midnight, she with young Eric and I with a shy and much younger lady. I soon found out that I could not go far with the girl, and after a couple of short kisses she ran into her house. As I started to walk toward the hotel, a thought struck me—the park! I knew right away that Annette and Eric were in the park, and it was only a five-minute walk from the hotel. I quickly made my way through the well-remembered back paths until I spied Annette and her date on a bench, clinched in a strong embrace. Their lips were glued together, and in the moonlight I could clearly see his hand fondling, squeezing, and pinching Annette's large, jutting breasts.

Her breasts were taking quite some beating, but she didn't try to deflate his eagerness, as she would have done with me. The young man successfully advanced his hand under her sweater, and her poor breasts got even rougher treatment. I'm sure that at this point I was at least as excited as they were.

I could see them clearly without being seen, and their groans and deep breaths were audible in the still night. One of Eric's hands started to move around Annette's hip and thigh. Then it was on her knee and

disappeared under her skirt. But before he got far, Annette's hand came down and stopped him. His hand came out, and he kissed her while working her breast. Then that hand pushed under her skirt again—and again was stopped. They started kissing, and Annette put both her arms around his neck, and when his hand now went under her skirt, it met no resistance.

My heart was beating heavily when I saw Annette open her knees wide apart, and her hip movements announced that his fingers had found a new home. Annette was conquered! She went limp in his arms as he fingered her. Then he swung her around and lifted her legs up onto the bench, and she lay back, awaiting him. My lips were dry as I watched the boy lift up her skirt. She lifted her hips as her bikini was yanked down her legs. In a second he had removed his own clothes and jumped on top of her. I couldn't take any more. When he started to pump into her, I ejaculated into the bushes. And before the two had collapsed in each other's arms in a mutual orgasm, I came for a second time.

I was in bed when Annette came home. She never mentioned the incident until about a year later, at which time I told her that I had seen the whole thing. She was shocked but thought the whole thing was hysterical—especially my masturbating into the bushes.

Xaviera, do you think this sort of experience, if repeated, could harm a relationship?—T.T.

Of course not. Your wife and her friend should get along fine.

OUT OF MY HEAD

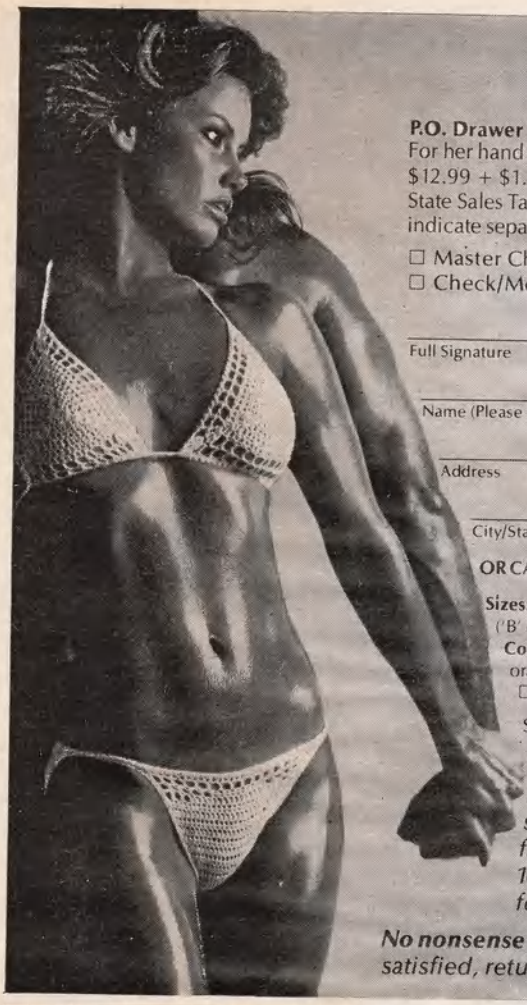
My lover and I have established a fantastic sex life. There is only one thing that concerns me, and I hope you will be able to answer my question.

The way I like to have sex with Scott is to have him inside me and then hold my legs firmly between his. During the thrusting motion, his penis rubs furiously against my clitoris. I have such wild orgasms this way that sometimes I feel I am losing my mind. My orgasms come in such waves that they seem to last an eternity, and they are so numerous that I usually can't stand it. One night I completely "lost it" and started laughing and crying hysterically.

My problem is that I'm afraid I'm really going to lose my mind, and therefore I've become reluctant to have sex with Scott. It's so fantastic that I want more and more of him, but at the same time I'm afraid the sensations will make me insane.

Is it possible to lose your mind completely from such overwhelming feelings? None of my girl friends has ever had the same experience.—R.S.

Many women would give anything to have your "problem." You won't go crazy from too many orgasms and too much sex. After all, there's no such thing as too much sex. I've been called a nymphomaniac, but to my thinking there's really no such creature.



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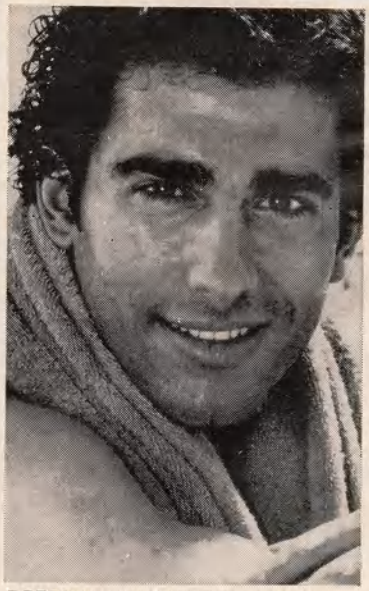

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VIVA LINGERIE

People do develop frustrations from not having enough sex (most likely those people who thought up the word *nymphomaniac*), but I've never heard of the opposite case being true. Live and enjoy—and don't knock what tingles your tuner.

BETTER THAN JUST FRIENDS

I'm hot for my best friend. I'm twenty-one years old, married, and love my husband, Ted. I've never been attracted to other women before; so this is unique. I really love Liz and have the desire to make love with her, a desire that I've had for over four years. I've thought about telling Ted, but he is very possessive and old-fashioned. He'd probably get very upset and call me a lesbian—and then get a divorce.

I just keep thinking how good it would be to satisfy Liz. Just once would be enough, as sort of a ritual declaration of our friendship. Do you think it's just curiosity to experience a female lover, or am I really overly fond of my friend? I've thought about telling her, or even just seducing her, but I can never find the right moment.

This makes me really sad, because there has never been another man or woman that has made me want to be untrue to Ted. But Liz is torturing me. The other night she and her husband came to a party at our house. I was very high and found myself fantasizing about her—in a roomful of people. I got so turned on watching her talk and smile that I had to go lie down. Ted and Liz came looking for me, and when they found me in the bedroom, she told Ted she'd talk to me and see what the problem was. I asked Ted to stay. Even though that would have been the perfect opportunity to tell Liz about my feelings, I didn't feel right, with both our husbands at the party. Please tell me what I should do.—D.P.

Ted is not your only problem in your conquest to seduce Liz. It sounds as if Liz wouldn't be so hot on the idea, either. Not that that should stop you. It just makes the situation a little stickier. But since you're jumping into hot water, why make such a splash? If you want to try making it with women, you should try one who's willing or already experienced. If you approach your friend, you could well lose the best friend you've ever had. Is sexual pleasure worth *that* risk? Or the risk of losing your husband? New departures in the area of sex can be enrichening—if they don't cause *real* departures by those you love.

The best situation would seem to involve a mini-orgy with the four of you: you, Ted, Liz, and her husband. You can touch and kiss and fondle Liz all you want, and everyone will just chalk it up to the spirit of the occasion. After all, it's what four-ways are all about. Unfortunately, you say that Ted is a bit square. Too bad. But it may be true that he's a bit more rounded at the corners when it comes to four-ways. Many men can really get into that kind of action, whereas lesbianism leaves them a bit out of the picture. Choices, choices. Whoever said that swinging was easy? ○+

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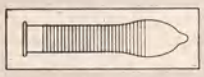

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BETTER GROOMING THROUGH CHEMISTRY

BY ED EMMERLING

A review of the men's grooming scene this spring reveals a new assortment of useful products, from reputable firms, soon to be hitting men's counters in stores across the country. Following is a sampling of some of the more important new grooming aids from which you can choose.

Givenchy's fragrances, Gentlemen Givenchy and Monsieur de Givenchy, now come in stronger-scent concentrations via new eau de toilette spray bottles. The SUPERMAX CURLYTOP hair dryer from Gillette has gentler air flow so that it does not blow out the shape of naturally curly hair or curly-hair styles. Balm Barr introduces COCOA BUTTER CREME, a face-and-body cream relieving dry skin in all seasons, indoors and out. Aramis's SUN-BRONZED MOISTURIZING AFTER-SHAVE and SUN-BRONZED MOISTURIZING CONCENTRATE offer essential skin moisture care with the addition of color that applies a natural, healthy tanned look to the face. A new, effective duo from CHANEL FOR MEN starts with CONDITIONING SHAMPOO that thoroughly cleanses and conditions hair at the same time and ends with the SHOWER/BATH GEL that forms instantly and deep-cleanses, using no detergents or harsh chemicals. PINO SILVESTRE's new eau de toilette comes on stronger than its popular cologne counterpart. Via Speidel, world-famous designer TED LAPIDUS launches his Eau de Toilette Pour Hommes, denoting elegance in a mix of incense, wood, leather, and rum. JOVAN's Wrinkles Away, a temporary wrinkle smoother, helps smooth away unwanted lines all over your face for a line-free appearance most of the day and night. MONSIEUR HOUBIGANT Musk Natural Protein Shampoo's scent keeps freshly shampooed hair fragrant much longer than other hair preparations do. English Leather's new scent, RACQUET CLUB, introduces its first scented Shower Soap on Cord.

Photograph by Ben Swedowsky

OH, WICKED WANDA!
FOR THE CRIME OF LETTING THE COMMON FOLK WORK OUT THEIR SEXUAL FANTASIES IN WANDALAND, LIBIDO VON HOTZMANN, EMINENT SEXOLOGIST AND WANDA'S SCAPEGOAT, IS UNDER INDICTMENT. A PRESS RECEPTION IS ARRANGED.
I AM NOT GOING TO STAND BY AND SEE A MAN OF HOTZMANN'S GENIUS DRAGGED THROUGH THE MIRE!
IT IS HIS FIRM BELIEF THAT WANDALAND IS A BENEFIT TO MANKIND.....
...AND I PLEDGE HIM MY WHOLEHEARTED SUPPORT! I INTEND TO USE MY MILLIONS TO PUBLICIZE THIS GRAVE INJUSTICE AND TO ESTABLISH ONCE AND FOR ALL THAT SEXUAL GRATIFICATION IS A HUMAN RIGHT!
IT'S ALL GOING ACCORDING TO PLAN, GRUD!
YOU MEAN— THE MOSTRESS KNEW THAT WANDALAND WOULD BE CLOSED DOWN?
MY DEAR FELLOW! SHE PRE-SOLD THE TELEVISION RIGHTS OF THE FORTHCOMING TRIAL TO 47 COUNTRIES!
SYNDICATION RIGHTS TO GOD KNOWS HOW MANY NEWSPAPERS AND MAGAZINES! SHE HAS STAGE MANAGED THE WHOLE THING FROM BEGINNING TO END!
WHY DON'T WE SLIP AWAY TO SOME SECLUDED BISTRO? LET'S FACE IT— WHAT WE DON'T HEAR WE CAN MAKE UP!
YESTERDAY THERE WERE 15 BIZARRE KILLINGS, 4 POLITICAL ASSASSINATIONS, AN EARTHQUAKE AND A 45 CAR PILE UP ON THE FREEWAY! THAT WAS A GOOD DAY FOR THE NEWS MEDIA!
PRESS
PRESS
by FREDERIC MULLALLY and RON EMBLETON

LET THE POLICE FORCE CONCENTRATE ON FIGHTING CRIME AND STOP PUSSYFOOTING AROUND WITH CENSORSHIP!
LET THE MORALISTS DIRECT THEIR OUTCRIES AGAINST THE REAL OBSCENITIES IN SOCIETY — LIKE TERRORISM AND VIOLENCE!
POOR LITTLE MAN! HE'S SO UNHAPPY!
OH, ERNEST — YOU WERE RIGHT! IT JUST AIN'T THE WAY IT WAS ANYMORE!
SOB! IT'S ALL TOO REAL NOW! ALL THOSE MACHO GAMES WE PLAYED! SOB...
...NOBODY BELIEVES IN 'EM ANYMORE!

YOU ARE NOT PROPERLY DRESSED FOR A PRESS RECEPTION, PUSSCAKE — I AM SUPPOSED TO BE THE CENTER OF ATTRACTION!
NOW, WHERE WAS I?
INSTEAD OF CLOSING DOWN PLACES LIKE WANDALAND WHY DON'T THEY CONCENTRATE ON THE REAL ISSUES — LIKE BANNING THE SALE OF ARMAMENTS?
I THOUGHT SHE DEALT IN ARMS SALES?
SHE DOES — BUT THAT DOESN'T MEAN SHE APPROVES OF IT!

I INTEND TO SUB-POENA THE U.S. PRESIDENT AS A KEY WITNESS FOR THE DEFENSE!
HE'S BEEN PRETTY FORTHRIGHT IN EXPRESSING HIS FEELINGS TOWARDS WOMEN!

THE PRESIDENT!
THE PRESIDENT?

YES! AFTER ALL — THIS IS A HUMAN RIGHTS ISSUE!
I AM ALSO GOING TO SUB-POENA THE FOLLOWING EMINENT PERSONS!

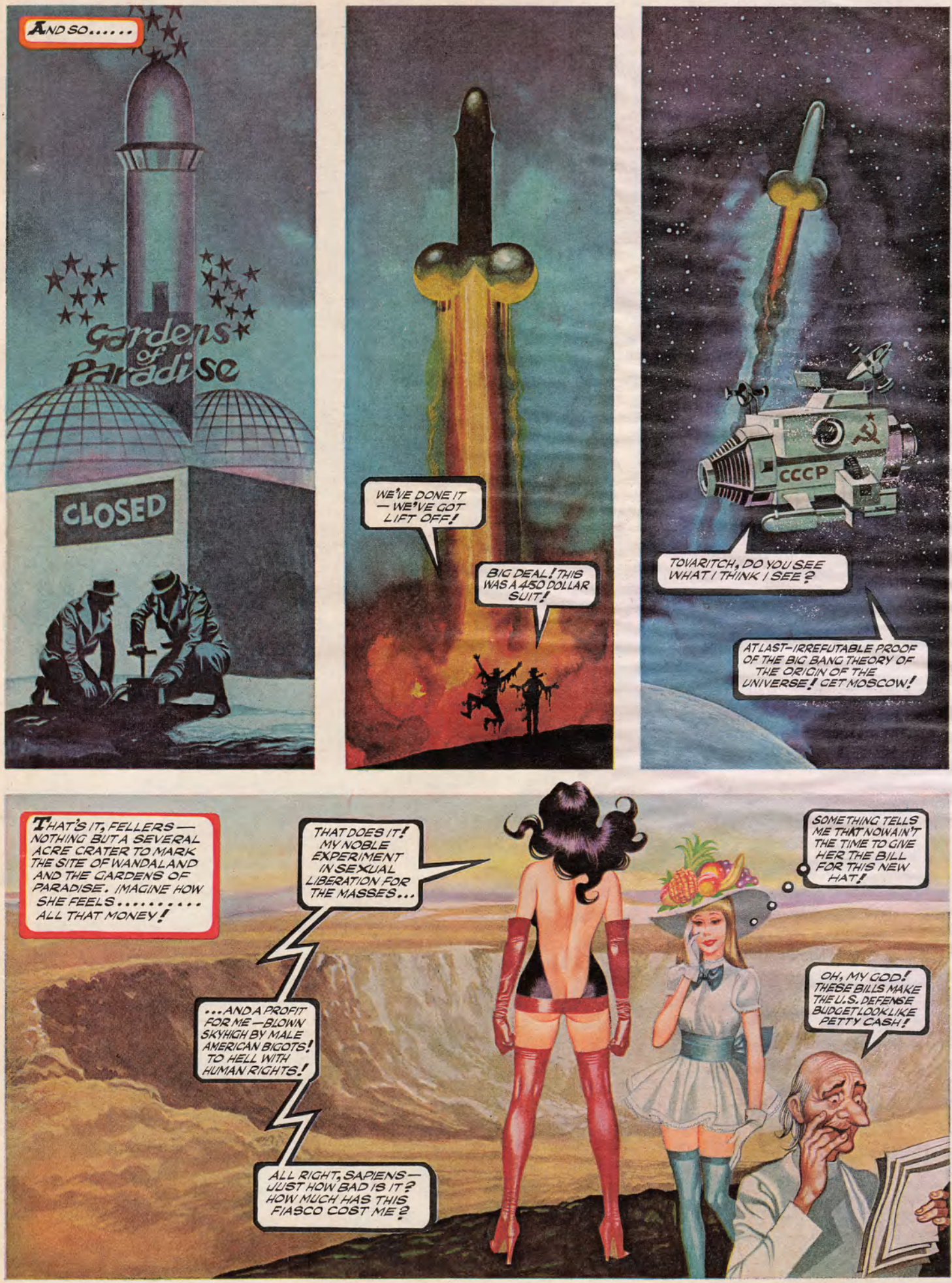
AS THE NEWS BREAKS, PUBLIC OPINION IS DIVIDED.....
the League of National Purity and Nice Thoughts
WE CAN'T HAVE RESPECTABLE FOLK GOING AROUND AND SAYING THAT THEY ENJOY ORGASMS AND DOING NASTY SEXY THINGS TO ONE ANOTHER!
WHAT WOULD BECOME OF ALL THE VIRTUES LIKE GUILT, INHIBITION AND EMBARRASSMENT?
ALL THE IMPORTANT WORK PUT IN BY PSYCHIATRISTS AND SOCIAL WORKERS WOULD HAVE NO MEANING!

WHAT'LL BECOME OF US, CHARLIE?
HELL! IF THEY CLOSE WANDALAND DOWN FOR GOOD WE'LL HAVE TO GO BACK TO WATCHIN' ALL THAT RUBBISH ON TELEVISION!

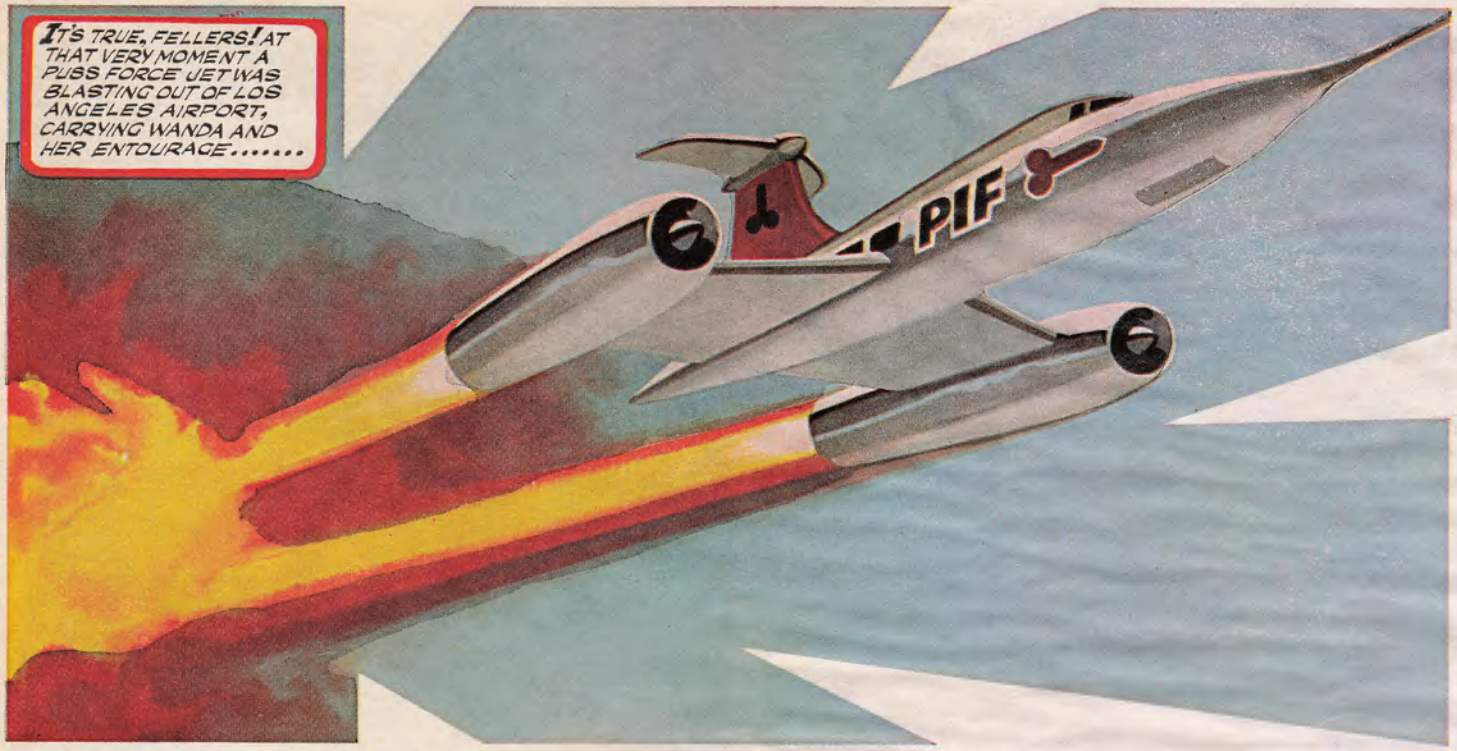
IN A BOARD ROOM (IN A CITY WE DARE NOT NAME) A GROUP OF IMPORTANT PEOPLE (WHO WE DARE NOT SHOW BECAUSE YOU'D NEVER BELIEVE IT) SIT AROUND A TABLE.....
THIS AFFAIR IS GETTING OUT OF HAND! IT CAN'T BE ALLOWED TO REACH THE COURTS!
THINK WHAT THE FOREIGN PRESS IS GONNA DO WITH THIS AS A HUMAN RIGHTS ISSUE!
HAVE YOU SEEN THE LIST OF KEY WITNESSES? ONCE THIS PROCESS STARTS THERE'S NO TELLING WHERE IT WILL END!

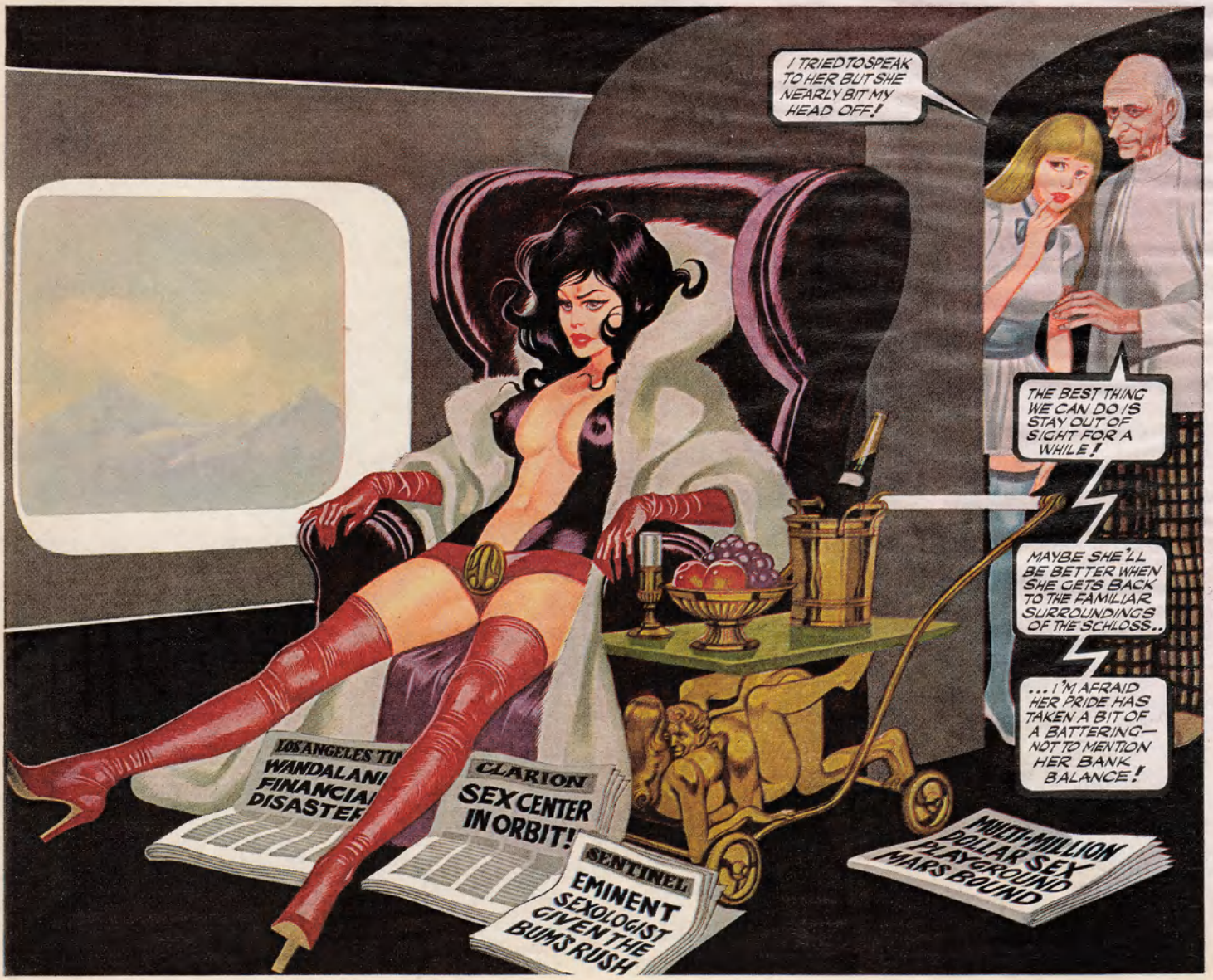
AND WHAT ABOUT WANDALAND? THIS VON KREESUS BROAD'LL STIR UP A NEST OF HORNETS WHILE THAT PLACE IS AROUND!
WHAT ABOUT THIS PROFESSOR LIBIDO VON HOTZMANN?
NO PROBLEM! HIS WORK PERMIT EXPIRES! WE WITHDRAW HIS VISA AND GET HIM OUT OF THE COUNTRY!
THERE IS A WAY OUT OF THIS....

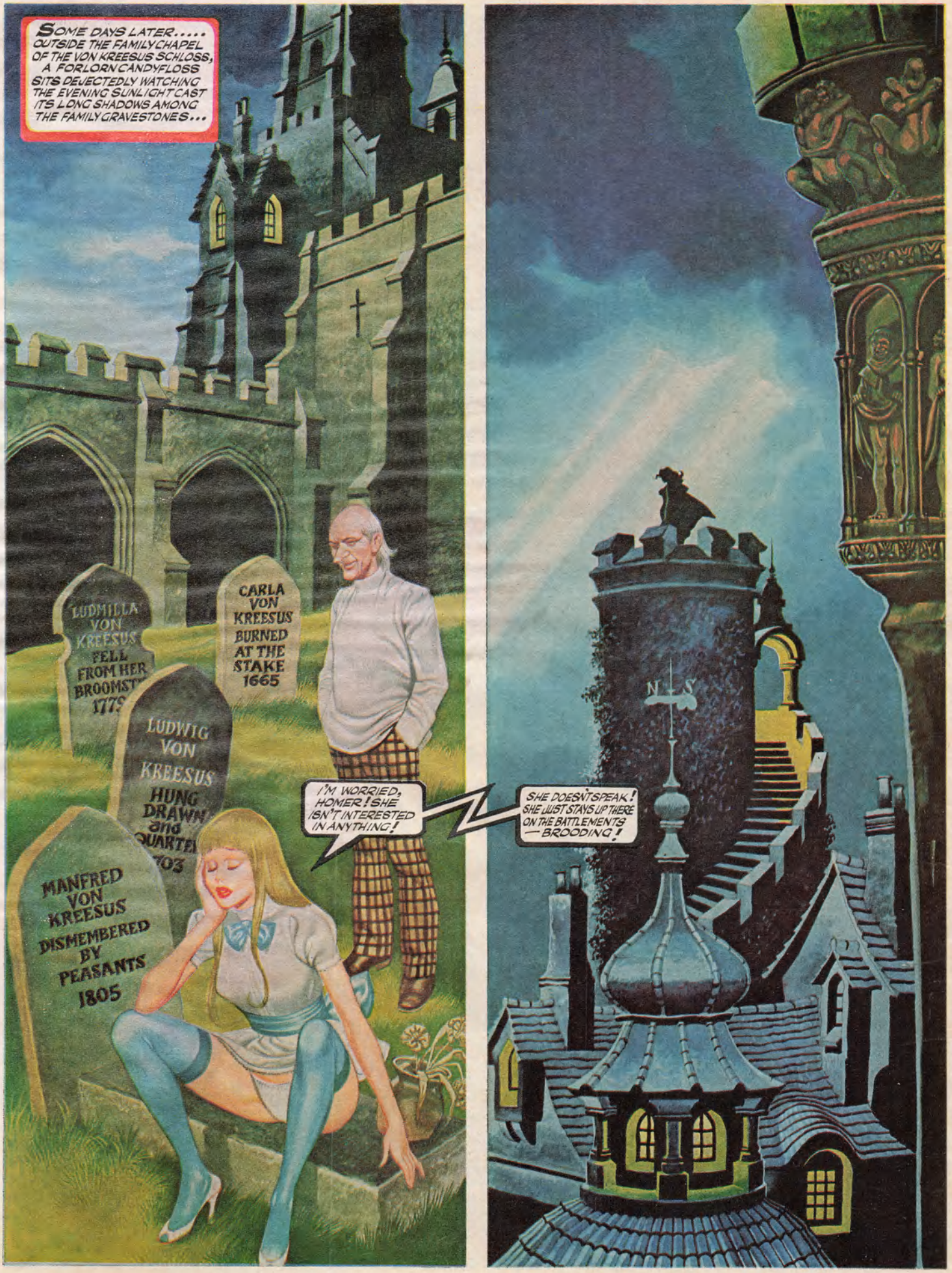
A SINISTER FIGURE TAKES THE STAGE. BURPO BOSSOTUTTI, CRAPO DI CRAPI OF THE COSI NASTI — ARCH ENEMY OF WANDA VON KREESUS!
SURE — IT'D GIVE ME A LOT OF JOY TO SEE THAT LADY FALL ON HER FANNY!
I DO YOU A FAVOUR — YOU DO ME A FAVOUR!
THE WAY I'LL HANDLE IT COULD NEVER BE TRACED BACK TO ME — LET ALONE YOU!

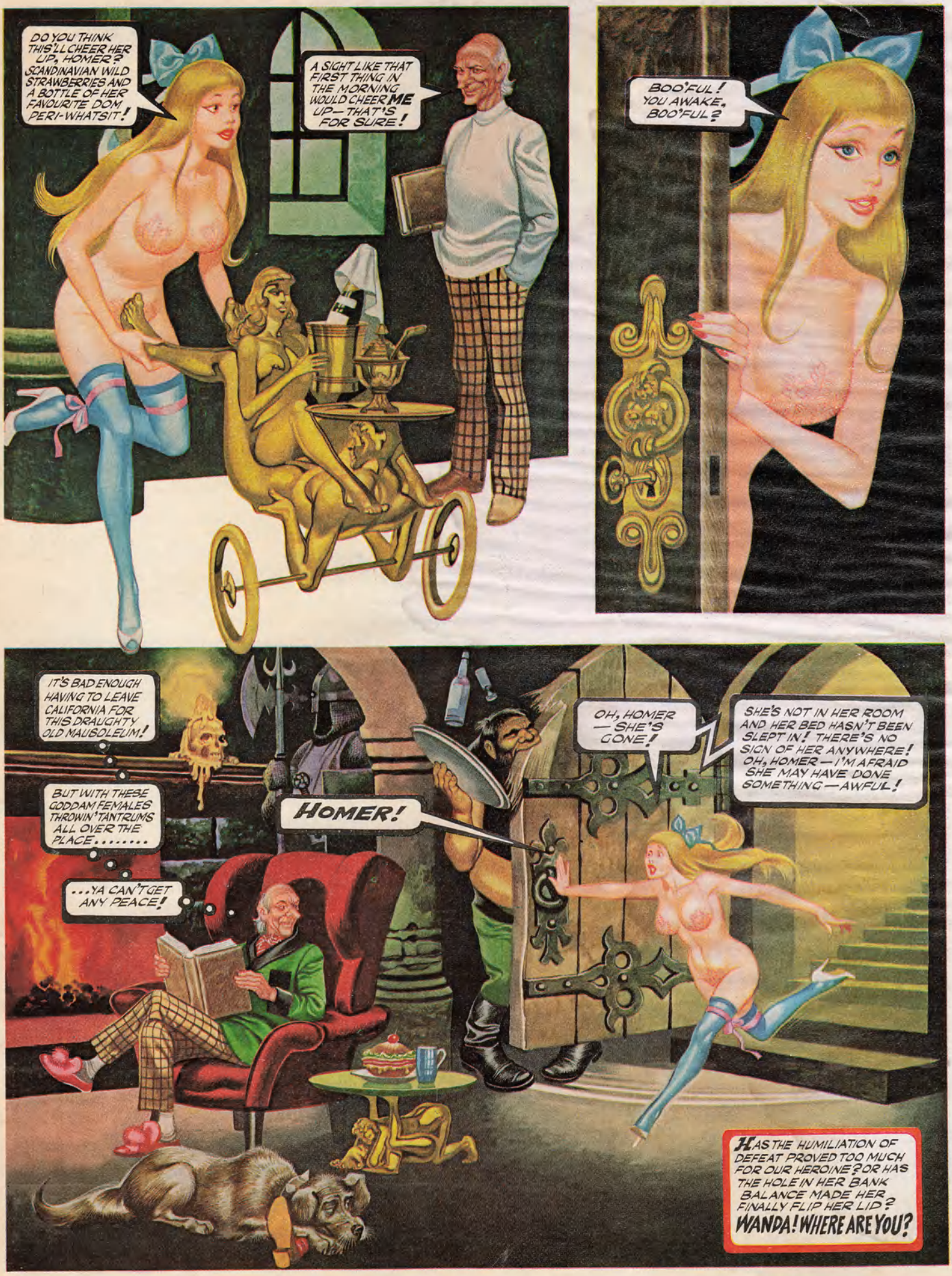

AND SO.....
Gardens of Paradise
CLOSED
WE'VE DONE IT — WE'VE GOT LIFT OFF!
BIG DEAL! THIS WAS A 450 DOLLAR SUIT!
CCCP
TOVARITCH, DO YOU SEE WHAT I THINK I SEE?
AT LAST—IRREFUTABLE PROOF OF THE BIG BANG THEORY OF THE ORIGIN OF THE UNIVERSE! GET MOSCOW!
THAT'S IT, FELLERS — NOTHING BUT A SEVERAL ACRE CRATER TO MARK THE SITE OF WANDALAND AND THE GARDENS OF PARADISE. IMAGINE HOW SHE FEELS..... ALL THAT MONEY!
THAT DOES IT! MY NOBLE EXPERIMENT IN SEXUAL LIBERATION FOR THE MASSES...
...AND A PROFIT FOR ME — BLOWN SKYHIGH BY MALE AMERICAN BIGOTS! TO HELL WITH HUMAN RIGHTS!
ALL RIGHT, SAPIENS — JUST HOW BAD IS IT? HOW MUCH HAS THIS FIASCO COST ME?
SOMETHING TELLS ME THAT NOW AIN'T THE TIME TO GIVE HER THE BILL FOR THIS NEW HAT!
OH, MY GOD! THESE BILLS MAKE THE U.S. DEFENSE BUDGET LOOK LIKE PETTY CASH!

PACK YOUR BAGS!
WHERE ARE WE GOING, BOO'FUL!
HOME!
WHAT'S UP WITH THE CHIEF?
HE JUST HEARD THAT VON KREESUS IS LEAVING THE COUNTRY!


IT'S TRUE, FELLERS! AT THAT VERY MOMENT A PUSS FORCE JET WAS BLASTING OUT OF LOS ANGELES AIRPORT, CARRYING WANDA AND HER ENTOURAGE.....
PIF


I TRIED TO SPEAK TO HER BUT SHE NEARLY BIT MY HEAD OFF!
THE BEST THING WE CAN DO IS STAY OUT OF SIGHT FOR A WHILE!
MAYBE SHE'LL BE BETTER WHEN SHE GETS BACK TO THE FAMILIAR SURROUNDINGS OF THE SCHLOSS..
...I'M AFRAID HER PRIDE HAS TAKEN A BIT OF A BATTERING— NOT TO MENTION HER BANK BALANCE!
LOS ANGELES TI
WANDALANI
FINANCIA
DISASTE
CLARION
SEX CENTER IN ORBIT!
SENTINEL
EMINENT SEXOLOGIST GIVEN THE BUMS RUSH
MULTI-MILLION DOLLAR SEX PLAYGROUND MARS BOUND


SOME DAYS LATER..... OUTSIDE THE FAMILY CHAPEL OF THE VON KREESUS SCHLOSS, A FORLORN CANDYFLOSS SITS DEJECTEDLY WATCHING THE EVENING SUNLIGHT CAST ITS LONG SHADOWS AMONG THE FAMILY GRAVESTONES...
LUDMILLA VON KREESUS FELL FROM HER BROOMST 177?
CARLA VON KREESUS BURNED AT THE STAKE 1665
LUDWIG VON KREESUS HUNG DRAWN and QUARTE 703
MANFRED VON KREESUS DISMEMBERED BY PEASANTS 1805
I'M WORRIED, HOMER! SHE ISN'T INTERESTED IN ANYTHING!
SHE DOESN'T SPEAK! SHE JUST STAYS UP THERE ON THE BATTLEMENTS — BROODING!
N
S


DO YOU THINK THIS'LL CHEER HER UP, HOMER? SCANDINAVIAN WILD STRAWBERRIES AND A BOTTLE OF HER FAVOURITE DOM PERI-WHATSIT!
A SIGHT LIKE THAT FIRST THING IN THE MORNING WOULD CHEER ME UP—THAT'S FOR SURE!
BOO'FUL! YOU AWAKE, BOO'FUL?
IT'S BAD ENOUGH HAVING TO LEAVE CALIFORNIA FOR THIS DRAUGHTY OLD MAUSOLEUM!
BUT WITH THESE GODDAM FEMALES THROWIN' TANTRUMS ALL OVER THE PLACE.....
...YA CAN'T GET ANY PEACE!
HOMER!
OH, HOMER—SHE'S GONE!
SHE'S NOT IN HER ROOM AND HER BED HASN'T BEEN SLEPT IN! THERE'S NO SIGN OF HER ANYWHERE! OH, HOMER—I'M AFRAID SHE MAY HAVE DONE SOMETHING—AWFUL!
HAS THE HUMILIATION OF DEFEAT PROVED TOO MUCH FOR OUR HEROINE? OR HAS THE HOLE IN HER BANK BALANCE MADE HER FINALLY FLIP HER LID? WANDA! WHERE ARE YOU?

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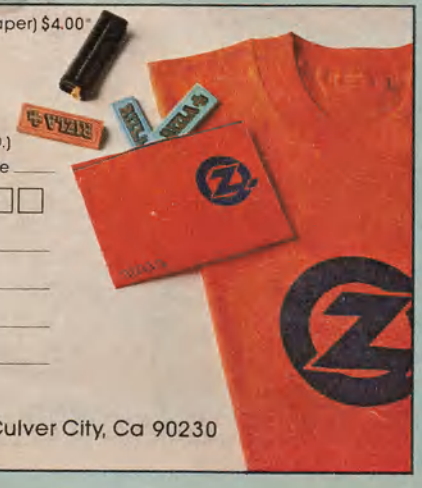

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FORUM

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 34

getting hotter by the minute! It makes my cunt wet just to write this about her.

She was now nude and slipped into bed. I stood in the shadows and took off my clothes. Since I never wear underwear, my pussy is free all the time and usually ready to go. When I climbed into bed next to this luscious honey blonde with round blue eyes that could melt anyone's heart, my clit was throbbing and tingling with anticipation. Her nipples were still hard, and I reached over and touched her leg. She seemed a little surprised, but she didn't make a move to stop me. I think some part of her knew I was half gay, and she wanted to see what it would be like. Then I leaned over and started sucking her nipples until they seemed sore and swollen, but she loved it. She twitched and moaned and squirmed with pleasure. I kissed her cunt and even sucked her big toe. Then I dove in. I tongued her juicy, ripe hole and licked her clit with quick, hard lashes of my tongue. Her clit was huge and hard—I sucked it, nibbled it, and nearly rubbed it off. Then I sucked her hole dry—but she still couldn't come. I wished I had had a cock to fuck her good.

Soon she pulled me up and rolled me over, with my titties hanging over the bed, and she got behind me. She spread my cheeks apart and tongued my ass hole. It was delightful! She began to lick my running, juicy pussy and really got into it, playing with and licking my whole love nest. Her spit was really slick, and she slid easily from my butt hole to my cunt. She squeezed my clit with her fingers, bit it gently, and pushed back the foreskin to suck the little man in the boat. I came and came until I could hear her smacking her lips and then sighing. Finally, I pushed three fingers into her, held her ass with my other hand, and rammed her as hard as I could until she came with a scream.

She wants to move in with me, and I'm seriously considering it. We could still fuck men sometimes, and we'd always have each other.—*L.J., New York, N.Y.*

Cheez whiz

One evening, while reading "Forum," I decided it would be selfish of me not to share my most memorable sexual experience with other readers.

I attend an urban university and live off-campus in the business district, which borders on an old, formerly decrepit quarter that has found new life as an area with chic nightclubs and hot spots. It is to this area that students flock for entertainment and diversion.

One evening, even though I didn't feel like patronizing a nightclub, I ventured into the renovated quarter to buy some beer and cheese. When I entered the store, near closing time, the clerk, a blonde, about five feet seven inches tall with an absolutely gorgeous face and large, firm tits with vo-

luptuously hardened nipples, gave me a warm smile and a very friendly wink. This, however, was nothing unusual, since my frequent visits had made us over-the-counter friends.

As I headed to the rear of the store to find the cheese, I noticed that she followed me. I was standing in front of the cheese counter when she approached me and asked if she could be of help. Since I didn't see the cheese of my preference, I answered yes. Much to my surprise and delight, instead of looking for the cheese she leaned over and kissed me, placing my hand on her breast. Without hesitating, I followed her lead, and we were soon on the floor, undressing each other.

As we lay sixty-nining on the floor, I couldn't help thinking how much better than cheese her love juices tasted. I would never have thought that a dirty floor could turn me on, but somehow even the dust under my back was sensual. After I had had my fill of her delicious juices and had come down her throat, she rolled over and I slid my hard-as-steel erection into her steaming, soaking cock-pit. Since the store was closed by now, we lay on the floor and made passionate love for several hours.

When we were both exhausted, we forced ourselves to get up and get dressed. She then locked up the shop, and we went to my nearby apartment, where we slept for about an hour. When we woke up, we fucked with tender passion for several hours, the violent impatience of our cheese store encounter replaced by a blossoming love. We slept until early the next afternoon.

I have been seeing her ever since, and every time we make love, I think no two people could ever turn each other on like we do. —*Name and address withheld*

Randy frat-rat

I never thought I would be writing to you, but something truly amazing happened to me a couple of weeks ago. I am a member of a social fraternity at a private university in Iowa. I have a steady girl friend and was expecting to take her to an upcoming party when she came down with a bad case of the flu. The party was our annual "pajama party." It was too late for me to get a date. So I moped around, but I was talked into getting into some pajamas and going stag.

I proceeded to get extremely drunk. There was the usual dancing, groping, drinking, etc. We have a loft upstairs that is often used by those brothers not living in the house. As I was going into my room, a friend named Billy grabbed me and said, "Come on with me up to the loft—there's an orgy in process!" There was no way I believed this, but I went anyway.

Well, I was in for a shock! The loft has no lights, but there was a small candle lit. There were two guys and three girls, totally nude and really going at it. A beautiful girl, Jill, looked at me and said, "Well, if it isn't the little preppie. You don't have the balls to join us, do you?" That got me boiling, and I was drunk, so I said, "Sure, try me." Jill came over to me in all her glory. She has the biggest boobs I've ever seen. But what really attracted me was her bush. She has to have the hairiest blonde cunt I've ever seen. I immediately stripped and went to eat out her pussy. My tongue bathed her lips until she was dripping. She moved down, and we went into a sixty-nine position, and she sucked my cock as if it were a lollipop. She licked at my seven inches but sucked my purple head as if she were crazy. I have an unusually large head on my cock that flares out, making it look like a giant mushroom. Then, the next thing I knew, I was hearing Jill say, "Oh, please fuck me with your beautiful cock." I dove into her hairy pussy without any hesitation. Soon, we both came and were exhausted.

I looked up and saw the two other girls kissing passionately, with their fingers deep into each other's cunts. These two girls (whom I didn't know) were completely different. One was almost flat-chested, with a sparse light brown, downy pubic area. The other had long, dark hair with nice boobs, and huge, cherry-colored nipples and a nice black thatch of hair on her pussy. They licked each other, and I was getting hotter and hotter. They came violently, and I had a hard-on that was aching. Then I felt a mouth on my throbbing cock and put my hand in "her" hair and froze. I looked down and it was Billy! He looked up and said,

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"You saw the girls—now it's our turn," "I don't know about this——" I said.

I looked at Billy's body. He is a swimmer and has a terrific body. He's six feet one inch with sandy brown hair, blue eyes, and about an eight-inch cock that was dripping pre-come. The thing you notice about Billy is that he is covered with hair: his chest is covered with light brown fur, and his ass looks as though he has as much hair there as in his very hairy pubic area. We got in a sixty-nine position, and then I felt Jill's tongue in my ass. I came and then, exhausted, turned over on my stomach. The next thing I felt was a Vaselined finger being pumped in and out of my ass hole. I was bucking like crazy. Then I felt the greatest pain I've ever felt and screamed as I realized that Billy had inserted his big, hairy cock into my ass. Jill came over to kiss me as she held me down. Tears were on my face, but the pain eased up, and I couldn't believe that I was actually facing Billy and pumping back. I reached up and ran my fingers over his hairy chest and even sucked on his hairy nipples. Jill was playing with my swollen balls and pumping my pulsating cock. I started to come all over my chest and Billy's hairy, muscular chest. He came at the same time, piercing my ass hole with the weirdest sensations, and he suddenly bent over and kissed me on the mouth as Jill was licking the come off my chest!

I am now looking forward to our next party, have broken up with my girl friend, and occasionally visit the loft with Jill and Billy.—*R.B., Minneapolis, Minn.*

Nearly fucked to death

My girl friend and I recently decided to head into the mountains for a cross-country skiing trip. Neither of us had ever been "x-c" skiing, but it was a good way to get out of town for the weekend. And we weren't too disappointed when, after many hours of pleasant, if somewhat monotonous, driving, we didn't find enough snow to pee on, much less ski on. We decided to keep on driving the back roads until nightfall and then camp in the back of the truck, under the canopy, where we had prudently stored a couple of bottles of wine and a basket of food as well as enough down sleeping bags to smother us.

The roads were bumpy and the shocks on my truck aren't the greatest, and I soon found myself with an aching hard-on. Well, driving alone, I would have known how to handle it. Some of my most memorable orgasms have occurred as I masturbated while driving down a freeway late at night. My girl friend was trying to doze on some pillows at the other side of the cab, and I didn't feel right waking her up to explain the odd desire I suddenly felt, but soon the excitement of my prick rubbing in my jeans (I don't wear underwear), the bouncing of the seat, and the tension of the long day's drive all got to me at once. I unzipped my jeans and flipped out my swollen organ, sliding my pants down around my thighs and negotiating the tight mountain turns with the steering wheel in my right hand and my throbbing prick in my left. Then I grasped the shaft just under the head and made light, tugging pulls around the head, working it fast, then slow, alternating my excitement with the demands of the road, trying to be quiet at the same time.

I was going to jerk off and zip up before my friend woke up, but when I looked over at her, I was surprised and embarrassed to find that she was wide awake and staring at my prick! But before I could even turn red in the face and try to explain, she lifted her eyes to mine and began to smile. Then, to my amazement and delight, she began to unzip her own jeans and fondle her thick bush under and over her white panties with both hands, staring at me all the while. I began to return to my own stroking, hesitantly at first and then faster, as she pulled open her blouse and started to pull and tug at her already hardened nipples, flipping them with the fingers of one hand while she stroked her pussy with the other, until her thighs and public hairs were glistening with juice. She closed her eyes and sprawled back across the seat so that her cunt was clearly exposed to me, her legs spread wide and her fingers pistoning in and out of her crack.

I nearly tranced out right there, but I heard her call my name and turned to see

her sucking her index finger on one hand and, with her back arched on the seat toward me, shoving her other index finger into her tight, wet asshole. She began pumping up and down on the seat, fingering her self in the ass and rubbing her nipples and massaging her clit. I almost came right then, but I stopped pounding my prick and reached over and removed her finger from her ass to put my thumb slowly in. Then I inserted two fingers of the same hand into her cunt and began to finger-fuck both holes at once. She writhed in excitement and began to rub her clit very fast and feathery while she tugged at her nipples. She was breathing so hard that she could hardly speak, but I heard her say, "Do yourself now—come on me while I come." I grabbed my cock and began lubricating it with the juice from her pussy. Then I beat off until I thought I was going to black out, finally erupting great shots of hot, creamy come aimed right across her up-thrust belly and into her hair. As soon as she felt it hit and heard my roar, she came, too, with a great bucking and heaving on the seat.

When it was over, we found ourselves on the side of a steep mountain gorge, the motor going, the windows completely fogged. As we realized how near we had been, in our animal heat, to death, the exhilaration of our precipitous little spree was complete. —*Name and address withheld*

The breast and the bitest

My lover has always admired my breasts, and because of his devout attention to them, I have become quite sensitive. He says it makes him feel masterful to give me nipple climaxes.

One evening, while we were watching a movie on television, my lover casually put his hand inside my robe and began stroking my breasts. He traced tingling pathways around the entire fullness—only occasionally touching the nipple. During commercials he would kiss and nibble. The end of the movie came so slowly, and my anticipation grew so quickly!

My lover reached into his drink and took out an ice cube. He rubbed the cold ice over my warm breasts until my already erect nipples grew even firmer. To show him "turnabout is fair play," I used my own ice cube on his semierect member; then I used my warm mouth to take off the chill.

By the end of the movie, we were ready for more than fondling. As my lover stretched out on the bed, I noticed he needed my attention. As I leaned over him to tongue and kiss his penis, his thighs lightly grazed my nipples—keeping alive that tingly feeling. Finally, he reached down and pulled me up. I was impaled on his gorgeous hardness. Although his prick filled me, all my awareness was centered in my breasts. He reached up and filled each hand with a breast and gently squeezed. He brought my breasts down to his mouth and, while still squeezing, kissed each nipple in turn. The kisses grew more urgent, and his tongue flicked lightly over the nipples. My passion mounted, and I gripped his head, trying to press my breast further into that warm, moist mouth. Finally, he concentrated on one breast with deep, sucking kisses. The other hand still squeezed, but with greater firmness, and he rolled the nipple between thumb and finger.

Oh, what wondrous sensations my lover created in me! All this activity focused on my breasts, but still ensheathed within me was his hard cock, and each shudder brought its own sensual feeling. At last he kneaded both breasts and quickly tongued the nipple.

Then I am coming—coming—and with nipping bites my lover finishes me. I collapse upon his chest. Now that my breasts are satisfied, my pussy demands attention. With several quick, deep thrusts, my lover again brings me to climax. Such a generous, attentive man must be rewarded: I use my tongue lovingly to return some of the feelings he has bestowed on me. With greater urgency, he rolls me on my back and thrusts his cock in my mouth. I take in all of that great length that I can. I reach up and gently massage his balls. His desire communicates itself to me, and again I am caught up in passion. He takes his cock from my mouth and rubs the head over my nipples. He squeezes my breasts around

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his cock and slowly fucks my breasts. He withdraws and plants one last, lingering kiss on my breasts. I arch upward, wanting more. I am perched on the brink of ecstasy. He aims his rock-hard rod, and I take all of it eagerly in my mouth. I feel the jism pulsating in the shaft as he builds toward climax. His balls draw tightly into the base of his cock. The moment is at hand. His cock is in my throat, and I suck greedily. He is coming! At the last moment he removes his big cock, and as the warm come spurts onto my breasts, I also come—and come again as he rubs his love fluid around the softness of my breasts and hardness of my nipples.

As we drift into sleep, I curl closely along his side and doze off with a satisfied smile on my face and his hand gently holding my breast.—*Name and address withheld*

Jacquie-ing off

I would like to contribute an experience of mine to "Forum." First of all, I'm thirty-seven years old and married. My wife and I have been married for seventeen years, and we have a very active sex life, which includes oral and anal sex as well as straight intercourse. We have each had sex with a few other people during our marriage. We never keep these meetings a secret from each other, because we believe our love is only strengthened by them. Occasionally, we have been involved in threesomes, but mostly we just see other people separately. I would like to tell you about one of these pleasurable times.

I have been a policeman for the past twelve years, all of them spent as a patrol officer. About a month ago I was on patrol in my unit. It was around 6:00 P.M. when I came upon another patrol car, which had made a traffic stop. I decided to stop in case my assistance was needed. The officer who was writing a traffic ticket was a female named Jacquie (it is not her real name), whom I had spoken to a couple of times during briefings but didn't know that well. She is a twenty-five-year-old blonde with a good figure that even a police uniform cannot hide. Well, there were no problems with the motorist, and he was soon on his way. Jacquie asked if I had taken my coffee break yet, and I told her I hadn't. She then said her apartment was only a few blocks away and invited me up for a cup of coffee. I quickly accepted while fantasizing myself between those beautiful thighs.

After we arrived at Jacquie's place, she put on a pot of coffee and we talked for a while, with the conversation eventually drifting around to the topic of sex. She said that she had no social life because she had to work varied shifts. While she was talking, my cock became extremely hard. I tried to conceal my hard-on, but I was very turned on by the situation. By this time the coffee was ready, and as Jacquie poured coffee into my cup, her left breast pressed against my arm. It felt very firm, and I was afraid I would come in my pants right then.

As we were sipping our coffee, I couldn't help starring at her magnificent tits, which stuck out, just waiting to be caressed. She excused herself and went into another room. I went into the living room to sit on the couch and finish my coffee.

I heard her returning to the room and looked to the doorway. There Jacquie stood, clad only in a sheer, see-through, black-lace bra and black bikini panties. They were a perfect contrast to her blonde hair and creamy white skin. As I sat there speechless, she walked over to me and said, "I noticed you had a hard problem, and maybe I can help you solve it." She then knelt down in front of me and unzipped my trousers, setting free my rigid cock and saying, "A pink plum, and I'm so hungry." She slipped her lips over the head while her tongue created unbelievable sensations by trying to penetrate the hole at the tip. I couldn't control myself any longer and exploded into her waiting mouth. She drank every drop. The more I came, the harder she sucked, until I was completely spent.

Jacquie continued to tongue my cock to keep it hard while I removed her bra and panties. Her tits were beautiful, with each nipple sticking out at least three-quarters of an inch. I began to suck on each pear-shaped globe while my fingers found her clean-shaven and already drenched pussy. I rubbed and pulled at her swollen clitoris

until she had a gigantic climax. Her love juices completely soaked my hand. Jacquie then lay back, spread her legs, and said, "Put that sweet cock of yours in my cunt and fuck me good." Only too happy to oblige her, I crawled between her legs and slipped my blood-gorged prick into that juicy, bald cunt. I began a slow and deliberate in-and-out motion. Jacquie wrapped her legs around my waist and met each of my thrusts while her magic fingers played with my balls. I could feel her approach another orgasm, and I began to pump harder and faster. She was writhing and moaning as she ground her snatch into each of my thrusts. Suddenly, she screamed and bounced all over the floor as she quivered with a fantastic climax. Her love tunnel squeezed my pecker so hard that it caused me to shoot my sperm into her. It felt so marvelous that I thought that I was going to pass out.

After we had both recovered, we both realized we had better get back to work before we were missed. We then dressed, walked back down to our cars, and went back on patrol.

We have since had "coffee" together on four other occasions. One night she sucked me off in the back of my patrol car while it was parked by City Hall. The threat of discovery intensified my orgasm tremendously. I look forward to many more escapades in the future with this foxy lady. —*J.L., Portland, Oreg.*

Eager egalitarian

While I was sitting, drinking, and rapping with my two *amies canadiennes*, Jane and Judy, in London, Ontario, it suddenly occurred to me how both drunk and horny I was. The two girls are both coeds at Western Ontario University and have a nice apartment there. However, it is a one-bedroom place, and they have to share it. They don't mind, though, as they share just about everything with each other—including books, clothes, food, and even, as I soon found out, boyfriends.

Judy, a blue-eyed brunette, has a beautiful face and figure, with a nice little ass. She is ever ready to show it off by wearing tight-fitting pants. Jane, a green-eyed blonde, has a fantastic body, with a set of full, firm, braless tits. Her mighty nipples always seem to be poking right through the tight blouses and sweaters she wears.

As I sat there, Jane kept staring at my lap and I reached over and had her sit next to me. She looked at Judy and winked, and Judy came and sat on the other side of me. Suddenly, four hands were undressing me! My mind went totally blank, and the bulge in my pants burst out into a totally erect cock.

I was completely powerless and at the mercy of those two foxy babes! And we all knew that whatever happened, we would have to share. Both girls wanted to ball right away, but I finally gathered enough thought to suggest we have a shower first. Jane had an even better idea and led us off to take a bubble bath!

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I sat there immersed in the wonderful warm water, with piles of suds all around me, and watched the two girls pull off each other's attire. Then they both squeezed in on either end of me, and I was their captive—trapped in between four delicious hands, feet, and tits. A prisoner indeed, but with absolutely no desire to escape.

After our bath was over, they pulled me out and dried me off, each taking turns gently toweling my good parts. Then they dried each other off, taking a long time on each other's hair. Jane led us off to the bedroom, and we pushed their two beds together in the middle of the room.

I lay down, and they divided me equally between them. Each got an arm, a leg, a shoulder, a hand, a foot, a cheek, an ear. I diplomatically gave equal time to both and made sure that neither received more attention than the other did.

First, Jane took my hard dick deep into her eager mouth and licked and sucked for exactly five minutes. Then Judy got her turn for an equal time period. After this, Jane got up above me and seized my prick with both hands. She slowly lowered herself down, engulfing it with her hungry, dripping vaginal orifice. She took it all the way, deep into her throbbing, fiery cunt hole, and began rhythmically humping up and down for exactly ten minutes. Her huge, succulent tits bounced joyfully, and she stuck them right in my face so that I could get a better look. Then Judy got her equal ten minutes, but at my request she turned around the other way so that I could enjoy her gorgeous ass to the fullest.

After Judy's time was up, I was also ready to come. Now the problem was how to do so "equally" in both of the girls. Thinking quickly, I laid them on their sides, facing each other, and mashed their tits and pubic mounds against each other. They began rubbing their fingers against each other's clitoral sprout, and their lips and tongues sought and found the other's counterpart. Into this beautiful pair of writhing, squirming, succulent females, I plunged my entire mind, body, and soul. Just as I was about to explode with orgasm, I stuck my pulsating rod right between their two kissing mouths. As my come juices spurted out, they each got an equal share, simultaneously. They each drank and swallowed my fluid, sucking out more and more until there was none left.

Completely drained, I collapsed on top of them, exhausted, and we all fell off into a totally oblivious slumber. The bedsheets were soaking wet from each of the girls' multiple orgasms (and in that way was almost a "waterbed"). Each of them got half of me to cuddle up to as they slept, and no one was left out.

Whenever we reflect and relive this incident, we are all so very thankful that everyone gets an equal share and that no one is made to feel jealous or denied. If only more people could learn to share things with one another, the world would be a much nicer place in which to live. —*Name and address withheld*

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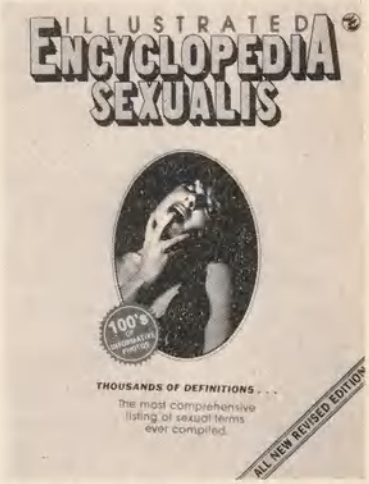

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My position with a major airline brings me into contact with several thousand pilots each year. Though I do not normally fraternize with these gentlemen, I recently had an unbelievable experience, and it was simply too erotic to be left unshared.

I had been admiring J.P. for several days. To say that he is attractive is an understatement—tall, dark, handsome, tremendously sexy (his voice alone could trigger multiple orgasms). He is the absolute epitome of masculinity. And I knew that if I did not get to know him on this particular day, I might not have another chance for quite a while.

You can imagine my delight when he came into my office and struck up a conversation. I was apartment hunting at the time, and that gave us something to discuss. It was late Friday afternoon, and my boss, having noticed that my mind was not on my work, offered to give me the rest of the day off. J.P. then graciously volunteered to go with me to look at an apartment.

We looked at a couple of places and quickly proceeded to a cozy little bar for a drink. We were "hitting it off" quite well, and, naturally, I gladly accepted his dinner invitation. Upon arrival at the restaurant, we were told that there would be a long wait. So once again we found ourselves in the bar. We found a nice, dark corner, where we proceeded to get to know each other better. The drinks began to take effect, and before I knew it, we were necking, oblivious of the other patrons. I was getting very turned on, and the wetness between my thighs was as obvious as the growing bluge in J.P.'s trousers. It hadn't taken me long to realize that I wanted—no, needed—this man as my lover.

By the time our dinner arrived, we were hungry only for each other. We even skipped the salad bar so that we wouldn't have to tear ourselves away from our intimate conversation. We were so wrapped up in each other that our waitress kept saying, "Knock, knock" in order to get our attention. Finally, the tension and anticipation became more than I could bear, and I whispered to J.P. that if he didn't take me home and screw me soon, I was going to screw him right in the restaurant.

This candid announcement got his attention, to say the least, and he literally yelled for the waitress to bring our check. We made a speedy exit, hopped into his new Mercedes, and headed for his place at what seemed like 100 mph. I'd never been so horny before in my life, and from the huge bulge I detected in J.P.'s pants, I knew that the feeling was mutual. I was high on booze, and the starlit beauty of the summer evening (visible through the open sunroof) gave me an even greater rush. On impulse, I reached over, unzipped his pants, and came face to face with the biggest, most beautiful penis imaginable. It was circumcised and had a bulbous head with a very long slit. I was breathless with excitement, and I could not resist taking that miracle of flesh into my mouth and

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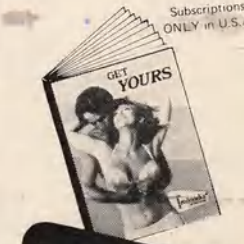

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sucking it. This turned him on even more. He was rock hard, and I could feel him throbbing as I moved my lips up and down. The sexy sounds he made told me that he appreciated my efforts, and I felt his hand slide around my behind and beneath my panty hose. His fingers slipped inside me easily. I was positively drenched with passion, and as he worked his fingers back and forth, I sucked his balls hungrily, stopping only to say, "I want sour cream on my potatoes." I was dying to taste his wonderful goo.

After an eternity, we at last arrived at his house, only to be intercepted upstairs by his roommate, who suggested that we use the downstairs bedroom. From the looks on our faces, it was obvious to him that it was going to be a wild evening, and he did not want to be our audience.

Alone at last in the privacy of the bedroom, we frantically tore our clothes off and leaped into J. P.'s roommate's antique canopy bed. No foreplay was necessary, as we had been engaging in it all evening and our bodies were more than ready for each other and whatever might lie in store. I was overwhelmed by desire for this beautiful man. My pussy literally ached for him, and even though I was extremely well lubricated, he was extremely well hung and several attempts were necessary before the giant head of his penis at last slid into me. I gasped and moved my hips toward him, and he slowly gave me every magnificent inch I had wanted so badly. It was an incredible feeling, engulfing such a large cock for the first time, and as he began to thrust harder and harder, I clung to him and cried out over and over and over again in sheer ecstasy.

We fit together beautifully, and I felt that nothing in the world outside this bedroom could possibly be worthwhile. Women who say size isn't important must be dating dwarves. J. P. filled me completely, the huge head massaging and stretching every inch of me, and I orgasmed again and again until I finally drifted off into a serene world of pure ecstasy and sensuality. His staying power was unbelievable, and I almost passed out from the intensity of the feelings our movements generated inside me. I have never felt so completely fulfilled and exhausted from so much pleasure. Believe me, I prize that prick as if it were the rarest jewel —one I'll wear in any "setting."

This happened several months ago, and our relationship, I'm pleased to say, has been strictly uphill from there. J. P. is the most generous and attentive lover a woman could hope for. Our only arguments have been over who gets to lick whom first! We've shared many beautiful experiences. Once we showered together by candlelight and then he placed me on my tummy with one knee drawn up and licked every orifice he could find. Of course, the more he does to please me, the more I try to please him. He's coming over this evening. I think I'll start things off with a bubblebath for two. —*L. D., Los Angeles, Calif.*

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The principal of the thing

I am a thirty-year-old, recently divorced woman who teaches at a junior high school in a small town in Massachusetts. I received my first spanking two weeks ago. But it was not delivered by my boyfriend. It was delivered by my boss.

Our dean of women—I'll call her Mrs. McNab—was absent, and I was assigned to cover for her during my free period that afternoon. Well, the men in my community aren't very attractive, and I hadn't made love since the divorce. In the privacy of Mrs. McNab's office, I felt myself becoming somewhat steamy under the silk. There was a large bookcase in the office, an old-fashioned type with protruding edges just like you-know-whats. Certain that I wouldn't be disturbed, I unzipped and lowered my skirt and then removed my half slip. Since for the last couple of years I've been fighting and losing the battle of the bulge, I am compelled to wear a panty girdle. I thought about doffing that, too, but decided against doing so. And so, gripping both sides of the bookcase, I straddled the edge and began pumping vigorously up and down. The sensations were sheer heaven after my long abstinence. Soon I was sopping wet and trembling all over, on the verge of climax. The bookcase was literally hammering the wall under my assault.

All of a sudden, there was a bright flash before my eyes, punctuated by an excruciating pain at the top of my head. I screamed, stumbling away from the bookcase, and passed out. Next thing I knew, I was lying face-down over the arm of Mrs. McNab's chair. There was a dreadful throbbing behind my forehead, worse than a whiskey hangover. I suddenly became aware of uproarious laughter behind me. I blushed, absolutely mortified at the thought of being caught in that position, with my backside jutting high into the air. Turning, I saw several of my colleagues behind me, including Mr. Latimer, the principal. I was at a loss to explain the situation, but Mr. Latimer shooed everyone out of the office and began to question me in private.

I confessed everything, holding my pounding head and devoutly wishing for an aspirin. Mr. Latimer found a bronze vase on the floor and explained how the accident had happened. Somehow my exertions had toppled it, and it had fallen, striking me on the head and knocking me out cold. He was furious and said I ought to be fired for pulling such a stunt. Then he smiled and said he might be willing to deal leniently with me if I was good to him. This guy is over forty-five, with a waist measurement to match his age, and I said nothing doing. Well, he told me, I'm going to have to punish you, after all.

With that, he sat down on the chair, grabbed my wrist, and yanked me toward him. I flopped over his knees. One second later something exploded across the surface of my fanny. My mouth dropped open, but I was too startled to scream. The palm of his hand landed once more on my buttocks with a resounding smack. This time I

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Why would we do such a thing?

Because we know that our Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls works. But you don't. So if we have to go out on a limb to prove it to you ... so let it be.

Okay — now we're going to let you in on a few personal facts about our friend Don. He doesn't like to brag, so we're going to do it for him. It's necessary — to prove that sending for our material is the smartest move you ever made.

Don meets between eight and fifteen girls a month. (The only time he doesn't is when he chooses not to — for whatever reason.)

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If you do just that much — no more, no less — the results *will* be hard to believe.

Remember — we guarantee it.

Remember also — that you may not lose your shyness. But you may soon be meeting so many beautiful girls *in spite of it* that it won't matter the least bit anymore.

We gave Don a little wooden sign to hang in his apartment. It reads: "Most men are too busy trying to pick up girls to meet any."

Don't take as long as he did to find out what it means.

The Shy Man's Way To Meet Girls is — by far — also the *easiest* way. And we'll prove it to you, if you'll just send in the coupon now.

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really hollered, hoping to scare him into stopping, but he continued to spank. His hand descended again and again, whopping the seat of my girdle in a series of stinging thwacks. Pretty soon I could swear I was wearing his burning handprint on the skin of my rear end.

Much to my surprise, I began feeling a burning in front as well. My yelps of pain became short gasps of breathless pleasure. I ground my hips into his lap, hungrier for a man than I've ever been before in my life. I imagined the two of us in bed, and scarcely had I formed that mental image than I began coming. It was the wildest orgasm I'd ever had, too.

Moments later Mr. Latimer let me up, grinning with the knowledge of what had happened. I was very much aware of the bulge in his pants as I stood there, gently massaging the seat of my girdle. He gave me a lecture on the proper way to behave during school hours, but I know that wasn't the foremost topic in his mind at that particular moment.

Unfortunately, neither of us was able to go beyond the stage of imagination; at that moment his secretary intruded, and he departed reluctantly. I haven't slept with him yet, and I'm not sure I want to. But I do know this: I look forward to my next act of misbehavior at work, because I know I'm going to end up over his knee. *Name and address withheld*

Three-to-one odds

I am a twenty-six-year-old single woman. I believe I have a fair body, but a few of my close friends think I should be a model. I always believed in one-on-one when it came to sex, but last month I changed my mind. The experience that changed my mind is what I would like to inform your readers of. I would like to get some feedback from single guys and girls on group sex.

I broke up with the guy I was living with about two months ago. After a month of sitting around feeling sorry for myself, I went out to a bar, hoping to get picked up. The second guy that talked to me had a good body, and I felt he would be gentle and put up with my shyness. I took him home with me. He turned out to be everything I thought he would be. He had a small penis, but the way he touched me drove me wild. He is the only guy I have ever met that brought me to orgasm just by touching me. It felt so good being next to a warm body that I asked him to spend the weekend.

We woke up late the next day, and he told me he had plans to give me the thrill of my life. He wouldn't tell me how. About 12:30 P.M., he handed me two pills, telling me that they were Quaaludes and they wouldn't hurt me. I had heard of them, but I had never taken any drugs. I have smoked grass, but I don't think of that as a drug. I took the pills.

About one o'clock I felt as if I were floating. He lit a joint, and while we smoked it, he rubbed me down with baby oil. Then I heard a knock on the door, and he got up and answered it. Coming back into the

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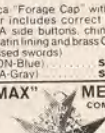

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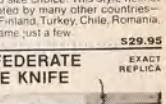

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bedroom, he picked me up and carried me into the living room. He laid me on the floor, and I opened my eyes to see two other men just as nude as we were. They were sitting down next to me. Before I could do anything, the guy I was with kissed me and whispered, "Just close your eyes and let your body feel." I was too stoned and weak to fight, so I did what he said.

Any woman who hasn't been there can't understand how good it can feel—six hands touching you all over, three mouths kissing your thighs, breasts, and mouth. My body felt as if it were on fire, and I seem to remember moaning that I wanted to get fucked. I was, in just about every way. I kept exploding, and before I had a chance to calm down, they would build me right back up again.

I don't really know how long they stayed with me, because I kept passing in and out of reality. When I woke up, I was alone. I felt totally relaxed—sore in a few spots, but the soreness felt good.

Since that weekend I have tried to have sex with one guy three different times, and I just can't get turned on. All I can say about it is that it was enjoyable, sort of like a good movie. Last weekend I got drunk and talked three guys into coming home with me. It wasn't quite so good as the first time, but as these men did things to my body, I had orgasm after orgasm.

As they were leaving, I overheard one of them say, "For a whore, she's a good piece of ass."

Some people would call me sick, but I believe I need three men to make me sexually happy. I would like to know if there are any guys who could emotionally live with me and two other men in harmony, or if you all think I'm a whore. I would also like feedback on any other women who have had three guys at once and how they feel about it.—*L. P., Annapolis, Md.*

A real Lulu

I am a student at the University of Tennessee at Knoxville, and though I am an avid reader of *Penthouse*, I used to read the letters sent to "Forum" with a great deal of skepticism and doubt. I say *used* to read them skeptically because an incident that recently occurred has totally changed my way of thinking.

I live in a campus dormitory, which is set up as an apartment building. It is shaped like a huge T and is inhabited by both males and females. Each apartment has four people living in it and although the building is coed housing, the individual apartments are not. Often I spend the late part of my evenings with some friends who live on the thirteenth floor. Their apartment is situated in such a manner as to afford them a view into many apartments on the back wing. We often spend our nights looking into girls' apartments and studying their nude bodies, aided by binoculars and a telescope.

One night, when we were not seeing much flesh, we happened to sight three girls smoking pipefuls of marijuana. We

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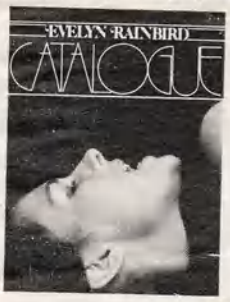

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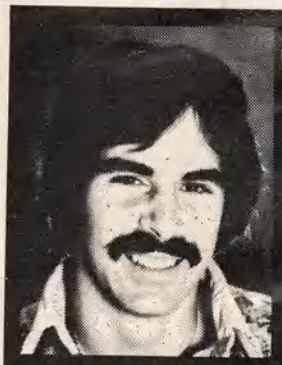

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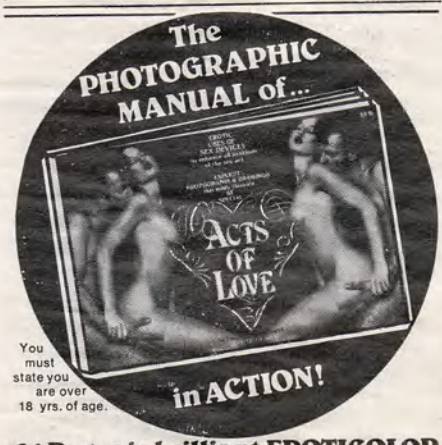

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watched them for about thirty minutes before we hit upon an idea. Looking up their phone number and names in the apartment directory (we knew their apartment number), we decided to call them and have a little fun.

Jerry called first. He told them that he had seen them smoking grass and that he would be watching them from now on. He also told them that he knew each girl's name and that he would not hesitate to make public their little secret if they did not want to cooperate. The girls wanted to know what he meant by cooperation, and Jerry proceeded to explain exactly what he meant. Jerry told them that if one of them would do a striptease in front of the window every night for the next week, he would not even bother them again. And he told them that if they refused to do as he requested, he would turn them in to school housing officials. The girls said that they needed time to think about it and told Jerry to call them back in an hour.

As requested, Jerry gave them an hour to think about it and then we called back. This time J. L. did the talking, since he is a law student and can talk the most reasonable-sounding line of bullshit that you ever heard of. The girls were ready to consent to our request if we would grant them one privilege: they wanted to meet us. We told them that we would have to think about it and then call them back. By now it had past midnight, and the clock was pushing rapidly toward one o'clock.

After the five of us argued for about fifteen minutes, we decided to take a chance and meet these young ladies. We called them back and told them that we would meet them only if they would meet us on our ground. Strangely enough, they agreed. We told them what number apartment we were in, and they said that they would be right up. Of course, I was still very skeptical and did not believe that they would show.

Much to my surprise, they knocked on our door fifteen minutes later. The three of them had brought their other roommate with them, and they boldly walked in. I was still trying to get over my surprise at their showing up when I was knocked for another loop! When the girls took off their coats, we found that they had not bothered to change back into their clothes before coming up. They were still in their nightgowns!

The girls were incredibly messed up and had apparently been smoking grass for most of the evening. I mean, they were *fucked up!* They said that instead of one striptease every night for a week, they wanted to pay off their "blackmail debts" by giving us four striptease shows right then and there. I could not believe my ears. Before any of us could say yes or no, the tallest one, Jane, removed her top and started gyrating her body in every conceivable direction. Since all she had on were the panties to her nightgown outfit, her tits swung freely and wildly. She made them bounce and jump and jiggle in every conceivable way. Then she removed her panties and

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started to gyrate her pussy. She moved from man to man, remaining in front of each of us for about three minutes. It seemed like three years. Before long the other three girls had stripped to the buff also, and we were being treated to a four-girl show.

After about fifteen minutes, which seemed like fifteen years of heaven, one of the girls, Lulu, a medium-sized girl who made up in the ass department what she lacked in the tit department, leaned over and hung her small but very uplifted tits in my face. I greedily sucked both nipples, alternating, of course, until they began growing very hard. Lost in my passion, I reached up and inserted a finger into her dripping and hot cunt. I placed my other hand on her smooth, firm, and very round ass. I didn't think I could be any happier until she pulled my now rock-hard dick out of my pants and began stroking it. I practically shot off right then and there. Taking my mouth off one of her delicious tits, I begged her to take me back to the bedroom and let me fuck her. After about five minutes of pleading, she consented and, taking ahold of my stiff, fat prick, led me into one of the bedrooms.

She made me strip in front of her before she would let me in the bed. I gladly obliged her, thinking only of how good her snatch would feel later as I rammed her. After I was totally stripped and swinging my dick wildly in front of her, I once again began begging her to fuck. Instead, she reached for my dick. I eased myself toward her, and she greedily took my dickhead into her moist, drooling mouth. She greedily sucked and licked my rod as I reached down and tweaked her pert and pink nipples. Before long I was exploding in her mouth. I continued to shoot come, and when she removed her mouth, my sperm landed all over her face.

Rolling me over on my back, she took my dick and skillfully guided it into her gaping, juicy pussy, as she lowered herself on top of me. I began thrusting my hips immediately, and in return she began bucking her hips in rhythm to my ramming movements.

Lulu was one hell of a girl!

Upon waking the next morning, we found that the others wanted to skip classes and keep the fucking going. We readily agreed. Unfortunately, they wanted to switch partners. Lulu did not want to, and for about five minutes things were very tense. Then the other three couples decided to switch among themselves, and Lulu and I went back to fucking and sucking each other into ecstasy.

One unhappy note did come of it: my friend Mash has not come home for the last two weeks. We don't know if he got lucky or what, and we notified the police. —*J. D., Knoxville, Tenn.*

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The Secret Life of Marlon Brando—Anna Kashfi Brando, the openly bitter ex-wife of the legendary actor, has written the story of their long relationship in an explosive new book, *Brando before Breakfast*. In this exclusive *Penthouse* excerpt, America's greatest actor is described as "modern Gothic: grotesque, contradictory, impossible." "His seduction technique," Ms. Kashfi writes, "showed all the subtlety of a guillotine." This is a fascinating first look at what will undoubtedly be one of the most talked-about movie biographies of the year, to be published in the fall by Crown Publishers.

Yankee, Go Home—In what is, in effect, a new Civil War, the North is flagrantly exploiting the South's abundance of land, minerals, and human resources. Sherman's terrible march through Georgia to the sea is being reenacted daily by northern-based industry and businesses that are exhausting the southern land and buying the southern worker, white and black, at bargain-basement prices in modern slave markets. What's worse, according to this report by journalist Fred Powledge, is the many southern government officials who continue to parade around "like five-dollar hookers, offering anything at any price to northern industries that want to move south." But, writes Powledge, this second Civil War is far from over—ordinary people are organizing around issues that threaten their lives and homes and are beginning to create a new form of unionism, to "start all over again and do it right."

Billy Joel—"Don't take any shit from anybody!" shouts America's most popular young singer as he closes his stage show. Writer Bill Kowinski, who profiles Joel for *Penthouse* after following him around the country for three weeks, says that Joel isn't kidding around. His tough, street-smart lyrics, combined with Tin Pan Alley and rock melodies, define a new kind of hip ethnicity, something Billy himself calls "Dago Soul." Take a revealing look at the creator of "52nd Street," "Anthony's Song," and "Captain Jack."

Baseball's Highest-Paid Player—The only sports story last year bigger than Pete Rose's forty-four-game hitting streak was his history-making $3.2 million contract with the Philadelphia Phillies. In this exclusive *Penthouse* interview, "Charlie Hustle" talks about his reasons for leaving the Cincinnati Reds after sixteen years, his plans to lead the Phillies to the World Championship, and the new goal he has set for himself before retiring: to break the National League record of 3,630 career hits, held by Stan Musial.

An Innocent Abroad—Journalist and novelist Robert Ward recently traveled to France and England to find out "just what they think of us [Americans] these days." The reviews, as one might suppose, are mixed—our politics and foreign policy are deplored, but to Ward's surprise, everybody seems to love Bob Dylan, Starsky and Hutch, and Big Macs. As one young French poet told Ward: "America is a great place. The American people are great. The government is ridiculous, of course, but that is going to pass." O+

EXCALIBUR

CONTINUED FROM PAGE 185

the wind. It's classic motoring, with none of the pain—no searing engine heat, no damp drafts, no tiring din, no kidney-stirring bumps and grinds, just spirited GM performance and rock-solid ride. That smoothness is largely due to the Excalibur's 1,100-pound steel frame, which would seem more at home supporting one end of the Golden Gate Bridge than serving as the base for a Roaring Twenties roadster.

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